

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AND

H u m o r i s t.

EDITED BY

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

VOL. LXXXIII.

BEING THE SECOND PART

For 1848.

L O N D O N :

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

• MDCCCXLVIII.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE RICHEST COMMONER IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER V.

A SCENE IN DOMESTIC LIFE—MRS. D. AND HER "DARTER."

WE have now got all parties "before the court," as they say in Chancery—Mr., Mrs., and the two Miss Dooeys, our friend the Richest Commoner in England, and that tiresome chaperone tugging, three hundred a-year boy, Charles Summerley.

"Richest Commoners" rather abound in England. We have known a good many—several going at the same time indeed—so that there are dead heats in riches, as well as in races.

"Charles Summerleys"—nice young men—we need hardly say are most abundant too. Every mamma has a lot of them on her list, and would be too happy to transmute a whole bunch of them into one Richest Commoner. Richest Commoner! there's music in the sound of it. No country but England raises such articles. It has a far more metallic bell-metal sort of sound than the Richest Nobleman. The Richest Commoner speaks of a man who gets ten per cent. for his money instead of two, of one whom the sudden inundation of wealth has not afforded time to turn his *argent* into acres, or disguise himself in a title. All honour to Richest Commoners, say we.

The particular Charles Summerley under consideration, it must be confessed, was rather more insinuating and more dangerous than the generality of "nice young men," added to which, being untied by business or profession, he had just sufficient means to enable him to appear like a gentleman, and be wherever he was not wanted. Maria Dooey to be sure wanted him—at least she wanted a beau, indeed, before she saw any chance of the Richest Commoner, she had written him a sweet billet-doux without beginning or ending, a precaution that she always took with her men, and thought amply sufficient to prevent any one saying where the letters came from, should any one be base enough to give her an airing in Westminster Hall, or take her to an assize town for other purposes than that of attending the ball. In this highly glazed and perfumed production to Charles she expatiated on the delights of rural life (Glauberend life), the charms of country scenery, and concluded by saying, that if "a certain somebody had not quite forgotten a certain other somebody, a certain somebody would perhaps come and help the certain other somebody to enjoy it." To this Charles returned a red-hot answer, with an embossed circular garland of Cupids, hearts, darts, flowers, &c., at the top, under cover to the maid, Lucy Green, vowing many forty-horse-power vows of eternal constancy, and promising to be down as fast as ever the panting engine would draw the early train of the Monday morning,

when he calculated upon having the pleasure of passing old Doocy on the way.

We will now take a glance at the exact position of affairs.

So long as there was nothing better in view, Mrs. Doocy was content to connive at the flirtation, as she had connived at many before, but not being able after the most minute and careful inquiry to flatter herself with the hope of any thing satisfactory coming of it, that is to say, of Charles turning out any thing better than what he then appeared—an idle, small-income dangler, she now determined to extinguish him and capture the Richest Commoner in her most masterly, motherly manner.

The first move of course was to prepare the soil of her daughter's heart. Love and the fashions are *apropos* to any thing in a woman's conversation, and Mrs. Doocy would not have had the slightest difficulty in leading the way out of any, the most intricate subject, though, as it happened, she was saved the trouble of any "beat about the bush" circumlocution, for on going to muffle the view of the adjacent country and distant hills with a fog of drawing-room muslin curtains, to keep it as it were as fresh and new against Doocy's return on the Saturday, who should she see reconnoitering the house from the iron palisades enclosing the long slip of garden opposite, but the tiresome object of her thoughts.

There he was examining the house up and down, and lengthways and sideways, in a manner that none but a suitor, or a sheriff's officer, would adopt. If he looked well in London, we need not say how much more formidable he appeared in the country. He was neatly, but not flashily, dressed; well brushed hat, dark coat and vest, Joinville tie to a black stock, with well got up white trousers and varnished boots.

Mrs. Doocy was desperately exasperated at the sight, nor was her indignation diminished by Charles, mistaking her lavender coloured dress for that of one of the young ladies, blowing her a speculative kiss from the tips of his primrose coloured kid gloved fingers.

"I'm dratted," said she, "if there isn't that impittant boy himself!" exclaimed Mrs. Doocy, shrouding herself in a fall of muslin, "I only wish 'D.' was back, *shouldn't he have a trimmin' for that.*"

Ere she got her "back down" the door opened, and in popped Maria.

Mrs. Doocy saw by her face that she had seen Charles, so she entered at once in "*medias res.*"

"*I do wish, Maria,*" snapped she, "that you'd be done with that tiresome, idle *boy,*" with a strong emphasis on the word boy, "what's he come botherin' down here about? *I wish* you'd be done with him."

Age is a fine elastic accommodating commodity in female hands. Women just stretch or contract it as they would a piece of Indian rubber.

"Men can't marry too young," says an experienced matron to a newly-fledged suitor that she thinks will "do."

"Mere boy!" sneers the same party when she finds he "won't."

"Just the right age," says another, who has hooked a piece of antiquity—liberal forty for sixty say—whom she proposes uniting to blushing eighteen. "Old enough to be her grandfather," retorts she in disgust when she finds he won't. Youth, however, is a thing that very soon rectifies itself. Age, we fear, is not so accommodating.

But hark to Maria! and hear what she said when her mamma wanted her to be off with her man—or man-boy.

"Why, mamama?" asked she, colouring brightly.

"Why, mamma?" snapped Mrs. Doocy, angrily, "because no good can come of such a connexion, and he's only keepin' desirable men off."

"But, mamma, I thought you approved of him."

"'Proved of him p'raps as a dangler," retorted Mrs. Doocy, who clipped her English desperately when excited, "'prov'd of him p'raps as a dangler, and in London, where people are not all on the watch as they are here, and where a gal may have half-a-dozen men goin', provided they don't meet, but here it's very different—here it's very different—you can't lift a finger but everybody knows—I *do* believe this is the most scandalous place in the world." The place we are in generally is.

"Oh dear, but I wish you'd only told me all this before," exclaimed Maria, bursting into tears and burying her pretty fair face in her rather fat hands.

"Silly girl!" sneered Mrs. Doocy, "who'd ha' thought o' you takin' on that way—you, with all your advantages and opportunities—who'd ha' thought of *you* throwin' yourself away in such a ridiclous, I may say scandalous, way?"—Maria sat sobbing in silence. "We know nothin' on the boy, nobody knows nothin' on him," observed Mrs. Doocy, determined to, what she called, argify Maria out of him.

"Well then, mamma, that's the reason why we shouldn't reject him, why we shouldn't treat him so cavalierly; at all events, I'm sure he's a most agreeable, gentlemanly young man, and—"

"Oh, they are all most agreeable, gentlemanly young men," interrupted Mrs. Doocy, "I'm sure the number of most agreeable, gentlemanly young men I've had through hands, first and last, is somethin' quite appalin'. First there was Mr. Primnose, who all the world said had a plum of his own; 'stead of that we found he'd only ten thousand, out of which he had to pay his sister a hundred, then there was young Peck, with his enormous expectations from an uncle, who it turned out was educatin' a family of naturals of his own; then there was Charles James Smith—no, he was Amelia's—but you had that great Captain O'Rian, who swore he had a castle in Ireland as big as Windsor, and who cost your pa no end of money in sendin' Mr. Inkeyfingers over to look for it."

"Well, well, well, I don't want to hear you go through the list," interrupted Maria, "you know you approved of them all at the time."

"'Proved of them all at the time!" retorted Mrs. Doocy, boiling up. "'Proved of them all at the time! Did you ever know me 'prove of them after they 'proved to have nothin'?"

Maria couldn't say she had, for it was just "that" upon which all the engagements had hitherto gone off. Indeed she had begun to think that the "sootable fortin," as Mrs. Doocy called it, was not in existence, and to consider whether she had not better suit herself without reference to one. She thus broached the delicate subject to mamma.

"But even supposing he hasn't a fortune," observed Maria, "I suppose I shall have enough to keep us both upon."

"Oh Maria!" shrieked Mrs. Doocy, "oh Maria," repeated she, "don't talk to me in such a way—don't talk to me in such a way, it's a disgrace to your bringin' up—it's a disgrace to your bringin' up—you that have been taught to hold yourself high, and to look for a great connexion, if not a coronet, at all events for diamonds, and an opera-box to show them in. Oh Maria! I'm ashamed of you—I'm *disgusted*," so saying, the old lady sank back in her chair thoroughly overcome.

The wise ones say it is extremely foolish giving way to temper, and

that getting into a passion never does any good, but let them say what they will, a good "let off" on either side often tends very much to the subsequent promotion of a good understanding.

Mother and daughter having both had their say, and each thinking she had gone far enough, indulged in a long pause.

Maria at length got up, and consulting the most becoming mirror as to her looks, passed a fine fringe and cypher handkerchief across her now slightly reddened blue eyes, arranged her long brown ringlets, and prepared for renewed elegance. Mamma took a peep through the curtains, to see whether that horrid boy was gone or not. All this allowed time for the collection of scattered thoughts and the return of cooler moments.

Mrs. Dooley felt there was some truth in Maria's observation that they would be discarding Charles without "sounding him," a practice that she was not at all given to, though she much feared that the Dumps' representations as to his probable means would turn out one of those flattering tales that hope delights in and mammas detest.

"I don't by no means wish you to do nothin' hasty or unfeelin' by the young man," observed Mrs. Dooley, soothingly, as Maria circled, with a deep sigh, from the mirror to the sofa, "but I really must say that a girl with your fortin', figure, and pretensions, would be doin' extremely wrong—that is to say, not justice to herself, if she was to throw herself away—without—without—without an *equivalent*, at all events," added she.

Maria saw that mamma was "coming round," so prudently held her tongue, to hear what her sagacity would suggest.

"I've often said that an offer does a girl no harm," continued Mrs. Dooley, "none whatever—rather the contrary, indeed; but it is your long-continued, hangin'-on, never-finishin' sort of engagements, that I object to; and, indeed, so does your pa; still, I wouldn't advise you to do nothin' hasty or unfeelin'; if he *hasn't* offered, it's time he did; and if he has, it's time he was looked after, because he may keep danglin' on for ever, drivin' off no end of desirable offers. Besides, remember this, *looks don't last for ever.*"

"Oh! my own dear, dear mamma," exclaimed Maria, again bursting into tears, falling on her knees before her mamma, and burying her face in the old lady's capacious lap, "oh! my dear mamma," sobbed she, "but there is no better person in view at present."

"There's Mr. Rocket!" exclaimed Mrs. Dooley, at once, "a gen'l-man of the highest character and most undoubted wealth; the richest commoner in England, they say," added she.

"But Amelia insists upon having him," sobbed Maria; "*she says it's her turn.*"

That was just the point that Mrs. Dooley dreaded; and if our readers have a single drop of the milk of human kindness in their composition, we think they will feel for her situation. Not only had she the whole out-of-door force of fathers, mothers, daughters, uncles, aunts, nieces, cousins, all the relations of this world, in short, to contend with, but the difficult cards of the domestic circle to manage and arrange.

Poor Mrs. Dooley!

In Maria, however, she had a congenial spirit, if not a very dutiful daughter. Though she would not give up a man to please the old lady, she had no objection to meet her in the fair open market of matrimonial

barter, and exchange whatever she had in hand for something better. Neither was the fact of her sister being a candidate any objection, but rather the contrary—a fact that, for the credit of the sex, we are concerned to state, though we should be violating our oath of accuracy if we were to omit it. We are sorry to say for so plump and pretty a young lady, that there were few things Maria liked better than wresting her sister's sweethearts from her—"cutting her out," as they call it. As we are quite sure all this will appear very naughty and unnatural to the majority of our fair readers, we are consoled for the infliction of writing it, by thinking that at all events such work will be new to them.

Be that, however, as it may, the fair sisters were in competition; Maria having sounded Amelia as to her willingness to take a quiet transfer of Charles Summerley in lieu of her turn at Tom Rocket, and got a decided negative. We have already mentioned that Maria had had two more sweethearts than Amelia, added to which, wherever she could, she had always insisted upon having the pick of the comers, carrying the nursery importance of two years' seniority of birth forward in the page of life.

In looks the sisters were so much alike, that the men were willing to take one or other just as they were "hounded on" by mamma, the weighty importance attaching to a first-born in the male line, having no influence in the female one. The girls were both nice plump, round, air, fresh, rather dairy maidish-looking beauties, with pleasant countenances, lightish brown hair, blue eyes, and beautiful teeth, possessing all the ingredients, in short, that London milliners work up into first-rate beauties, if not first-class fashion. Indeed, we don't know but if they had had a coronet on their carriage instead of a cow, but they might have passed for first-class fashion too. So much alike were the sisters, and so exactly alike did they dress, that but from the fortunate circumstance of Maria having a most coquettish little mole on the left side of her upper lip, which generally procured for her the name of "Moley" among the wits of their various country-houses, the "watering-places," they would have been difficult to distinguish, and a recently entered lover might have got hold of the wrong one. Alike, however, as they were in person, they were wholly different in disposition, but as few women are so devoid of blandishment and self-command as not to be able to control themselves during courtship and make the men believe them "perfect angels," and as no man has penetration enough to open the doubly Bramah guarded locks of a woman's heart, we should be getting too much in advance of our story were we here to describe the difference. Suffice it to say, that the hitherto pliant Amelia had declined yielding her turn at the "Richest Commoner" to "Moley," an announcement that Moley had just made to mamma, when we broke off to bespeak the sympathy of our readers for Mrs. Dooley. We need hardly say, that Mrs. Dooley entered most fully into Moley's feelings—nay, she almost joined in reproaching Amelia for her unaccommodating spirit and want of sisterly love—when mother joins daughter it makes fearful odds.

Indeed, as the start in these matters is half the battle and more, an elder sister always stands a much better chance than a younger one. She has great advantages if she chooses to push them—best seat in the carriage, most prominent place at the Opera, first introduction at a ball, and precedence at a dinner-party. What a world of business may be done

at a dinner-party! Unsentimental, almost degrading as the operation of eating is, a dinner is capable of drawing forth an infinity of unadulterated love. The old cormorants in beads and turbans at the top of the table are too busy guttling and swizzling to take heed of what is passing below, as they do at a ball or a route, while the young ones down by the host will have managed badly if they haven't paired off to better advantage than to allow of their watching their neighbours. Then the jabber, the clatter, the pop, the fiz, the "Champagne, sir," all tend to conviviality and rashness. But to our tale. Well, Amelia and Moley were pitted against each other for the Richest Commoner, and mamma favoured Moley's pretension. Still Maria did not care to tell the old lady how far Charles and she had gone on the road-matrimonial, though as we shall not indulge in that sort of reserve with the reader, we may say she had him in hand as it were—could "bag" him any time she liked—and she thought, from the now changed aspect of affairs, that "time," as the Irishman has it in his song, was "*now*."

CHAPTER VI.

THE TWELFTH TENDER PROP.

As soon as the slight redness produced by the crying and excitement of the foregoing scene had subsided, Moley put on her most bewitching bonnet and feather, with a new check dress of groséille colour on gray glaze, and with a rich lace-covered sea-green silk parasol over head, proceeded to take a saunter through the tree and idler-lined streets of Glau-berend, in search of the youth who, like Mrs. Bond's ducks, she had invited down to be killed. Charles had only arrived by the mail-train that morning, but had been lounging about sufficiently long in the idle watching place to attract the attention of sundry fair forms who had casually "stepped to the window" to thread their needles, see what sort of a day it was, or whose carriage it was that was grinding past.

"There's a buck!" exclaimed one; "who can *he* be, I wonder!"

"Sophy! just come and look here!" cried another.

"Isn't this man like George Muggins?" asked a third, as her cousin responded to the summons.

"Can that be Fanny Walker's Margate beau that she talks so much about?" inquired a fourth, as she saw Charles looking attentively at the house.

"Oh, my! but isn't that a case!" whispered young Harry Hustler, who was desperately busy sweethearting Miss Emily Miller in the dining-room of 41, Claremont Place, when Maria and Charles met just before the window, behind whose green trellis blinds they were ensconced. "*Isn't that a case?*" repeated he, pressing his charmer's hand as they sat watching.

It was now about high-tide, and Maria was not sorry to be seen by all the wandering "pullers to pieces" with such a smart young man as Charles. She wanted a vast quantity of things at the different shops, bazaars, and lounges. A yard and a quarter of pink ribbon here; three-quarters of "white aerophane" there; some "tulle," of course, at a third (did any body ever know a lady go out shopping that didn't want tulle?) and finished off with a comprehensive tour to match a piece of most unmatchable velvet. Still Moley was wary. Though she was as sweet and smiling as ever in the shops where there were none but the "genteel young people" to see, she was cool and distant in the streets, and carried

herself with a sort of easy indifference as though she were talking with a cousin, or a youth that she didn't care a straw about. A woman could see at a glance that the love-making was all on Charles's side; indeed, a sagacious cit, who hadn't got away by the morning train, observed to his neighbour in the "buss," as the two stood at the end of Market Street to let the vehicle pass, that Miss Dooeey seemed to be taking the youth very coolly. Great was the sensation that Charles produced. His gentlemanly appearance, and easy unassuming manner would have run him up to a high premium had he appeared "open to all and influenced by none," like our friend the Richest Commoner, and even as it was they rated him considerably above any thing he was entitled to, on the strength of his intimacy with Miss Dooeey.

"You may rely upon it he's *somebody*," said the pompous Major Slooman, the all-important master of the ceremonies; "you may rely upon it he's *somebody*," repeated he, in his usual didactic manner in the midst of a select group of youthful admirers, clustered on the stone steps leading up to Grandpoules billiard-rooms and cigar divan. The youths when they went home then began to "run Charles up," till they magnified him into an honourable; and as he had no servant to contradict the statement, he "stood at that" as they say on 'Change. There was, a time when Maria would have been pleased at such a piece of exaggeration, but recent events had caused a revolution in the petty empire of her heart. She quite agreed with mamma, though she did not care to pay the old lady the compliment of acknowledging that she did, that it was as well to have an equivalent, and that "looks would not last for ever." As long as there was no "real equivalent" in the way, Maria, like a great number of most exemplary young ladies, was monstrously disinterested;—she never thought of money; money, in her mind, could not make happiness; whatever there was she would be content, but oh! most treacherous of temptations, no sooner did the chance of a real tangible equivalent come in the way, than she changed her opinions as quick as a certain ex-minister can do.

Having paraded Charles as much as she thought would do her good, that is to say, enough to let people see how well she was off for men, she prepared for disposing of him on the second day.

Charles was naturally shy, and moreover, modest enough not to think himself exactly a match for Miss Dooeey, and being quite a novice in love-making, might have gone on till now without offering. Indeed "Moley," had all along taken the initiative herself, and as the reader has seen, had now brought him down, though we must do her the justice to say, that when she wrote she had not exactly the views she at present entertained. "The unnatural competition," as her mamma and she designated it, that she was likely to have to undergo with her "own sister" made her anxious to settle Charles's business as soon as possible. Some may think Charles soft, but let them remember his bringing up, and that he had no sister or female friend to put him up to the tricks of the sex. Indeed, the sagacious and experienced will often find it difficult to apportion an old lady's encouragement between common politeness and the serious intentions of promoting a son-in-lawship, where, in short, society ends, and sweet-hearting proper begins. Most young men who are asked to a house where there are girls think they are asked for the express purpose of making love to them, and when they get *chassez'd*, instead of being thankful for the food—grateful for the "wittles," do nothing but abuse

their host and hostess for inviting them, "if they didn't think them fit matches for their daughters."

Some people will say you'll never find an old lady very keen about a man who she doesn't think has money, either in possession, reversion, remainder, or expectancy; but that would be striking at the very root of the trade, of we "3 vol." gents, whose business it is to deck out in the brightest and most glowing colours those praiseworthy parents who give up three-fourths of their income to make a beloved daughter happy with a penniless son-in-law. We, at all events, must stand up for the *existence* of such monsters of perfection.

To give the ladies their due, and there is no one more anxious than the writer of this little narrative, they beat the men hollow at asking real, cool, not to say impudent questions. Full of the most refined delicacy, distressed beyond measure at asking you to ring the bell, shocked at the idea of your getting up to bring them the cream, they yet can bring their pretty pouting lips to put such home questions as would stagger most men to think of.

And they do it in such an easy, natural, unaffected matter-of-course sort-of-way that a man is almost drawn into answering them in the same strain.

"What have you?" an old lady will ask, with as much ease as she would the "time of day."

There was no occasion for Moley to go quite so far as this; indeed, it was in her mamma's department; all that Moley now wanted was to "pass" Charles, as the poor law people say to that inestimable parent and expert mouser.

Accordingly, on the second day, having met him at Bachelors' Library, at the corner of the street leading into the Atherton Road, the quietest, most secluded, and shadiest in the neighbourhood; after sweeping the footway with her long petticoats in the disinterested way all womankind, from the sovereign down to the scullion do, for some half mile or so, she suddenly turned the subject of their then conversation, the beauty of a butterfly that kept flaunting before them, by asking him, not "if his mother knew he was out," but if "his uncle knew he was down?"

"Why n-o-o-o," replied Charles, rather confused at the question.

"Do you think you are doing right in not acquainting him?" asked Moley, who was quite one of the "all square and fair" (when it suited her purpose), sort, looking at him with one of her sweetest, softest, blandest, *shop* looks.

Charles blazed up like a lighted bottle of straw.

"I'm sure—I'm afraid—I doubt—I would—I only wish I might," gasped he, "but really—Oh dear! *you* know what I mean," and thereupon, he fluttered his fingers as though he would shake his meaning out of them—as one sometimes sees a nervous barrister, who has lost the "point" of the staylace of his eloquence. Wicked Moley pretended not to "take."

"I'm sure, my dear, I'd do any thing to oblige you," said the tantalising beauty; "but you know I'm not acquainted with your uncle—neither is mamma."

"Oh, dear, that's not it," exclaimed Charles, "that's not it!" repeated he, still on the grand flutter.

"Tell me how I can serve you, and I'm sure I will," observed Moley, seeing he must have a "lift."

"Then let me tell my uncle—let me tell my uncle that I'm up here—that I'm down here—that I'm away from town—for—for—for—the purpose of seeing you."

"Certainly," replied Moley, "certainly;" adding, "and mamma, and Amelia, of course."

"Oh, yes," gasped Charles, really believing her pretended simplicity; "but *you* in particular."

Moley was silent.

"Tell me!" exclaimed he, seizing her gloveless hand, "tell me that I may say I'm here for the purpose of seeing you, and in the hopes that you'll be my—my—my—*wife*."

Moley remained silent, and Charles passing his arm round her neatly-shaped waist, drew her forcibly towards him, and impressed such a smack of a buss on her sweet full lips, as caused a labourer to pop his great bacon-face head over the adjoining hedge, and exclaim,

"Whoy, dang it! • What's obp now?"

"*Murder! scream! screech! scream!*" went Moley, scuttling off as though it were her first performance in the bussing line.

"I've a good mind to lick you, you great fool!" exclaimed Charles, doubling his fist, and looking monstrously irate.

"*De!*" replied the man, "come o'ur hedge, and de it."

* * * * *

"Oh, my dear Charles!" exclaimed Moley, seizing his arm as he overtook her, instead of licking the labourer, "oh, my dear Charles!" repeated she, quite out of breath.

"Never mind the brute," said Charles, giving her another most hearty salute on her lips, which he followed up with one on the mole itself.

"Oh, you naughty boy!" exclaimed Maria, "I'll really tell mamma, and have you whipped."

Thinking he might as well be whipped for a score, as for what he had got, he just renewed the attack, and Moley, taking warning by the recent interruption of the countryman, and considering that if the news of such recreation was to reach the ears of the "*Richest Commoner*," it might seriously damage her prospects in that quarter, she availed herself of an opportune turn-rail for passing into the fields, through which a quiet but most conveniently-disposed foot road for seeing, led by a circuitous way back to the town.

Having re-adjusted her bonnet and ringlets, and adopted a more staid demeanour, she again assumed the admonitory tone, that a year or two's seniority entitles a woman to take over a youth of Charles Summerley's age. Indeed, we don't know that we are going beyond the mark in saying that a woman of twenty is more than a match for any man of thirty—far more than a match when the man has surrendered his reason by falling in love with her.

"What do you think your uncle would say if he was to see you walking in this way?" asked Moley, at last leading back as near as she could to the point at which the countryman interrupted them.

"That I've got a very pretty, charming companion," replied Charles, eyeing her with all the adoration of a first love.

"*Poo, poo,*" replied she, "that's not worthy of you; but seriously now, Charles," continued she, again placing her arm within his, "do you think you are doing right in keeping him in ignorance?"

"Oh, but I'll tell him directly now," replied he, "by Jove, I'll go up by the night-train and do it in the morning, but you know it was no use telling him till you said you would have me."

"But I haven't *said* so yet," replied Moley, with an 'emphasis on the said; "I haven't *said* so yet, you are going far too fast."

"Well, but silence gives consent," replied Charles, "and there is no occasion for any thing further except a kiss," again attempting to take one.

"Oh you rude boy!" exclaimed she, seeing a couple of parasols bearing in sight; "I really *will not* walk with you if you behave so," so saying, she drew herself up, and holding her parasol between him and her, encountered the comers with a most indifferent, "giving him no encouragement" sort of air.

"Forgive me, dearest Maria," whispered Charles after they were past, "I'll not do so any more, indeed I won't," adding aside, "not till the next time, at least."

Moley would have snubbed him a little more had they not been getting too near the town, for the amount of business she had yet in hand, and not wishing to commit herself by any backwards and forwards lover-like turns, she observed, with great propriety, "that there were many questions they ought to ask each other before they decided on so important a point as the one he proposed."

"Well," said Charles, gravely, "let us begin, then."

"First we should know each other's religious opinions," observed Moley, "believe me," added she, "there can be no prospect of happiness in this world without a sound basis of religion and practical piety; then," continued she, "we should see that our mutual friends approve of the match, and—"

"Well," interrupted Charles, "I think your mamma has no objection."

Moley thought otherwise, but did not care to say so.

"Then there is your uncle," observed she, "he may think you too young to marry, or may have somebody else in view for you, or a hundred things; old gentlemen are apt to be capricious, and if you were to offend him he might leave his fortune to some one else, and that would be very awkward, you know."

"Oh, poor man, I don't think he has much to leave—he's very good to me, but I don't think he's much to leave," replied Charles.

Moley had reached her goal, her worst fears were all but confirmed.

"Oh," said she, with an air of indifference, "I think nothing about money, I care nothing about money, whatever there is I shall be content; sound religious principle is what I look to for happiness, and that is not dependent upon," she nearly said, "the funds," that being the basis upon which her "pa" placed most of his aspirations, but added, "and that is not dependent on the caprice of human kind."

"Angelic creature!" exclaimed Charles, seizing her hand in ecstasies, and thinking he was not half good enough for her.

Being rather too near the town for this sort of amusement, especially after such an unpromising announcement, Moley began to prepare for leave-taking, and, of course, to appoint a meeting for mamma.

"Well, now," said she, withdrawing her hand hastily as they came to the last turnstile leading out of the fields, by the Trafalgar Inn Mews, "I'll go home and surprise mamma with the glad intelligence, and you can come in the morning and talk matters quietly over with her."

"Why not *now*?" asked Charles, adding, "it is quite early."

"I think the morning will be better," replied Moley; "perhaps the news and your visit together might be too much for her."

The fact was, Moley did not care to be seen any more with Charles in the town.

"Well," said he, looking very desponding, "I'll be with you—at what hour?"

"Say ten," replied Moley, "and then you'll be sure to find mamma disengaged. Now good-bye, dear," continued she, giving him a tender squeeze with her ungloved hand, and one of her sweetest smiles; "good-bye, dear, and *mind*, be punctual, that's your shortest way to the Green's Hotel," said she, pointing with her parasol in the contrary direction to the one she was going.

Having traversed the Polygon, and got into Cross Street, it occurred to her that she wanted a little more tulle, accordingly she bent her steps to "Grin and Gape's," the insinuating "Swan and Edgar's" of the place, where, after much to do, she got herself suited with it, and also with a yard and a half of cap ribbon.

Now see how Fortune favours the virtuous!

Turning the corner of Clarendon Street, on her way home, who should she meet but our hero, Tom Rocket, the Richest Commoner in England! There he was in a most killing new green cut-away, with club-buttons, a buff waistcoat, and white leather trousers. He had just got off horse-back, having been calling at Lord Sparkleton's. How warm was her greeting! There was scarcely less *empressement* in the squeeze of the hand than there was in her parting one with Charles Summerley.

Mr. Rocket was delighted. How proudly he strutted up Chapel Street and along Belvedere Terrace, giving such a thundering knock and ring at the Dooley door as caused the rickety house to shake, and brought the footman, huddling on his coat, after the butler, to open it.

AUSTRIAN LEGENDS.

BY JOHN OXENFORD, ESQ.

To the following stories we give the somewhat indefinite title of "Austrian Legends," because they are not attached to one particular spot like those of Vienna, Salzburg, and Gastein. They are, nevertheless, tied together by a certain similarity of principle, that of giving a legendary origin to some supernatural appearance, which even at the present day is supposed to terrify believers.

Castle Greifenstein, which is near Vienna, was once inhabited by a knight, whose pleasures consisted in fighting and hunting. He was blest with a fair and virtuous wife, who had but one failing; she was too great an admirer of her own hair, which was certainly very long, and which she loved to twist into beautiful knots. Alas! this little weakness was productive of immense mischief.

Our stalwart knight had accompanied Duke Albert III. on some warlike expedition, and when he returned home what should he find but his better half with her hair twisted even more elegantly than usual. Now the knight was not remarkably partial to top-knots, and therefore concluded that the labours of the toilet had not been especially directed to his own gratification. He next surmised that the knots might have been designed

to please somebody else, and a horrible fit of jealousy was the consequence. Having settled that his wife had a lover, the next job was to discover who the happy individual might be, and for want of a better he pitched upon the chaplain, who had free access to the lady during his absence. The good knight was one of those strong, practical characters, who hate to waste their time in balancing conflicting arguments, and when once they have formed a resolution, love to carry it into effect. In vain did the chaplain and the lady protest their innocence; the knight was not to be implored or argued out of his crotchets, so without the slightest evidence, beyond the superiority of the top-knot, he cut off the offending decoration from the head of his wife, and clapped the chaplain into a dungeon, vowing that he would never release him until the stone balustrades of the great castle steps were so worn by the hands of persons ascending and descending, that the fatal top-knot could be put into the hollow.

If the knight's rage was indiscreet so also was his penitence; for he became so violently sorry for what he had done, and was in such a hurry to give orders for the poor chaplain to be again brought before him, that he slipped down the steps and broke his neck. Nor did his sufferings end here, for the very condition (a little strengthened) which he had made for the release of the chaplain, was laid down by Heaven for the repose of his own ghost. There must the said ghost wander about till the hands of passengers make a hollow large enough to hold *two* top-knots. The poor ghost shouts out to the passengers, "Greifenstein" (lay hold of the stone), hoping that the hard substance may be worn out all the quicker, and from this shout the castle (Greifenstein) derives its name.

There is another story, which sticks to the chaplain and the neck-breaking, but differs from the one just told in important particulars.

The knight, according to this second story, when he went out to the wars, did not leave a wife, but a daughter behind him, and the chaplain, who ought to have watched her closely, did not sufficiently prevent her intercourse with a poor youth, on whom she had bestowed her affections. Nay, when her father sent home the unwelcome news that he had picked out a capital match for her, the chaplain went so far as to conduct her through a solitary path to a lonely spot, where her lover resided with her.

Home came the knight, but no daughter was there, and the chaplain was not ready with his information. The indignant parent, who had certainly more reason to be angry than the gentleman of the top-knot tale, incarcerated the chaplain, and wished that, if he forgave any of the culprits, he might meet with a sudden death, and his ghost might never find repose.

Years rolled on. The chaplain pined in his dungeon, and tried to amuse himself with a snake, which crept in somehow or other, and lived from his scanty provisions. However, as the snake and its appetite grew bigger, the chaplain found that he had not a supply equal to the demand, and solved the economical difficulty by knocking his companion on the head with a stick, which he afterwards hung on a ring against the wall, in commemoration of the glorious achievement.

In the meanwhile, the lovers lived upon a meagre diet of game, when they could get it, and wild fruits. The angry old knight, when hunting one day, saw a miserable-looking wretch decked out in skins, who beckoned him to a cavern. There he found his daughter, in piteous plight,

with an infant at her breast, gnawing the liver of a wolf. Moved by compassion, he burst into tears, and, forgetful of his vow, beckoned the hapless couple to follow him with their offspring.

Having forgiven his daughter, he next thought to release the chaplain, and hastening to set him free with his own hand, tumbled down the castle steps and—broke his neck. His spirit is doomed to wander till the stick (which was seen in 1809) falls from the ring, and the balustrade of the steps is worn out.

There is a bad moral in both these legends, as the parties are not punished for their cruelty, but for their penitence. However, we have nothing to do with that matter. It is our business to give the legends just as we find them.

The plan of turning the penalty of a vow against the maker of it, and that not in conformity with the strict letter, was not confined to the jealous husband in the first tale about Greifenstein. A knight who inhabited the fort of Rauhenneck near Baden, once buried a treasure, and placing a cherry stone in a little earth which happened to be on the battlement of a high tower, spoke as follows:—

“This treasure shall belong to the priest, who is rocked in a cradle made out of the cherry-tree which springs from this stone. If the tree withers or is broken by storm, or by the hand of man, the treasure shall not be found until a bird shall have carried another stone to the tower, and the rest of the condition is fulfilled.”

A slender sprig is now growing, it is said, on the tower of Rauhenneck ruins, and it will be long ere the old knight's condition is performed. However, his ghost is doomed to wander until this takes place, and may be seen, moaning about the ruins at midnight, while little lurid flames play about in various directions.

Near Endersdorf, in the vicinity of Zuchmantel in Moravia, is a gloomy lake surrounded by dismal fir and pear trees, to which a supernatural origin is assigned.

There lived at Endersdorf a shepherd who became suddenly rich, and as suddenly hard-hearted. Once he and his retainers hunted an old beggar with dogs, whereupon the aged man uttered a curse, and a very effective curse it was, for down came such a thunder-storm, that all the shepherd's property was destroyed, and he became poor even faster than he had become rich.

The shepherd did not flinch, but finding himself scourged by Heaven, turned his thoughts in the opposite direction and called upon the devil. He could not have invited a worse ally. The earth shook, the ground yawned, and all that the lightning had left having sunk into the abyss, a dark lake occupied the site of the shepherd's former possessions. Into this lake the devil flung the body of the shepherd, which he had previously torn to pieces.

To this day the form of the shepherd is seen wandering by the lake, brandishing a whip, and accompanied by a black dog. Occasionally he takes the form of a black dog himself, and scares travellers with his howling.

It is not every mortal who is terrified by such supernatural appearances. At Bärenstein, a fort in Moravia, the spirit of a maiden has been wandering from time immemorial. She wears a white garment, and carries a bunch of keys. Over her face hangs long hair, which she arranges with a silver comb. She does mischief to nobody, but is, on the

contrary, a devil sort of ghost, and with a friendly nod, salutes those whom she meets, though she does not utter a word. Who she is, and why she wanders, the legend telleth not.

When the fort was inhabited, a young lancer was somewhat struck by the timid manner with which the household talked of the mysterious virgin. Anxious to distinguish himself as an *esprit fort* he made a vow, that if ever he saw her, he would snatch a kiss from her preternatural lips. In vain did an old wise man reprove him for his presumption, and endeavour to check his audacity, the young scapegrace remained firm to his purpose.

He soon had an opportunity of proving his courage. The spectral maiden appeared, and a curious, though frightened, multitude stood to witness the performance of the feat. The lancer darted at the apparition, and the fatal kiss was imprinted. Did the spectre attempt to repel the audacity? Did she evince any cadaverous coldness towards the intruder? Did she, like the huntsman of the Hermannstein, change into a fiend? Nothing like it.

On the contrary, the ardour of her admirer was as nothing, compared with her own; in return for the kiss she had received, she twined her fair arms about his neck, and pressed him fondly to her bosom. In fact, she carried her affection to such a pitch, that she—squeezed him to death. She then vanished into thin air, leaving the corpse of the lancer as an awful warning against all flirtation with ghosts.

But of all the ill-conditioned spectres none was more unpleasant than one which appeared to Bishop Bruno. The Emperor Henry III. was, in the year 1045, sailing through the dangerous eddy of the Danube, near Stockerau, on an expedition against the Hungarians. Bruno, Bishop of Würzburg, the emperor's cousin, was sailing in another vessel, when, just as he was about to go through the eddy, he saw upon a rock, a man, black as a negro, with a repulsive expression of countenance.

Bishop Bruno, Bishop Bruno,
There is something I'd have you know,
The decrees of iron fate
Have united us in hate;
Thus are we, my holy brother
Evil spirits to each other,
You are mine where'er you go,
You will see me down below.

So said the dingy individual to the alarm of every body in the vessel. The bishop uttered a prayer, and made the sign of a cross and the figure vanished.

At Pösenbeiss, about two leagues from the spot, the emperor landed to sojourn for awhile with the widow of Count Adelbar von Ebersberg, who received him nobly. While the party were standing in a large apartment, the floor, which had not been constructed for such a multitude, gave way, and down went the whole assembly, emperor, bishop, and all, into a bathing-room. Not a soul, however, was hurt excepting poor Bruno, who received a mortal wound in the ribs from the corner of a bathing tub.

A stone tower was afterwards built on the rock where the spectre appeared to Bishop Bruno, and was called the "Devil's Tower."

Dr. Southey made the fate of Bishop Bruno the subject of a well-known ballad, but the story is not precisely the same as the legend given above.

THE BASS ROCK.

WHO has ever sailed into the Firth of Forth and has not been struck with that bold islet ye clept the Bass Rock? Holy Island has a castle bearing rock that rises out of its sands, and the Isle of May has a light-house bearing cliff, on which we have oftentimes sat, laughing in merry concert with the clouds of gulls that, sweeping in eddies at our feet, filled the very air, and silenced the turbulent ocean with their plaintive cries. But no other islet on this rock-bound coast has so stern an aspect, or is so precipitous, or so lofty, as the Bass. It is to the east of Scotland what Ailsa Craig is to the west, and both are, probably from the same peculiar features, the seats of colonies of one of the largest and most interesting of the British aquatic birds, the gannet or Solan goose. So identified is the Bass Rock with its great winged tenant—the pelican of our shores—that the bird itself was known to all the old naturalists as *Pelecanus Bassanus*, of which the French, through M. Buffon, made curiously enough *le fou de Bassan*, and the Germans *Der bassanische Pelikan*. Naturalists, who are, however, too apt to think that they have made a discovery, when they have merely changed a name, were not content till they had distinguished it from the pelicans by its old name among the northmen of Sula Bassana.

Hector Boece, whose "History of Scotland" was published in 1526, gives a detailed account of this singular colony of birds.

Certes, there is nothing in this rocke that is not full of admiration and woonder; therein also is great store of soland geese (vnlike to those which Plinie calleth water-eagles, or (as we saie) sea-herons) and nowhere else but in Ailsaie and this rocke. At their first comming, which is in the spring of the year, they gather such great plentie of sticks and boughs together for the building of their nests, that the same doo satisfie the keeper of the castell for the yeerelie maintenance of his fewell without anie other provision. These foules doo feed their yoong with the most delicat fish that they can come by, for though they have alreadie preied vpon anie one, and haue it fast in their beake or talons, yet if they happen as they fle towards the land to espie a better, they let the first fall againe into the sea, and pursue the later with great and eager swiftnesse vntill they take hold thereof.

The venerable author, whose narrative is copied from Holinshed's translation, has erred in supposing that the gannet is confined to the Bass and Ailsa Craig. The bird is very extensively distributed, although the localities where it breeds are apparently few in number, on our own coasts, it builds at Lundy Island off the coast of Devon, on the Isles of Borea and St. Kilda, on the Suliskerry, or Gannet Rock, near the Orkneys, the Skelligs off the coast of Kerry, and other places. It is met with along the coast of Norway, Iceland, and North America, and probably takes most extensive flights. We have ourselves seen it off the coast of Portugal. The fact that the gannet when it has secured its prey disposes of it in its gorget, and then takes wing to repeat the operation, is what has also led Boece into the mistake that the bird lets go his prey for other of a daintier kind.

It is Hector Boece, also, who gravely records the production of geese from shells found attached to wood in the sea. The author of "Hudi-

bras," has, however, erred, when he supposes that the legend in question applied to Solan geese.

And from the most refined of saints
As naturally grow miscreants,
As barnacles turn Soland geese
In the islands of the Arcades.

William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, visited the Bass Rock during the first half of the sixteenth century. Such is the density of the flight of the old birds above, (he says,) that, like a cloud, they darken the sun and the sky; and such the screaming and din, that you can scarce hear the voice of one who addresses you.

And further on he remarks,

If you sail round the island, and look up, you see on every ledge and shelf, and recess, innumerable flocks of birds of almost every size and order: more numerous than the stars that appear in the unclouded moonless sky: and if you regard the flights that incessantly come and go, you may imagine that it is a mighty swarm of bees you have before you!

In the "Ornithology" of Willoughby, edited 1678, by Ray, it is stated, that "on the Bass Island, in Scotland, lying in the middle of the Edinburgh Firth, and *no where else that I know of in Brittany*, a huge number of these birds (Solan geese) doth yearly breed." The celebrated author of "The Wisdom of God in the Creation," visited the Bass Rock on the 19th of August, 1661; yet he does not appear to have been more aware than Willoughby, that Ailsa, and other remote and rocky islets, were also, in one respect, equal to the "Solangoosifera Bassa" (what Latin?) of the Firth. Audubon, Selby, Wilson, Jardine, Macgillivray, all the great ornithologists of modern times have visited the Bass to see the Solan geese. Mr. Selby appears to have found the colony in a peculiarly peaceable and confiding temperament, when they allowed "themselves to be stroked by the hand, without resistance or any show even of impatience, except a low guttural note."

Dr. John Fleming estimates the yearly number of breeding pairs of gannets at the present time to amount to about 5000. Ray relates that, in his time (1661), the young of the Solan geese, were esteemed a choice dish in Scotland, and sold very dear (1s. 8d. plucked), but he remarks the flesh smells and tastes strong of fish. From the "Household Book of James V.," published by the Bannatyne Club in 1837, it appears that the purchases of gannets for the royal table were regularly every day from one to thirty-six birds. Among the remnants of olden ecclesiastical privileges is one, that twelve Solan geese, entire, with the feathers on, are annually paid to the minister of North Berwick—the Vicar of the Bass. • We have ourselves tasted the Solan goose, smoked and dried, and found it exceedingly palatable. The name of Barnacles, as applied by Butler to the Solan goose, explains what Cleaveland in his satire upon the Scotch means by feeding on Bernacles.

Many other birds congregate on the Bass, more especially the Kittiwake gull, the razor bill, and the scout, or foolish guillemot. The cormorant, the shag, the herring gull, the common gull, the black-backed gull, the coultarneb, eider-duck, falcon, turtle-dove, jackdaw, raven, and hooded crow, are also met with, and it is justly remarked of the island by the Rev. Thomas M'Crie, that to the visitor in summer, when the dark-browed rock is encircled with myriads of sea-fowl, wheeling around it in

all varieties of plumage, and screaming in all the notes of the aquatic scale, when it may be said,

The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and wild airs, that give delight, and hurt not.

The scene appears like enchantment, and leaves an impression not easily forgotten. If we were to speak of the impressions produced on our own mind, by a visit made to this interesting spot, we should say, never to be forgotten.

Besides this Solan goose, of which a biographer of one of the prisoners of the Bass quaintly enough remarks, that it was probably the most ancient inhabitant of the rock, and its other winged congeners, there are also remains of humanity on this wave-beaten islet, and that, too, in its saddest and most ungenial forms of asceticism, despotism, and persecution. About half-way up the southern slope of the rock are the remains of an ancient chapel, the abode of anchorites as far back almost as the times of the introduction of Christianity into Scotland. At the base of the same slope, clinging, as it were, to the sides of the precipice, are the mouldering walls of a fortification, within which a number of zealous Covenanters were, for principle's sake, incarcerated during the reigns of the last Stuarts.

The first hermit of the Bass, driven there probably by persecution, or by the wars between the Scots and the Picts, was Saint Baldred. He was of Scottish descent, and flourished at the end of the sixth and the beginning of the seventh century, having died in the year of our Lord 606. Bede has termed him Bishop of Glasgow, and the successor of Saint Kentigern, or Mungo, the patron saint of that city, but it is supposed that neither Mungo nor Baldred were ever bishops. "Saint Baldred of the Bass appears," says the Rev. Thomas M'Crie, "to have been a simple Culdee presbyter, residing for safety and retirement in the island; as Columba did in Iona, and Adamnan, another presbyter, in Inchkeith, but sallying forth occasionally to teach the rude natives on the mainland the doctrines of Christianity." In the time of this holy man there was, according to the monkish chroniclers, a great rock between the Bass and the adjacent land, which remained fixed in the middle of the passage, often causing shipwrecks. The blessed Baldred, moved by piety, ordered himself to be placed on this rock, which, being done, at his nod the rock was immediately lifted up, and, like a ship driven by the wind, proceeded to the nearest shore, and thenceforth remained in the same place, as a memorial of this miracle, and is to this day called Saint Baldred's Coble, or Cock-boat. At Saint Baldred's death, the honour of having the dead body of the revered anchorite became an object of competition to three different parishes, who, coming to take away the same by force, the body was found *all whole in three distinct places* of the house where he died, so each community was miraculously gratified.

The "parish kirk in the craig of the Bass," was consecrated in honour of St. Baldred in 1542, and the old chapel appears to have been occasionally frequented as a place of worship from that time till the Reformation. In 1677, we read in the statistical account that "Below the garden there is a chapel for divine service; but in regard no minister was allowed for it, the ammunition of the garrison was kept therein."

The earliest proprietors of the island on record were the Lauders,
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usually designated the Lauders of the Bass. The island continued with this ancient family for about five centuries, and the crest they assumed for it was quite characteristic—a Solan goose sitting on a rock; but the motto was rather a burlesque on the original, *Sub umbra alarum tuarum*.

The first time we hear of the Bass being employed as a "strength," or fortified place, is in the year 1406, when it afforded a temporary retreat to James, the youngest son of Robert III., and on the succession of that prince to the throne, in 1424, Walter Stewart, eldest son of Murdac, or Murdo, Duke of Albany, who had acted as regent, was arrested and "sent prisoner to the castle of the Bass," while his mother, the duchess, was committed to the towers of Tantallan, which overlook the Bass in gloomy strength from the adjacent mainland. "A lively fancy," says M'Crie, "might draw an affecting picture of the old duchess, as she gazed from the opposite towers of Tantallan on the ocean prison that held her wayward son, and describe her feelings as she saw him conveyed away to suffer an ignominious death." But Scottish ladies of that period were made of sterner stuff. "There is a report current," says the historian Buchanan, "that the king sent the heads of her father, husband, and children, to Isabella, on purpose to try whether so violent a woman, in a paroxysm of grief, as sometimes happens, might not betray the secrets of her soul; but she, though affected at the unexpected sight, used no intemperate expressions." M'Crie says that he has an old manuscript which records this piece of savage brutality, and adds that the old lady "said nothing, but that they worthilie died, *gif that whilk wes laid against them were trew!*"

The Bass continued to be one of the strengths or fortresses of Scotland during the sixteenth century. James the Sixth paid a visit to it in 1581, and coveted the possession of the island, probably from his partiality for Solan geese. In 1626, Charles I. also instituted a claim for the possession of the same rock.

In the time of Cromwell, the public records of the Church of Scotland were removed for safety's sake to the Bass, but the rock yielded to the Protector the same year (1650), and the records were packed up in casks and sent to the Tower of London. "The auld crag" now began to change masters. Having fallen into the possession, first of the Laird of Waughton, and after of Sir Andrew Ramsey, Provost of Edinburgh, it was, in October, 1671, purchased from the latter by Lauderdale, in the name of the government, to become a state prison, and, as Kirkton observes, "a dear bargain it was" (4000*l.* sterling).

Lauderdale thus became, among his many other titles of honour, Captain of the Bass; and the "auld crag," garrisoned by a rude and licentious soldiery, bristling with cannon, and frowning defiance on all around (like a "castle in the moon," old Kirkton describes it), was converted into a prison for the persecuted Presbyterian ministers, with whom it became a rule of practice that whenever any of them was called before the council, where either they behoved to satisfy the bishop or else go to the Bass, to prefer the latter alternative; and the Rev. James Anderson records the imprisonments of no less than thirty-nine martyrs to this abominable persecution of the early Presbyterians and Covenanters.

Among the most interesting of these martyrs of the Bass, may be noticed the austere and gloomy Alexander Peden, who, according to the chronicles of the time, was gifted with foresight. Peden had joined the

Covenanters who were defeated in the Pentland Hills on the 28th of November, 1666, and he was confined in the Bass for upwards of four years, at a time when there were there also several other eminent ministers of the same principles as himself, but they were confined in separate cells, and only at times allowed to assemble together for devotional exercises.

It is related, that when Peden was a prisoner in the Bass, being engaged in the public worship of God, a young woman came to the chamber door "mocking with loud laughter." He said, "Poor thing, thou mockest and laughest at the worship of God; but, ere long, God will work such a sudden surprising judgment on thee, that shall stay thy laughing, and thou shalt not escape it." Very shortly thereafter, as she was walking upon the rock, there came a blast of wind that swept her into the sea, and she was lost.

Such was the bold and awakening tenor of Peden's addresses, and which, according to his biographer (Walker in "Biograph. Presb."), reminded his listener of Elijah or of John the Baptist, that he converted a soldier, who refused afterwards to lift his arms "against Jesus Christ's cause, or to persecute his people." It is also related of Peden, that on the day on which the Covenanters were discomfited at Bothwell Bridge, the 22nd of June, 1679, he was near the border, forty miles distant from the scene of action. Yet when he was informed that the people were waiting for sermon, he replied, "Let the people go to their prayers, for me, I neither can nor will preach any this day, for our friends are fallen and fled before the enemy at Hamilton, and they are haggling and hashing them down, and their blood is running like water." He is also reported to have spoken in a similar strain at the defeat of the insurgents at Pentland Hills.

In 1682 he united in marriage John Brown of Priesthill, to Isabel Weir, his second wife. At the close of the ceremony the gloomy fanatic is said to have addressed the bride as follows,— "Isabel, you have got a good man to be your husband, but you will not enjoy him long; prize his company, and keep linen by you to be his winding-sheet, for you will need it when you are not looking for it, and it will be a bloody one." Brown was shot by Claverhouse in the beginning of May, 1655, that is, three years afterwards.

After taking refuge for some years in Ireland, Peden returned with a few followers to Scotland, where they were hunted about by the dragoons like wild beasts. On one occasion, having sought refuge in a moss where the cavalry could not easily follow them, Peden fervently prayed to God to "cast the lap of his cloak" around them, and forthwith a dark cloud of mist is said to have come on, and to have completely screened them from their pursuers. For a long time Peden wandered from one lurking place to another till he grew weary of such a life of persecution, and an affecting incident is related of his visiting the grave of Richard Cameron, who, with eight of his followers, was killed at Aird Moss by a party of dragoons under Bruce of Earlsball. Harassed and vexed, he sat down by the grave, and, as he thought of the happiness of his beloved friend, who had exchanged all his sufferings for the martyr's crown, while he himself was still enduring "the scorching heat of persecution," meekly raising his eyes to Heaven, he prayed "O to be wi' Ritchie!"

At length Peden's bodily infirmities rendering him unable to wander about, he caused a cave to be dug, with a willow bush covering its mouth,

near his brother's house in the parish of Sorn. His persecutors getting information where he was, sought the house in vain. At length the stern presbyter, somewhat softened by the prospect of eternity, died on the 28th of January, 1686, and was privately buried in the church of Auchinleck. The dragoons, however, informed of his death and burial, pulled his corpse out of the grave after it had lain six weeks, and being prevented hanging it in chains, they buried it at the gallows' foot at Cumnock. As Peden foretold his death, so Wodrow says, "This raising him after he was buried, Mr. Peden before his death did very positively foretell before several witnesses, some of whom are yet alive who were present, from whom I have it, else I should not have noticed it here."

Yet Wodrow, who relates this, and Lord Grange, according to the Rev. James Anderson, call the authenticity of these prophecies ascribed to Peden in question. They are, moreover, scarcely more than what might be expected from a mind highly excited by the fervour of fanaticism, and most deeply moved by years of gloomy and incessant persecution. As Mr. Anderson justly remarks, there is every reason to believe, that individuals have had presentiments of events which afterwards befel both themselves and others, however this may be accounted for.

James Mitchell, known to the readers of Scottish history chiefly from his bold but unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Archbishop Sharp, who was afterwards slain by John Balfour of Burley, was also a prisoner of the Bass. Previously to his being conveyed to the Bass, he was subjected to the torture of the "boots," an instrument which consisted of four pieces of wood very firmly fastened together, so as to form a kind of box capable of admitting the leg. Into this were inserted moveable staves, between which and the box a wedge was driven, so as to squeeze or compress the leg to almost any degree, according to the number of strokes given to it. Bishop Burnet observes that the common torture was only to drive the wedges between the instrument and the calf of the leg, but that he had been told that they were sometimes driven in between it and the shin bone.

Mr. Anderson narrates the circumstances of Mitchell's torture as follows :—

Upon the 24th (January, 1676), according to the appointment of the council, the committee of council and lords of justiciary, in their robes, constituted into a court, assembled in the Parliament House, where the justiciary court was ordinarily held. The executioner was also present with the boots. Mitchell being brought before the bar, was asked by the Lord Preses if he would yet confess before he was put to the torture. He still declined; and after protesting before God and their lordships, that whatever might be extorted from him by torture, should not be made use of against him or any other person in judgment, nor have any force in law, he said, "You may call the man whom you have appointed to your work." A macer was instantly ordered to call upon the executioner and two officers, who bound him in an arm-chair, and bringing the boots, inquired which of his legs they should take. The lords bade the executioner take any of them; upon which he laid the left leg in the boot. But Mitchell, lifting it out, said, "Since the judges have not determined it, take the best of the two, for I freely bestow it in the cause;" and put his right leg into the engine. After the torture was begun the king's advocate lectured him upon the sovereignty of the magistrate, and on the sinfulness of lying upon any account. Mitchell replied, "I would say more than the advocate; I would say that the magistrate whom God hath appointed is God's deputy, and that both the throne and the judgment are the Lord's while he judges for God and

according to the law of God, and that a great part of his office is to deliver the oppressed out of the hand of the oppressor, and to shed no innocent blood ; and that not only lying is sinful, but that a pernicious speaking of the truth is a dreadful sin before God, when it tends to the shedding of innocent blood." During the torture, upwards of thirty written questions were put to him, and his answers were taken down from his mouth. The executioner at every stroke inquired if he had any more to say, to which Mitchell answered, "No more, my lords!" At the ninth stroke he fainted through the extremity of pain, upon which the executioner exclaimed, "Alas! my lords; he is gone, he is gone." Then the torture was stopped. Recovering in a short time, he was carried to prison in the chair on which he suffered.

It was proposed to subject the other leg to the same treatment, but some of the Covenanters having sent a letter to Sharp, assuring him that if he persisted in torturing the panel, he should have a shot from a steadier hand, nothing further of the kind was attempted. But the revenge of Sharp could be satisfied with nothing less than the death of his enemy, and Mitchell was ultimately executed on the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, on the 18th of January, 1678.

Among the last of those who were immured in this Scottish bastille, were Sir Hugh Campbell and Sir George Campbell, of Cesnock, James Fithie, A. Dunbar, J. Greig, Peter Kid, A. Shields, W. Spence, J. Stewart, and John Blackadder ; to the latter of whom great interest attaches itself, from his advanced years and tried virtues. This estimable man was placed for ever beyond the reach of persecution by his death, which took place on the rock, in December, 1685. All these imprisonments, it is to be observed, occurred before 1688.

On the 10th of December of that year, the scene shifted. Beacons might have been observed on the Bass, North Berwick Law, and other adjacent heights, erected by the Scottish council on their first alarm of the invasion of the Prince of Orange. But the prince had landed in England, and the government of James fell without a struggle. The inhabitants of Edinburgh rose that day in a tumult, and 400*l.* were offered for the chancellor, the Earl of Perth, dead or alive. Meanwhile, a small suspicious-looking sloop might have been observed making its way down the Firth. That vessel contained the obnoxious earl, who, taking the alarm, had embarked for France "with all imaginable secrecy, himself in woman's habit, and his wife in man's apparel,"—a sad plight for the Popish chancellor, who had ridden rough-shod for so many years over the liberties and religion of his country. Following hard in the wake of the sloop, was a light war-boat, manned with thirty-six bold sailors, fully armed, under the command of one Wilson, who had once been a buccaneer. By a strange coincidence, the pursuers overtook the fugitive just as he was passing the Bass, and the hardy sailors seized upon their prey opposite that castle into which he had committed so many guileless men.

Again the scene changed. The rock, after holding out under Charles Maitland, the deputy governor, in the name of the exiled king, till 1690, was surrendered up to government, but strangely enough, it fell again into the temporary possession of the adherents of James. A few daring young officers, who had been taken prisoners at Cromdale, and had been sent to the Bass, formed a plan for surprising the place, which succeeded. Being supplied with provisions by their friends on shore, and receiving reinforcements from abroad, they contrived to keep their ground for several years.

They plundered various merchant vessels, made all of them pay tribute that came within reach of their guns, and craning up their boats to the rock, bade defiance to all attempts to dislodge them. One Mr. Trotter, having been condemned to be hanged for conveying to them supplies, they discharged a gun-shot among the crowd met to witness his execution opposite the island, where the Covenanters had also received in former times a gun-shot when assembled at prayer, and dispersed them, though it did not prevent the execution at a different place. At length, King William despatched two ships of war, which aided by smaller vessels, cut off their supplies and reduced them to the necessity of capitulating in April, 1694. Thus the Bass was the last place that held out for James in Scotland. After the surrender an order was given to demolish all the fortifications and buildings on the Bass, and to remove the cannon and ammunition, which was finally carried into execution in 1701, since which time the Bass has remained in its present untenanted and uncared-for condition.

With the revolution a new generation sprang up. A marked difference might have been observed even in the immediate descendants of the Covenanters. It was persecution that made prophets of Alexander Peden, of Thomas Hog, and of Donald Cargil. Adam Blackadder, second son of the martyr of the Bass, made merry at the remembrance of the hardships to which in early youth he was subjected on his father's account. But on the 21st of April, 1713, a grave, military-looking man, might have been observed standing by the sea-beach of Dunbar, his eyes intently fixed in the direction of the Bass. This was Colonel John Blackadder, the younger son of the same worthy sufferer; who, after distinguishing himself under the great Duke of Marlborough, had come to revisit the scene of his father's martyrdom, with the feelings at once of a brave soldier and a devout Christian.

In 1789, a pedlar, laden with pieces of muslin and verse, and with the prospectus of his first publication in his pocket, stood on the same coast, wondering at what he describes as "a large rock rising out of the sea to the dreadful height of 600 feet (420 in reality), giving the spectator an awful idea of its Almighty Founder, who weigheth the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance." This poor literary pedlar was Alexander Wilson, the author of the "*American Ornithology*,"—a work completed by a fervent admirer of the pedlar's genius, Prince Charles Lucien Buonaparte.

Who will deny the interest of romance to the Bass Rock? It is a pity that its historians,* instead of giving a coloured lithograph of the well known "*Lavatera Arborea*," did not give one good sketch of the "auld crag." The two woodcuts in the body of the work are contemptible.

* The Bass Rock : its Civil and Ecclesiastical History, Geology, Martyrology, Zoology, and Botany. Its Civil and Ecclesiastical History, by the Rev. Thomas M'Crie. Its Geology, by Hugh Miller. The Martyrs, by the Rev. James Anderson. Its Zoology, by Dr. John Fleming. Its Botany, by Professor Balfour.

• TIME-TABLE OF A RICH SEPTUAGENARY.

God will not take this for a good bill of reckoning—
Item.—Spent upon my pleasures forty years.—BISHOP HALL.

TEN minutes to midnight! In that short space of time, for I have been told that I was born as the clock was striking, I shall exactly have completed my seventieth year: I shall have lived the threescore years and ten which, according to the Psalmist, are the days of man's age, "so soon passeth it away and we are gone." Even when ensconced in this safe and sheltered study, a midnight storm has ever oppressed me with a feeling of awe, not unmingled with a sense of indefinite danger. That invisible giant the wind, howling as if in triumph for the shipwrecks and ruin he has occasioned, and shaking the earth with his footsteps as he rushes on to spread wider terror and destruction; the lightning flash; the deafening peal of thunder; the violent plashings of the storm-driven rain; the fury of the elements fighting together in the dark, can seldom be heard, even by the bravest, without a deep and anxious emotion. To me, however, sitting as I now am in the very centre of England's mighty metropolis, infinitely more affecting, more soul-subduing is the intense silence which at present reigns around me. A million and a half of human beings simultaneously enjoying peace, fellowship, and oblivion, by the single touch of Nature that "makes the whole world kin;" old and young, rich and poor, the beggar and the peer, the sleeper upon straw and upon eider down, the happy and the wretched, all brought to an absolute equality when once they have "steeped their senses in forgetfulness," forms a consoling fact, which may well reconcile us to the apparent inequalities of human condition. During one-third of their lives, for such is the average portion of our sleep, the whole of mankind are on a perfect level.

Hist! hark! the parish clock is striking. How slowly and with what a thrilling solemnity does the sound vibrate through the still night air, as if every pulsation were conscious that many a human pulse was simultaneously and finally ceasing to beat. Yes, so it is. With the throb of every new second scores of human hearts are throbbing for the last time. Dong! dong! dong! Surely there is something unusually mournful and funeral in the tone: it seems to strike upon my heart and chill it: I could almost fancy that I am listening to my own passing knell. How the clock lingers, as if the hammer were afraid to strike the bell. Twelve at last. Thank Heaven that is the final blow. Midnight has come and gone, and I am seventy years old.

Incontestable as is the fact, I can hardly realise it to my mind, so easy is it with a single backward glance, and in half a second of time, to recall the whole of my long life—infancy, childhood, manhood, old age, with all their myriad hopes, fears, and changes. Strange! that we can thus compress an entire lengthened existence into a passing thought; nay, not only our own individual history, but that of the whole human race. In a moment, the mind's eye runs over six thousand years, yet we cannot look forward even for a day, an hour, a minute. What power over the

past, what impotence as to the future; what illimitable retrospective vision, how absolute our prospective blindness!

This utter stillness, the midnight stillness of a vast metropolis, the living death, as it were, of its countless inhabitants, is more than solemn; it is awful. It is not so much the total absence of sound as the actual presence of a silence so deep that it is felt—I had almost said is heard by the thrilling heart. Ha! was that a cricket's chirping? No, nothing so cheerful. 'Tis the expiring fire clicking its own death-watch. See! a fresh coal flares up for a moment, casting spectral gleams that flutter about the books as if they were the spirits of authors, hovering around the volumes in which they are entombed. A library is a cemetery of intellects, and if disembodied ghosts may haunt our churchyards, why may not this burial-ground of minds be visited by similar apparitions. Now they flit away; they melt into the gloom; but methinks I am still surrounded by spiritual emanations.

A man's seventieth birthday is seldom a very cheerful one, and upon mine, at the present moment, every thing conspires to cast a gloom not less depressing than if my last hour were come. It cannot be far off. I have passed life's customary limit, and am now a trespasser on the domain of death, whose steel-traps and spring-guns are lying in wait for every foot-fall. Nor are these his only weapons. He may be flying towards me on the wings of invisible miasmata; he may be secreted in my veins; an apoplexy may smite me in this arm-chair, and so the anniversary of my birthday may be my day of death. How can I resist the contagion of such fears when I look around me?

The dim and waning lamp seems to intimate that its last hour is at hand; that, like myself, it has nearly reached its allotted bourne. There is a mournful significance in the warning, and, lo! behold! I see two gigantic numerals darkly shadowed on the opposite side of my study; they are the figures 70! Well, I know that I am threescore and ten; I have just been recording it; there needs no ghost to tell me this. Why then, is it shouted to mine eyes with such Stentorian rudeness? And what portends this preternatural handwriting on the wall? Perchance, to apprise me that the empire of my life is about to pass away: but, why am I to be bewildered and appalled by so miraculous a notification? Pshaw! how the doubtful light has befooled mine eyes! I now see that the imagined numerals are only the shadows of the chains that sustain the lamp. What a relief to discover the real nature of these phantom figures, for their aspect was startling and fearful: and yet, what weakness, what cowardice, to be thus overcome!

To shake off such idle and unmanly apprehensions, I arose from my arm-chair, and walked away from the table by which I had been sitting; but at the very first step, the disturbance and alarm of my mind were confirmed, instead of being allayed, for, as I looked downwards, methought I stood upon the edge of my own dark grave, at the bottom of which I could discern the faint gleam of a coffin-plate. So palpable did the yawning aperture appear, that I cautiously put forward one of my feet, to assure myself of its existence; but, feeling the soft carpet beneath me, I slowly ventured to take three successive steps, the grave appearing to recede as I advanced. At the third movement, my foot thrust away the supposed coffin-plate: it did not give forth a metallic sound, and as it

caught the light, I perceived that it was a gilded envelope case, which had, doubtless, fallen on the ground when I moved the table. Emboldened by this discovery to seek the cause of the receding grave, I found that it was neither more nor less than the dark shade of my own body thrown down by the suspended lamp. I despised myself for having paused and shuddered, still more for having been deceived, for most men had rather be frightened out of their wits by a real, than outwitted by a fancied cause of terror.

I turned round, the imaginary grave had disappeared, the shadows being now behind me, and I could not help exclaiming,

"What a poor, nervous simpleton have I been ! I am not usually superstitious, never was a believer in omens, have always felt a contempt for those who credit the existence of apparitions, goblins, spectral manifestations, and all the raw-head and bloody-bones of the nursery. Ridiculous trash ! fit only for brain-sick old women of either sex, and chicken-hearted girls."

Scarcely had these words escaped my lips, when, with an involuntary cry, and a shuddering start, I stood transfixed and aghast, my eyes distended, my teeth chattering, the perspiration oozing from my brow. Another living being stood in the room, or rather beyond the room, and yet distinctly visible, for it seemed to be staring at me out of the dim vacuity beyond the walls of my study. I rubbed my eyes, to assure myself that I was not dreaming, and leaned forwards, fixing my looks piercingly upon the phenomenon before me. The apparition moved, it appeared to be advancing towards me, and, as my boasted disbelief in spectres began to be converted into a vague but intense terror, I will frankly confess that I felt strongly tempted to make an immediate escape from the room. Deciding, after a moment's further deliberation, upon instant flight, I moved towards the door at the opposite extremity of the room ; but as the figure did the same, with the manifest intention of intercepting me, I suddenly drew up and stood still, utterly paralysed by conflicting emotions, and my spectral antagonist made no further approaches. My retreat cut off, and my suspense becoming intolerable, I exclaimed, in a faltering voice,

"Who are you ? Why do you thus haunt me ? Avaunt—begone—unreal mockery, hence !"

The lips of the vision moved, but I could hear nothing except the faint echo of my own words. It has spoken, thought I to myself, but as a spirit, I presume its revelations are not audible "to ears of flesh and blood."

To be made desperate is to be frightened out of fear, and such being my plight, I determined to meet my supernatural visitant face to face, and solve the mystery of its nature whatever might be the result. For this purpose, I summoned all my courage, and took three steps forward. The spectre did the same, eyeing me all the time with a keen and startled scrutiny, as if it were scarcely less bewildered than myself. Three steps more ; we were within an arm's length of each other, I panted with agitation, so did the phantom, this was somewhat encouraging ; I slowly put forth my hand, mentally ejaculating "now shall I know what thou art." My trembling hand encountered a cold gleaming substance, the very touch of which revealed its nature, and I recovered the self-possession which had so strangely deserted me when I beheld before me a large

cheval-glass, which had been placed in my study a few hours before, preparatory to its being removed into one of the bedrooms. In the excited and disordered state of my mind, and in the dimness of the room that rendered every thing indistinct, I had actually been haunted by the reflection of my own figure !

Relieved from the oppression of this self-created nightmare, my heart leaped up, I breathed more freely, and would fain have smiled at my own folly, but I felt both indignant and ashamed, and petulantly turning round the glass with its face to the wall so that it could not again delude me, I threw myself back into my arm chair.

But my mind could not recover its serenity, nor could I altogether, even when my eyes were shut, shake off the impression that a figure from the world of spirits was still standing before me. Nay, as I gazed, or seemed to gaze at it through my closed lids, methought that its lips again moved, and that a deep and solemn voice distinctly articulated the following words,

"Man of seventy ! what have Heaven and the world done for thee ? What hast thou done for Heaven and the world ? Render unto thyself an account of thy stewardship !"

Although the silence and the reflection of a few minutes convinced me that this imagined mandate was the mere illusion of my own excited senses, it weighed heavily upon my mind, and my self-accusing meditations assumed the form of the following reply to the injunction. In answer to the first question, this is my deposition.

Born at a lucky and interesting period, in the freest, happiest, and most civilised country of the world, I received from Heaven a vigorous and healthy frame, and more than an average share of mental faculties, however I may have neglected to cultivate and improve them. At the age of twenty-one, my father having died when I was a minor, I succeeded to a landed estate of 3000*l.* a year, and as I always lived up to my income, I have actually spent upon the enjoyments and luxuries of life nearly 150,000*l.* . Even as a child I was petted and spoiled, so that it is almost impossible to estimate what the world has done for me since my birth, in the multifarious and incessant tribute that it pays to the individual demands of wealth and civilisation. Hardly would it be an exaggeration were I to exclaim,

Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine !

for it has offered up sacrifices to me as if I were its absolute lord and master. In South America, miners have been digging the ore for my gold and silver plate, and for the minor magic coin that supplies almost every want ; in North America, innumerable labourers have been producing rice and other edibles, and cotton and tobacco for my food, raiment, and cigars : African nations have made war upon each other that slaves, transported to the West Indies, might supply sugar and coffee for my delectation : in Asia, millions have toiled, during their whole lives, that I might never have a moment's want of tea, silk, spices, and other products : while Europe has lavished upon me all the luxuries which her arts, her science, and her manufactures have enabled her to pour forth with such unbounded prodigality and in such inimitable perfection. Upon every sea, and upon every road, and with every wind, by night and by day, have the purveyors to my pleasures been hurrying towards me with

their offerings.* My victuallers are ubiquitous. The cattle on a hundred hills are mine; so are the corn, milk, and honey of our English valleys; so are the grapes that empurple the sunny slopes of France and Germany. Air yields me up its tenants; so does the ocean, from the turtle of the Western Isles, to the humble herring of our British coasts.

How many droves and flocks of cattle, how many flights of birds, how many shoals of fish, have been entombed in this omnivorous body, 'twere vain to calculate; but reckoning my consumption of claret at only a bottle per diem, commencing with my entrance at college, where I first learnt to be a tippler,* I find that I must have swallowed nearly 20,000 bottles, exclusive of other wines!

That I, an absolute idler, doing and producing nothing myself, might enjoy this Sybarite life in perfect security from either foreign or domestic assailants,—formidable fleets have sailed around my native coasts, powerful armies have guarded the interior of the country, a numerous and vigilant police has protected me wherever I resided; and while the whole subject world has thus ministered to my corporeal wants and personal safety, the tributaries to my mental gratifications have been equally numerous and diligent. Artists of every description, my ubiquitous masters of the revels, have toiled incessantly for my delight. Architects, sculptors, painters, have exhausted their invention and their skill to recreate mine eye; dramatists, musicians, composers, dancers, have devoted years to their respective callings that I might lounge away a few pleasant hours at an opera or a play; printers and pressmen and editors have worked through the whole night in order that the very latest public or private intelligence, illustrated by the comments of enlightened minds, may be conveyed to me in the morning paper that awaits my coming down stairs after a long night's tranquil rest; novelists have racked their brains that my mind's eye, when it wanted amusement, may gaze upon scenes of mimic life displayed before me in all the variety of a never-ending drama; bards have outwatched the midnight lamp, or soared with air-cleaving pinions into the realms of fancy, that they may spread before me an intellectual banquet, adorned with sweet and brilliant flowers fresh gathered from the Poet's Paradise; and as if the present had not lavished offerings enough to surfeit me with pleasures, historians have conjured up the actors and the actions of the past, parading the dead centuries before me with all the vividness and the magnificence of a living pageant.*

This is a portion, and only a portion, of what Heaven and the world have done for me. And in return for this prodigality of blessings, for this subservient tribute from earth and its inhabitants, what have I done? What acknowledgment have I made to the Divine Donor of all my privileges and enjoyments? Ingrate that I am! I have never recognised them as I ought; never felt that while they gave me superior rights, they imposed upon me commensurate duties; never reflected that the bestower of all my gifts and advantages would one day demand from me an exact account of my stewardship. Occasional doings and the rote-muttering of responses in a curtained pew, and such cold observance of forms and conventionalities as might just preserve my character for decorum, have constituted the whole of my pharisaical devotion; but as to that vital and practical religion which shows its love of the Creator by

* Suggested by a passage in Dr. Arnott's "Elements of Physics."

loving all that he has created; which makes a man sensible that he has a high mission to perform, and that life has been given to him as a trust for his own moral advancement, and for the benefit of his fellow-creatures:—for all these high purposes, the only ones that can give a dweller upon earth a claim upon Heaven, alas! for these I have lived utterly and miserably in vain. “Oh, my offence is rank!” No defence, no excuse, no palliation, no plea is left to me,—and no resource, except to confess my life-long culpability, and to throw myself upon the mercy of my Judge.

And what have I done for the world; I have given up to it my three-score years and ten. But *how* hast thou spent them, man of seventy? Render unto thyself an account of thy stewardship. Humiliating task! but it shall be performed. Truth imposes upon me the degrading, but richly-merited penance of committing the following record to paper as—

THE TIME-TABLE OF A RICH SEPTUAGENARY.

	Years.
I will begin with the years which, from the requirements of our common nature, or from my habitual waste of time, may be considered, so far as regards any serviceable purpose, to have been absolutely lost. Including the somnolent periods of infancy and childhood, and making allowance for the sluggish habits of my whole after-life, I calculate that I have slept, and dozed, and dreamed away nine or ten hours in every twenty-four, which, for seventy years absorbs about	32
At school, with tutors, at college, I spent about twenty years, and having forgotten, in two or three, all the Latin and Greek and nearly every thing else that I had learnt, except my collegiate vices and expensive habits, I cannot put down for actual loss of time less than	13½
Wasted, not in doing nothings, for that would embrace nearly my whole life, but literally in doing <i>nothing</i> , two hours a day, about	6
Expended in stag, fox, hare, and badger hunting; in coursing, racing, cockfighting, fishing; in shooting birds and beasts of all sorts—as I always was an indefatigable sportsman, and began the work of destruction when I was ten years old, I cannot reckon this waste at less than six hours a day, which, in sixty years of 313 days each, for on Sundays I killed nothing but time, amounts to	13½
N.B.—Estimating my slaughter as an amateur butcher at the very moderate number of only two lives a day, exclusively of the innumerable sufferers that I have maimed and lacerated, leaving most of them to die in anguish, I find that in sixty years (excluding sabbaths), I have, for my mere amusement, destroyed nearly thirty-eight thousand of God's innocent creatures!)	
In smoking, from my entrance at college to the present day, I cannot have puffed out less than two hours per diem, or about	4
In gambling, steeple-chasing, hurdle-racing, drinking-bouts, yachting, lounging at club windows—but stay, let me reckon up—hey—how—what! does the sum total—do my wasted years—already amount to	69

God forgive me! it is even so, and there are *items* still to be added to

the frightful catalogue. Oh that the recording angel would let fall a tear upon the figures, "and blot them out for ever!" Oh that I could forget the past, and cease to fear for the future. But it may not be. To me, henceforth, every day shall be as a day of judgment, and before mine eyes shall I ever behold "the great book," with the blazon of my wasted years, written in the indelible ink of a conscience that cannot take refuge in oblivion. Wretch that I am! Titus complained that he had lost a day because he had not done a good action. Alas! I have similarly lost a life, a whole life, a long life! Were I to die this day, what record of my existence could be inscribed on my tombstone? It would exhibit the dates of my birth and of my death, with an interval between them of seventy years, through which I shall have passed, like an arrow through the blank air, without leaving a trace of my passage, or even a shadow to mark my path. Atonement! atonement! is there not time for making some sort of retribution? I must not die, I am afraid of death, because I am utterly ashamed of my life. It may still be prolonged. Men by their strength may reach fourscore years, saith the Psalmist, yet is their age but labour and sorrow. Not thus shall it be with me, if I am longer spared. My labour shall be a labour of love; my sorrow shall be for the past, not for the coming time. My future existence, whatever be its term, shall be offered up as an expiatory sacrifice for the offences and omissions of threescore years and ten. Not a day, not an hour, will I pass without endeavouring to deposit an offering upon the altar of human happiness and advancement, without ardently seeking to discharge some portion of the long long, career that I owe to Heaven and to the world.

Go and do thou likewise, O septuagenarian reader, if, unfortunately, thy "Time-table" should have borne any resemblance to mine.

CHILDHOOD.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

Lost joys of innocence and childhood! fled—

Fled is your light of Heaven that rose so fair,

When time was young and lovely; grief and care

Have blighted now your flowers, their last bloom shed,

And all my after days are cold and dead :

Ah, could we kneel as then we knelt in prayer,

Adore with thoughts no taints of earth impair,

Fresh from the soul, our last hope were not sped.

Let not the vision leave me with my rest.

Methought I stray'd where fadeless flowers were springing,

And in your solitude those birds were singing,

That once I heard; as wandering fancy blest,

An angel talked with me, and all seemed bliss,

I woke and found it—breaking bosom—

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY CYRUS REDDING, ESQ.

CHAPTER XX.

Inaugural Address—Political Feelings of the Poet—Death of the Poet's Friend, Dugald Stewart—Banim's Verses—Lord Dillon and the Symposia—Characteristic Abstractions—Dinner Parties—Cavaliers and Roundheads—Prizes Distributed at Glasgow—A Breakfast in Seymour-street—The Bishop of Toronto—Sir Robert Peel.

THE poet, upon his arrival at Glasgow, promised the students anew that he would abide by them and fill the rectorship, if, on due consideration, they could find no one more likely to unite their suffrages, who satisfied them better. A new election then took place, and Campbell was voted lord rector by a larger majority of the students than before, and by three out of the four nations.

On the 5th of December, at three o'clock, no exclusion of the public happening, a great assemblage of persons took place at the Hall, and when the doors were thrown open, the building, galleries and all, was filled to an overflow. For some time a noise and uproar prevailed, which was silenced by the Principal. The oath being administered to the new lord rector, and having signed it, he addressed the students to the following effect:—

"GENTLEMEN,—It is an understood conventional propriety among all civilised elective bodies, that when the tumult of election has subsided, there should be an amnesty proclaimed as to past hostile feeling, and an abstinence observed on the one side from all hostile language, and on the other from any ungentlemanlike expression of discontent. I come not to break up any such amnesty. I am not capable of degrading myself on this bench by an insidious insinuation against any man's motives or conduct. You, in the free exercise of your elective franchise, had a more than ordinary right to be divided in your opinions; and this division would have been to me, if I needed it, only a fresh incentive to my desire of making you all my constituents in your hearts, by the faithful performance of my duty. But contrary to what would otherwise be my wish, I shall be obliged, for a few moments, to speak of myself; for there are some circumstances respecting my motives and conduct in the present affair that may be unknown to, or misapprehended by, many individuals in this assembly. It may not be generally known, that, before I suffered myself to be proposed for this high mark of your favour, I had ascertained the entire improbability of Lord John Russell's being able to accept of your rectorship, if it had been offered to him. It is also a fact, that I knew not a single popular name, except this nobleman's, that was likely to have divided your suffrages, at the time when I received and answered a first letter, from a large portion of the students, asking me to say explicitly, whether, in the event of being elected, I would come and take the oath for the third and last time. Now, a twelvemonth had not elapsed since, in the eye of day, and with emotions as justifiable as they were fervid and sincere, I had declared to the assembled students of Glasgow, assembled, not at my bidding, but by their own spontaneous

enthusiasm, that whilst I lived, I should never forget the manifestations of their attachment, or refuse them any proof of my interest in their welfare, within the small compass of my power. And now, when they tender me a token of their regard, that was palpably meant to be the last of its kind,—and now that they urge their token on my acceptance, by my sympathy in their own interests,—I ask, in the name of consistency and warm-heartedness, what was the most natural and proper answer I should send? That I was in bad health, I could not say; that it was impossible for me to come, I could not say; that it would be inconvenient for me to come, I disdained to say. For I should thus have shown myself a friend weighing the duty of friendship like a light or suspected coin in the little scale of my own convenience. Truly enough, indeed, I might have pleaded my apology for not coming, that I had already shown some proofs of my good-will in having come last year, merely from anxiety to say a few good words in your behalf to the commissioners—a journey that cost me my health, and literally put my life itself into peril.* But the business between us now, was not a matter of sentimental argumentation, but a practical question, whether I should fulfil your wishes, and attempt to serve, what you at least considered to be your interests. And if I had spoken of my former services, the simplest youth among you would have had a right to ask, ‘If our rector’s zeal last year was so ardent, what has become of it now? and if he could come to us in sickness, why can he not come to us in health?’ Besides, all your shrewder students know, as well as I know, that, not from any fault or indolence of mine, but from absolute necessity, and from due caution not to moot certain points prematurely, I had, all but the journey in bad health, a comparatively easy and placid rectorship; but that a crisis was now coming, likely to render the rectorship of this year both a trying and a troublesome post. By what honourable tie was I then bound to insist on leaving that post against your general wish, just at the time when it might be feared that it would become a little more irksome? Was I to have sailed with you all smiles and affection, through the calm, but the moment the water was a little ruffled, was I to show my romantic interest in you by resolutely going on shore and shuddering at the prospect of keeping you company for another year? Was I to send you a fine declaration, forsooth, that my soul and zeal were still yours as much as ever; but to let it out after all, that my zeal was of a delicate constitution, that it could not brook any agitation, and that it would catch its death of cold on the first exposure to the slightest breath of censorious opposition? No! I thought it more like a man to answer, that, if elected, I should regard it as my bounden duty to come. And if I had sent you any other answer, you might have been generally satisfied with me, but I should never have been satisfied with myself. I should never have ceased to have a secret misgiving, that I had tainted some young and ingenuous mind among you with a suspicion, that when men speak fervently of their attachment to any public cause, they are not to be literally understood as meaning all that they say. I should not have been satisfied that I had acted up to my declarations. By-and-by came a letter putting these declarations to the proof, and invoking me, by all my past regard for the students, to come to them immediately. This letter still came from a majority of them. And you,

* See a note, p. 333, chapter xvii., vol. lxxi., which will explain this allusion.

honourable young men, even you have offered me—for I am bound to think you honourable—let me remind your candour, that still, when I came, I coupled my promise of abiding by my friends with the offer of withdrawing and supporting any other man who could be found to unite more of your suffrages. But from a contested election I could not fly without abandoning my friends, and my faith; and all pretensions to moral courage; and without setting an example to trustlessness and cowardice before a university resorted to by the youth of England and of Ireland, and filled with the young hearts of my native land. I, therefore, return you my best thanks for this appointment, as a token of your confidence and regard. But if I were to thank you for the pageantry and publicity of the office, I should record a sentiment to which my heart is at this moment an utter and disdainful stranger. For supposing, what is any thing but the case, that in the present circumstances of my life, I was much alive to vain-glorious feeling, still your rectorship, honourable as it is—if I had been without an affectionate interest in my native university—would have been but a sorry bribe to my most selfish calculations. And if I had gone on these, I should not have had the honour of now addressing you. But I had no selfish or ignoble motives. And for your crediting this assertion, I palter not with suspicions—I appeal to whatever is honourable in your bosoms—and I demand belief.

“No, gentlemen, I come to you in a frame of mind not indeed crushed, though chastened by calamity, but still in a frame of mind little coveting any new sprig for my mere vanity to be interwoven with this crape. Gentlemen, unavoidable circumstances have robbed me of the lingua that would have been necessary for addressing you in a worthy manner, on certain of those points connected with your studies, on which your rectors have, for some time past, felt it their duty or their privilege to address you. But I have not forgotten one pleasing privilege of office, which is that of adding to the prizes that may contribute to excite your emulation and to exercise your industry. I propose to offer two silver medals, to be competed for only by the gown students, for the best exercises in Latin and Greek verse, on subjects that shall be speedily announced. I propose also to give two gold medals, to be competed for only by ungowned students, and graduates, whether gowned or not, on two subjects, which, though not intrinsically improper for the consideration of younger minds, might yet, as subjects of composition, distract them from more immediately important pursuits. The first gold medal which I propose is for the best English essay on ‘The Evils of Intolerance towards those who differ from us in Religion.’ I use this circuitous phrase from disliking to couple the epithet *religious* with that spirit of intolerance which, reversing the sublime aim of all religion, bows down the mind from its celestial aspiration to the anxieties of this world; like the Indian fig-tree, which, after bearing its head loftily in the sky, turns down again its branches from the sunshine of heaven to be blended and buried in the dirt of earth. Another gold medal shall be given for the best English essay ‘On the Comparative Importance of Scientific and Classical Instruction in the general Education of Mankind.’

“Now let no candidate imagine that I shall favour any essay on this subject, on account of the side which he takes as to this or that opinion in the comparative estimate, for I shall decide merely by the display of

talent. In my own opinion the importance of science is paramount ; but this idea from an unscientific man, and thus hastily thrown out and unargued, will not of course affect you, still less I hope will it cause you to suspect that I would depreciate the beautifying and exalting influences of classic learning. No! For in looking down through the furthest imaginable vistas of futurity, I cannot picture to myself any intelligent future age in which classical erudition shall not hold a high and glorious niche in the grand temple of human knowledge.

"I have nothing further to add, than to beg you to return assiduously to your studies; and that if any feuds have sprung up among you in consequence of this election you will bury them all in generous oblivion."

Campbell returned to London in tolerable health. He talked much of politics. He contended, on the accession of the Peel and Wellington administration in 1828, that there was a want of sound public opinion in the country. Speaking of the aspect of public affairs to a friend, whose transcript of his words is before me, he says:—

"Your feelings on the aspect of affairs are precisely my own. It is not that the Tories are in power again, that might be, but it is vexatious because it proves the lamentable want of a sound public opinion, and the corruption of the influential part of the English population. The Tories may go out, but that does not cure the evil. Reform must come some day, and that not a distant one. Wellington's bayonets cannot create wealth, but may do much towards knocking it down. At our time of life, we can expect to see no revival from enforced revolution and all the misery it brings before it brings good. I think we all overlook one important thing in human affairs, and not an inconsiderable one. We have counted too much on the increasing intelligence of society, without recollecting that besides intellect there must be will to move onward, and to produce great ameliorations in social life. It is to be feared matters are so arranged that the volitions of the dishonest few are and will ever be more concentrated, and therefore more operative than those of the many, and that, as of old, to those that have will be given. I do not say that the liberal party have acted over well, it has shown division in itself. Each man seems to seek his own good, and forget that of the public is identified with it, if it be lawful good."

He had no opinion of Huskisson, who made some noise at that moment in a Liverpool speech, though he admitted that his financial views augured well. At the inveterate imbecility of Lord Goderich the poet indulged in many a joke, and it must be owned that time has strengthened the legality of a deeper derision than the poet ever commanded towards such a minister. As the Catholic question gained ground the poet's spirit seemed to get up.

"If we cannot have political let us have religious liberty; it is something, at least, for our thoughts to be free."

But it was only in the society of his particular friends that he spoke so freely upon political topics. As a Whig he never once wavered in his sentiments, but grew more liberal, as all in place of a few of the Whigs ought then to have grown. He was, however, quite vociferous at the attack made by the Duke of Wellington upon Sir Edward Codrington for fighting the Battle of Navarino. The duke and his ministry styled it an "untoward event." He said it was untoward, because it was

honest and straightforward, and because it prevented years more of that sneaking, intriguing, lying, diplomacy by which the Holy Alliance powers would, out of their mutual jealousy, damage the freedom of Greece, if they could not wholly prevent it.

Campbell, staunch as he was to sound political principles, was too earnest and warm for a politician. His views were liberal, high-minded, and sound, but he would have been a poor statesman from these very virtues. He would never yield a valid principle, while he would not have had patience to work it out by that sure and slow process which alone ensures success; by that wearisome waste of effort, of language, of time and muscle, which must be made a sacrifice to render current any one of the simplest truths that the cultivated mind finds self-evident. Was it worth the pains? No, said Campbell, for if the people having learned the alphabet will not proceed to words themselves, there are only two classes that will take the pains for them, the fools and the ambitious, and one or the other have always been rulers; the first ever blundering, and the last making the public a stepping-stone. To consume a series of years in convincing the Lords and Commons that two and two do not make seven; is a humiliating task for a prime minister, let his principles be what they may, and that is the whole history of the matter. In truth, the poet would have made but a sorry public man; his want of application to business and his impatience under restraint, as well as his scorn of the formal and pedantic, even where form and pedantry are, from usage, indispensable, he could never have surmounted. At committee business, where all proceeds by dry rule, and one meeting is a repetition of the other, he never could do business without showing much restlessness and a sense of that lassitude which is only to be overcome by more or less of excitement.

The repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts in the same year, and Lord Eldon's opposition to that repeal, made Campbell one day, laughingly remark of that narrow-minded and bigoted man, that what he was in law he could not judge, but out of it he was an old woman. His solitary warning to the Lords against the repeal reminded him of the warning of the witch of Endor, without its veracity.

Politics ran high that year. The poet expressed his astonishment that Peel should positively deny the claims of the Catholics to emancipation either upon the score of justice or policy. Mr. Peel was a sort of Tory favourite with the poet.

About a month after the death of Mrs. Campbell, Campbell lost an old friend for whom he ever expressed the greatest regard, one of his earliest friends, too, Dugald Stewart, to whose "Philosophy of the Human Mind" he, by habit, made frequent references. The professor retained his high mental qualities to the last, having at seventy-five written a preface that exhibited an increase of mental power, a contrast of an opposite nature to the poet's own conformation, and, looking at what a few years were to bring about, another of the many striking proofs of human blindness to the future. When Campbell noted the brilliant mind of his friend shining to the last, how little could he have foreseen the decay of his own genius so many years before the like age. It is true, the poet never calculated upon a protracted span, and frequently spoke of his conviction to the contrary.

Banim sent me some verses for the magazine, from Sevenoaks, which

the poet did not like, and I gave them to Pringle for his little annuals—"The Friendship's Offering." The subject was a touching one. I give it here from his own letter. "They," the lines, "were at least earnestly felt and conceived. Last summer, after going down to Hastings, Mrs. Banim and I took a walk along the path at the bottom of Cart Hill, and passing the little churchyard, which you may recollect, we caught a glance of the headstone of the daughter of an old friend, who had just died in the town, and whom we knew a few months before. Young, beautiful, and good, after the first feeling came the remarkable question—'Yes, here lies poor Bessy—before her time—yet what has she lost? And that answer, thus made, it was that suggested my verses.'"

The poet's objection was not to the verses but the subject. I was convinced of that. He did not like to see any thing about lost friends, as it recalled to his mind what had just happened. The lines entitled "The Death-boat of Heligoland" were written this year, and four of his "Letters to the Students of Glasgow."

In 1828 Viscount Dillon, a great friend of Campbell's, launched an epic poem, in twelve books; the metre, blank verse, was recommended by Campbell, and had been a work of three years. There were excellent points about Lord Dillon; he was kind, gentlemanly, hospitable, with a handsome person. In company highly agreeable, though given to engross a full share of conversation. In his poem he imitated some of the inversions of language in Milton and others of the great poet's peculiarities, but, as in all such cases, not with success. The noble viscount, however, erred sometimes on the score of metaphorical propriety. I remember a figure of his comparing the flight of a female apparition through the sky to a rocket—

Rapid as rocket rushing with a hiss
She cleaves the sky.

Some passages were very effective and highly poetical. I am unaware of the success of the work.

Lord Dillon patronised a young lady as a poetess, and mentioned her in the highest terms to Campbell, to whom she was, it subsequently appeared, to dedicate her volume. This occurred in 1828, but his lordship had talked of her for nearly two years, and one day, at the poet's, said "She is a wonderful girl—she is the girl to start for the Derby." Some time after the poet asked if she had not "bolted," as he had heard nothing more of her at the winning-post. The volume at last appeared, with some pretty lines indicative of an elegant, well-informed mind.

At the poet's this amiable but somewhat enthusiastic nobleman used to get into conversations of a considerable length, until Campbell either got impatient or lapsed into one of his abstractions and became lost to all that was said. I in the meantime generally conversing with Mrs. Campbell, Lord Dillon would address me, perceiving Campbell's inattention. It was impossible not to attend to one who was really so kind a man, and one of thorough good in manners, although, as a French writer says, "it was difficult to get a comma" into his discourse. On many subjects, particularly Irish ones, he was full of information, and had made himself well acquainted with Italy, where he said he had lived several years for less than a thousand a year in order to economise, and could get teachers for his children, keep a carriage, horses, and a town and country house for that sum.

Campbell, Dillon, and one or two others, used to meet at dinner at a friend's house near Maida Hill, when the pleasantness and conviviality of the after-dinner-hour were the most agreeable I ever remember. The table was strictly a "conversible table," never less than the Graces nor more than the Muses sitting down to it. In general there were no more than six. Here all kinds of subjects were freely discussed—poetry, philosophy, economy, politics, and sometimes religion, but nothing in the way of disputation, all being in a strain of sober inquiry or illustration, carried on in good humour. There was none of that affectation of wit, the intention to exhibit which too frequently in those days consumed time to no purpose; none of that Sisyphean effort which, toiling for ease and levity, falls back from over-doing. The poet and the peer both came into the world in 1777, and were within a month or two of the same age. Lord Dillon had a seat out of Ireland—Ditchley in Oxfordshire, where he dealt out a generous hospitality.

At the commencement of 1829, the poet had become somewhat more reconciled to his domestic misfortune. He went abroad frequently and saw company at home. He had not lost any portion of his old abstractive habit, however, for Pringle had been circulating a paper soliciting a subscription for an unfortunate youth named Henry Scott. A copy was put into Campbell's hand for the purpose of mentioning the subject at a dinner where he was to be in the chair. When the cloth was removed, the poet had forgotten the paper and all about the subscription of which Pringle had been solicitous. In fact, Campbell had mislaid it at home. Pringle complained to me; "You should have kept the paper yourself," I observed, "and having prepared Campbell for the expectation of it beforehand, have gone and given it to him at the proper moment; it was eight chances out of ten otherwise that he would lose it."

"Impossible!" said Pringle, "a charity matter, too?"

With his habitual absence of mind, as I told that excellent and kind creature, he would have lost an exchequer bill in the same way, the last property he had in the world.

Pringle then sent him a note, recalling the circumstance of his inattention, which the world would have declared was unpardonable neglect, disregarding of charitable feelings, and the like. Campbell instantly replied:—

"I was guilty of a sad oversight in neglecting to circulate the paper which you gave me, and now, by some fatality I have mislaid it for the present, though I shall seek for it, and I think to a certainty I shall find it.

"In the meantime I enclose 3*l.* as the only atonement I can offer you for the behoof of the poor fellow in whom you are so humanely interested. With much regard, and respect, &c."

This was but a repetition of the poet's old way. I never heard that the paper was discovered; the chances are that it was never heard of again.

I think it was the time he last came up from Scotland that I crossed him in the street just as he was entering his own house, wearied and dusty. I went in with him for a few minutes, when putting his hand into all his pockets, he exclaimed "I have not lost them, surely, I had a hundred pounds and more just now." He searched, but searched in vain, coat, pockets, and all. He had been set down in the White-horse Yard, Fetter Lane, and remarked that he was positive he had the notes there.

"Did he know the numbers?"

"No." He set off to the inn again, but he never heard any thing more of his notes. He pulled them out perhaps, and dropped them in the coach in which he left the inn. I found he had brought them loose in his pocket, such was his careless way. Even when he wished to place any thing at home in security he generally put it in some place that when he wanted it he had forgotten. He soon forgot in the present case the loss of his money, economist as he affected at times to be.

He passed the first three months of the year in London, in tolerable health, resuming as near an approach as he could make to his old domestic life, though it was easily seen that his efforts were far from successful. There are so many little things demanding female supervision in the economy of a household, that are certain to be neglected under male superintendence, and above all under the superintendence of one so "helpless," to use Mrs. Campbell's word, as the poet was, that the want of her who had for so many years filled up the void now become wider in the poet's existence, was every day more and more visible. On the loss of Mrs. Campbell he had to begin a new course of life, without adaptation for the change or experience to direct him how to make the best of it. It is with many like the severance of life itself to be thus torn away from past habits to form new ones. Confidence in self may do much to retrieve such a state of things, but it will as often lead wide of the mark as it will steer successfully, while in any case there are no more than partial restoratives, since the memory of past things, like antique coins, gaining additional value from the green rust of time, is quite sufficient to prevent the present from yielding satisfaction.

He decked his table with fresh plate and gave dinners, occasionally, as if he wished to seek in society at home the removal of that desolateness of feeling which it was impossible he should not experience. His table had seldom more than six, including himself and son, or eight at most. I never recollect to have seen more. His dinners were frugal and well served, there was nothing extraneous; all was in good taste, too, at this time, for he had not yet betaken himself to those changes of domicile nor that disregard of comfort which he afterwards fell into as he drew more towards his last years. I well remember his giving two dinners in the month of January in this year on account of some circumstances attending them that were truly characteristic.

"Hold yourself disengaged, my good friend, for the 29th of January," he said to me, some days prior to that time, and to clench my attention, he wrote me a formal note, a wonderful thing for him to do when we were so intimate. I was on no account to miss that particular dinner-party, and I promised to keep myself disengaged accordingly.

When the day arrived I could not conjecture who I was to meet. The dinner hour was fixed later than usual. On entering his drawing-room in Upper Seymour-street, West, I found myself the first guest. Presently the poet, who had been dressing, came in, and looked at me with a degree of surprise for which I could not account. "I see I am the first of the party," said I.

"Yes," he replied. "You are dressed—did you come to dine?"

"To be sure I did—this is the 29th of January."

"Yes; but I did not invite *you* for that day."

"But you did though—I have your note of invitation at home into the bargain."

"I did not mean it for to-day, but for to-morrow; I had a particular reason—it is my blunder, I see—you *must* stay and dine now. I will tell you my reason for not asking you to-day. I have friends on all sides in politics, as you know, and too many to ask altogether, so I meant to divide them. Tories to-day and Whigs to-morrow. Now, I intended you for to-morrow's party. They are high-flyers coming to-day, some of them excellent friends of mine, barring politics; you know two of them, Sir Francis Freeling, and Mr. Courtenay."

"You intend to escape a combustion that way, I suppose," was my observation.

"I might be fearful of one in truth with some of *you* Whigs. Remember, I am Tory to-day. I was afraid if I asked you we might talk the Brunswickers of Cumberland over once more, and offend my cavalier friends—good in all but politics."

"We will not talk of the Duke of Cumberland and Protestant ascendancy," I remarked, "we can find other topics."

"Yes," said the poet, laughingly, "but if they toast the 'Cumberland Brunswickers for ever, and down with all Papists,' you will give the 'Scarlet Lady at once in the way of reprisal?'"

"Oh, no," I replied, "I shall be in your house. It shall be the glorious and immortal memory, King William and the Orangemen, not forgetting the Curse.* But for fear of such a catastrophe, I shall start home again."

This the poet would not hear about; and remarked he was only jesting, that his company that day was such as he highly valued. "You *shall* stay now and get two dinners in place of one. The Brunswickers will be left the other side of the Channel, and we need not broach Catholic Emancipation." We had some more jesting, in the course of which the poet observed that the morrow was the 30th of January, and that, as all his guests would be Cromwellians, he would have a calf's head. "All the party for to-morrow are of the right kind, staunch Cromwellians—sturdy Roundheads. We must toast the immortal memory of old Noll!" The poet was in one of his lively and happy humours, continuing in the same strain of pleasantry, when Sir Francis Freeling was announced, and his jesting terminated. Among the guests that day I remember the present Adjutant-General, Sir John Macdonald, and his son, Mr. Norman Macdonald, and the Hon. T. P. Courtenay, I forget who the others were. The evening passed off in an exceedingly pleasant manner, the almost certain consequence of a small conversational party.

On the following day I went again. Among the guests were the present Lord Chief Justice and Colonel Jones, of the Guards. The last, it is well known, was a good soldier but an eccentric man. He had left the Guards, I believe, about that time, and since then is no more. Campbell said something about military punishment, regarding which Jones, whose enemies laid him under a charge of cruelty on that very point, remarked:—

"They accuse *me* of flogging wounded men at Brussels. I did do so, and would do it again if the same things were to occur."

Campbell pricked up his ears, for he was a great enemy to brutal pu-

* A toast drank by the Cumberland Orangemen in Ireland at that time, too vulgar and ribald for gentlemen, uncharitable for bigots, and profane for Christians.

nishments at the will of any single man, and indeed in any case. He thought that rigour in punishment never mended an adult mind. The colonel said he had enemies enough to make use of the rumour to do him all the mischief they could, but he did not regard them a rush. If he had done wrong, the Duke of Wellington would not have passed the circumstance over without reprobation.

"I would do it again, Campbell. I will tell you how it was. The offence was one which none but English soldiers and the scum of those would commit. There is a brotherhood in the continental armies between man and man, that I am sorry to say does not exist among our men, that would have prevented such a crime among them. I was made governor of the city of Brussels by the Duke of Wellington. A great many wounded men were brought there; some severely, others very slightly wounded indeed. Some of these last, who walked about, coming into the hospitals only to have their wounds examined, stole the blankets from the beds under their suffering and dying comrades, and went and sold them for brandy. Think of the hearts of the rascals who could do such an inhuman thing. I did flog them for it, and would do it again. I made those feel in body who had no humanity in their hearts, not even towards their comrades."

"That was an extreme case," some one observed; "the men deserved punishment."

"The army was full of men that were a disgrace to it. In my regiment of guards, half were very bad characters; and, worst of all, a good many were attorneys' clerks, hackneyed in every species of villany."

"Not the worst of all," it was observed; "the regiment might have had their masters."

"True," said Jones. "The excellence of our non-commissioned officers and their vigilance was the means of repressing much that was bad among the men. Soldiers in such a place as London must be worse men than nature intended them, when they do not become soldiers until they have run the round of every vice there, as was the case with too many in my battalion."

I well recollect Jones relating, I think on this very occasion, that he was on guard at Cotton Garden, (the receptacle in which were carefully enclosed the witnesses against Queen Caroline), and the secrecy observed respecting the arrival of one of them, about whom her majesty's legal advisers were in the dark. Jones obtained the requisite information, and was suspected of having done so by Lord Sidmouth, whose mediocrity of understanding was well matched by his illiberality of spirit. Jones had before this taken up an address to the queen in his full uniform of the Guards. This was flagrant disloyalty in Lord Sidmouth's view, and he made it the ground of a desire to the Duke of Wellington that Jones should be cashiered and dismissed the service. The duke, with his customary straightforwardness, replied that had Jones sneaked up with an address in plain clothes, it might be different, but he had gone up openly, and he (the duke) did not see why a soldier had not as good a right to express his sentiments upon a civil question as any one who was not in the army—that Colonel Jones had committed no military offence.

While on this subject, I remember Jones relating one day at the post's table, another anecdote equally honourable to the duke, which took place long before time had laid his whitening hand upon the veteran soldier.

A particular regiment becoming vacant, the king (George IV.) said that one of the Conynghams must have it. The duke objected that there were officers of long standing who had the prior claim, and could not be passed over in such a manner without injury to the service. The king replied, "Never mind, Arthur, let Conyngham have the regiment." The duke returned to town from Windsor, where the conversation took place, and gazetted Sir Ronald Ferguson.

In April this year Campbell took a journey into Scotland again, although he had been down three months before. The object was to distribute the prizes which it has been already seen, from his address to the students of Glasgow, it was his intention to give them for certain essays upon subjects he had designated. I find that he reached Glasgow on the 6th of April, from the following communication which I have in my possession, stating, as was too frequently the case where business was to be transacted under his arrangement, that some error had taken place:—

"I arrived here this morning, when I learnt to my mortification that the prize exercises for my medals had been sent to London. They must have come to Seymour Street this morning. Will you have the goodness, my dear friend, to get them sent off immediately to me per mail, addressed to me at Wm. Gray's, Esquire, Clarendon Place, Glasgow. With best remembrances, I remain, &c. (though with a wretched steel-pen)."

He was occupied until the 17th of the month in Glasgow, about the affairs of the university, during which time he decreed the prizes for the different essays which had been sent to London for his decision, under the idea that he would not have gone down to Scotland for that purpose. His zeal in his office and his attachment to the place of his instruction and of his much-cherished youthful recollections, would not permit him to remain absent on such an occasion as the above letter shows.

On the 17th of the same month, he was still in Glasgow, for he wrote from thence under that date.

"After a good deal of discussion, I have brought my rectorial matters to a settlement, and am now on the point of leaving this place for Edinburgh, from whence, on Monday next, the 20th, I shall embark for London. I am bringing with me one of the students, whom I have invited to to stop a month with me in town—will you have the kindness to order my servant to have a bed ready for him, &c. I long to tell you all my adventures here."

The first notice I had of his return was a note to the following effect, undated:—

"I have returned sooner than I expected, last night, and am here at your service at as early an hour as you like to come to-day. I have an apology to make to you, which I *must* make verbally.

"P. S.—By an early hour, I mean five or so. I am going out at two. Perhaps you will have the goodness to say whether you will come at five or later."

To what the apology related I have now no recollection. I went over and dined. The poet was in excellent spirits, and entered into a detail of his journey and of the high gratification he felt at his reception in the third year of his rectorship. He spoke of the piece of plate he had received as a memento of the most agreeable recollections of his life, and said that he never felt so strongly before the impression made from by-

gone years. That he knew it was a delusion of the past which conferred upon them their present value, but that he could hardly overcome by reason the fallacy of their superior worth over existing objects. That as he might not again visit Scotland, he had taken a silent leave of the places to which he had been most attached in early life. I rather wondered this had given no occasion for the use of his pen, that remained *invita Minerva*. In the former year he had published his "Lines on Revisiting a Scottish River," after his return from Glasgow, but now, perhaps, his feelings were too deep to find a vent this way. I remember he dwelt, even with pathos, upon recollections of his early life, as I never heard him do before, for he was exceedingly reserved about all that related to his personal feelings, as if he would fain have it thought he was indifferent to that which most affected mankind in general, or else from natural habit. He spoke of calling upon some friends in Edinburgh, and of Professor Wilson, who was not at home when he came through. He spoke of Sir Walter Scott, and of hearing that he was not in as good health as every body wished; of the continued changes he observed in the Scottish capital, to which he expressed a great attachment, and wound up all by remarking that he thought the locality of a vast capital like London had this recommendation in its favour, that it made personal changes less visible, and buried in its perpetual round of bustle and anxiety, the acuteness of those feelings which in the country, from their causes being continually present, were sure to be prolonged to no good end. What did it matter, we run the same inevitable round towards age, less perceptibly in London, too, than in the country, here

Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis,

it was some consideration not to have the continued observation of it before our eyes.

I remarked that he had left the poetical for the philosophical mood, which was rather a strange thing with him.

"My good friend," he replied, "a poet is a philosopher; the world won't think so, because his lessons are not delivered according to the conventional ideas of the philosopher's language. The difference is, that the poet gives the same lessons over sparkling wine, that the dry philosopher gives without even a glass of water to moisten his mouth."

In the spring of this year, as before, Campbell gave, now and then, breakfast-parties to eight or ten literary friends. I cannot recollect whether it was this year or the preceding that, at one of these parties, he played me a trick, which he enjoyed, and to which as late as 1839 he referred in a mode which showed that though his bodily strength had began to exhibit, in no slight degree, symptoms of that decay which year by year became so much more visible, his memory in no way failed him. Several literary men and others were present. I remember Washington Irving, Thomas Pringle, Leigh Hunt, General Lallemand, and others. I was seated next to the present Bishop of Toronto, then Dr. Strachan, Archdeacon of Canada. I did not know that the doctor was an archdeacon, or of the church of England, but supposed he was a clergyman of the church of Scotland. Campbell perceiving this, slyly ran me deep into the error. The church of England came upon the carpet, in consequence of an allusion to some flagrant circumstances that had occurred in the world about that time. I forget now what they were, nor does it matter, as it merely set the subject going. I began to dilate upon the greater

care exercised in respect to moral character in choosing clergymen in Scotland than in England—addressing myself now and then to Dr. Strachan directly. Thence I proceeded to other points, in which I conceived the church of Scotland had an advantage over that of England. Campbell now and then said something in a low tone, for no other end save to prolong the deception I was under. At length, I paid the church of Scotland so many compliments as being more simple in form. I do not know whether I did not speak of apostolic fishermen and purple thrones and mitres being irreconcilable to primitive Christianity. I fairly galled the good archdeacon, who soon withdrew solus to the drawing-room. Campbell could contain no longer. He stated to all present that Dr. Strachan was of the church of England, archdeacon of Toronto, in Canada, a very good man, and an old friend of his.

“You have done your own business now,” said Campbell to me.

“Why I saw you did not disapprove what I said.”

“Oh no,” he replied, “the doctor is very good-natured, and to punish one of the orthodox who put faith in prelacy is a virtue in the eyes of a covenanter, as of-course I am.”

I felt annoyed; I would not willingly give any one offence, and I feared I had hurt the archdeacon's feelings. Ten years passed away, when coming up to town from the country in 1839, I went to spend an evening with Campbell and some friends in Lincoln's-inn-fields, where he then had chambers. The third guest that entered the apartment was Dr. Strachan, the self-same individual. Campbell, as the door opened, said,

“How must I address you, as Mr. Archdeacon, or my Lord Bishop?”

“I am not bishop until next week,” replied Dr. Strachan.

Then, advancing further into the room, Campbell archly, and with one of his significant smiles, introduced him by saying,

“This gentleman I think you must know, Dr. Strachan.”

I confess I felt awkward, until the archdeacon, with perfect good-humour and in the true spirit of politeness, spoke as if the past had never been, and supported the conversation in a mode that showed, or he wished to have it believed, that he had forgotten the incident. The archdeacon's conduct prevented my apologising for what was unintentionally offensive, which else I should most assuredly have done at that distance of time. Campbell had been fond of speaking of the innocent mischief into which he contributed to run me in the affair, and did not fail afterwards to tell me if he heard any thing of the reverend archdeacon after his return—that I should be glad to hear of him—that he was well, and so on. He did not the less delight at our last meeting, and truly as it was one of the last evenings I enjoyed in the poet's society, so it was an exceedingly pleasant one.

“Dr. Strachan is a real and estimable friend of mine,” said Campbell, “we are of different political sentiments, but right thinking men never feel a distaste for each other upon that account, if they possess true liberality of feeling.”

I believe Campbell's friendship for the present Bishop of Toronto to have been deep and lasting, and I have no doubt, from what I have seen and heard, that it was reciprocal while the poet lived, on the side of the good bishop.

Catholic Emancipation was at this time the engrossing topic of conversation. The conduct of the Duke of Wellington in yielding to the necessity of the measure, obtained more than one eulogium from the poet.

"See here," said the poet, showing me a letter from Ireland, in the month of January or February, "there will be serious work in Ireland; Peel says ——— is the greatest ignoramus or unaccountable that ever lived. He wrote to the lord-lieutenant a school-boy letter, most insolent and overbearing, and attributing his recall to his correspondence with Dr. Curtis, though that correspondence was not published till after the recall had arrived here—this is too bad even for Candor 'himself.'"

"Soft and fair," said the poet, "parliament is but just opened. If Peel opposes the measure, it will still be carried. I cannot believe he will hold out in opposition."

Some very severe remarks upon Sir Robert Peel's conduct, then Mr. Peel, in afterwards giving his late assent to that measure, were made in the poet's hearing. It was contended that he had sacrificed his principles, forsaken his friends, and, for the sake of place, cast a stain upon his reputation. Campbell, whose political tenets had never varied through life, and, therefore, might be supposed more likely than individuals of looser political principles to join in the censures thus unsparingly dealt out, on the contrary, vindicated the conduct of Peel. He insisted that there was no reason to suppose one, who was independent in fortune, and allied to a powerful party for so long a period, as Peel had been, would change his opinion without a conviction that he was acting for the public benefit, giving way not to any alteration effected in his own previous prejudices, but to the consideration that those prejudices, placed in competition with a great public advantage, must not be suffered to contravene its operations. Our honest convictions were not dependent upon our wills, nor should they be upon our party feelings, and to restrain their effects because they opposed our wishes or attachments, might become those who never acted from honest conviction at all, but could not so operate with those who had better constituted minds, and more enlarged ideas. Peel might have been given to look too little in advance of the moment in judging of a great public question, it might be a constitutional failing, a misfortune, but surely when the moment came that he saw the advantage of a conduct opposite to that he had before pursued, and with boldness and honesty gave it his support—though at a late period, comparatively, he did not merit censure, but praise. He, Campbell, would not allow that motive was in such a case to be impugned in the precipitate manner which it had been—by too many people. He thought the great preponderance of evidence was in Peel's favour, and he would not suffer the predilections of Whig or Tory to mingle with the examination of the causes of such a change in the minister. He knew, because it was openly shown by the reasons they gave, that bigotry in religion, and a want of right reasoning, were the main springs of the opposition made to complete emancipation,—to the removal of every sort of restraint that existed connected with opinion, whether with "Jew or Greek." Actions, not opinions, were the objects of legal restraint, because the one was dependent upon volition, and the other was not—the one concerned man, was tangible and visible, the other arraigned mental and unseen agencies.

The advancement of knowledge caused the growing conviction of this truth. It was operating in all civilised countries, and it was rather hard to censure a British minister for becoming a party to a state of things that, sooner or later, would be inevitable. Peel had nothing to fear from the reproach that he had differed from narrow-minded friends, and incurred their censures for insuring a great benefit to his country. For his, Campbell's, part, he should ever feel happy at the change in Peel's opinions, and concede to him heartfelt thanks for the act, as well as esteem the sacrifice he had made of party, as one made for the public benefit.

Again and again he heard the minister attacked for changing his sentiments, and as often used similar arguments, insisting, too, that Peel was not bound to go out of office unless a majority of the House of Commons were against him. He was rather constrained to remain in place for the purpose of carrying the measure of Emancipation, and not because he had once thought as his friends did—ought he to suffer the good intended, to be marred for the sake of his party? The alteration in Peel's policy had been from wrong to right principles, he had not acted as some had done, and gone over from right to wrong, sacrificing liberal and enlarged to narrow and selfish views. Peel, in advocating Emancipation, had done nothing of this kind, and was entitled to be judged fairly on that particular measure, by the good the change in his sentiments would confer upon the community, and not by Whig or Tory partialities. Thus Campbell showed nothing of the spirit of party upon this question. Again and again I heard him allude to it, and almost in the same terms. There can be no doubt that he spoke from his own conviction of the injustice of Peel giving up to party cabal the completion of a measure then deemed necessary to the peace of Ireland, as well as essential to the freedom of the citizen. Campbell did not deny that Peel's former party might complain, but that was not the point where a public benefit was the question. Peel's want of foresight might be a constitutional failing; foresight had been denied to many characters of eminence—it was remarkably wanting in numberless instances in the transactions of persons in ordinary life, and might be wanting in a statesman as well as in any similar individual who possessed the other qualifications for office. If so, it was a misfortune, not a crime, and despite the misfortune the good had been done, the true sense of the thing had become visible in time to effect what was wanted. It was singular that Campbell thus strenuously defended this statesman in those days upon the very point on which, since he has been deceased—the statesman has shown more striking lapses. It was singular too that a Whig so zealous as Campbell, should become Peel's champion, when, by so many of the Tory party, his conduct was placed on the list of unquestionable equivocations.

• PAQUERETTE: THE STAR OF A NIGHT.

A STORY OF PARIS LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHANTILLY," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

"PAUVRE JACQUES."

"I HAD thus been for some time without paying my visit to the young man, and when at length, by dint of self-reproach and self-encouragement, I had brought myself to a decision that I would without delay repair to his mausarde, it was with a kind of vague and undefined dread upon my mind that late one evening I did so. To my surprise I found him, although at so late an hour, seated at his easel, evidently greatly improved both in health and spirits, for he was whistling a lively air when I entered, and when I advanced near to him my wonder grew to find the blue-winged Azurine, the Mecca pigeon which I myself had sold some time before, perched upon the elbow of his chair, and playfully pecking at a cherry which he was holding at arm's length. On the table by his side stood a basket of costly fruits, and a *flacon* of rich Spanish wine; and instead of the gentle reproach which I had so much dreaded on my entrance, he courteously accosted me with a pressing request to partake of the fruit and wine which was spread out beside him.

"He doubtless caught the expression of wonder which my countenance conveyed, for he said, while he coloured up to the very forehead,

"'I have had a return of good fortune since you came to see me last, Georgette. A friend has been to visit me, and has met with such good success in the sale of those drawings which you could not dispose of at any price, that all my courage has returned to make me work with redoubled ardour; and see, my sweet Azurine has returned again, all the more loving and beloved for her short absence.' And then, evidently to hide his embarrassment, he took the bird upon his finger, and while kissing its open beak, stroked down its variegated feathers, which flashed as the light fell upon them with the many-coloured tints of the rainbow.

"I stayed but a few moments, for I felt in some measure wounded by the want of confidence on the part of Louis, for he well knew that I must be quite aware that he had no friend save myself and Paquerette. I was hastening to seek her, for again was I assailed by all my fearful suspicions, when I met her on the threshold, hurrying forth seemingly in the greatest haste, but I stopped her perforce. The glance with which she greeted me had lost, methought, much of its usual gentleness. Her brow was flushed to crimson, and when she spoke, the tones of her voice trembled with emotion.

"'Thou hast deceived me, Georgette,' said she; 'thou hast played me false. Louis has been in want, in woe, in wretchedness, and thou didst not tell me. 'Twas well I grew distrustful, and went myself to seek, or he might else have died. 'Twas an unkindly act to use disguise towards

me—his own in heart, and mind, and soul—to me, to whom the past is but the memory of him—the future, but the dream of what he is to be. Is *he* to want, Georgette? Have I not limbs, and eyes, and ears, ay, and a tongue, wherewithal to beg if it should be needful!

"I could not but smile, although in sadness, as I looked upon the frail form and pale cheek of the maiden who spoke these words, but I said nothing, for I knew that it would be useless to argue with a passion like hers.

"I could not doubt, however, that she was the *friend* of whom Louis had spoken. I could not but admire the perseverance which had enabled her to obtain success, where I, with all my good will, had so signally failed; and yet I felt a kind of involuntary misgiving that all was not clear and right, for I knew that Paquerette would hesitate at no sacrifice, however great, to procure the slightest comfort or indulgence for Louis. An indescribable feeling of sadness overcame me as I exclaimed,

"'Poor Paquerette! and what can you do to aid him in the strait to which he is brought?'

"'See what I have done already,' returned she, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, as she drew from beneath her shawl a huge uncouth canvass bag which she was carrying. 'Look, 'tis the price of the drawings which thou, despite of thy best endeavours, couldst not sell. Ah! it well nigh broke his heart, when thou didst return to tell him that his work had been despised, and that thou couldst find no buyer. But now this fear is removed, for I could dispose of all that he could ever find time to execute. Were that ten times as many, I could find a purchaser for all!'

"I was astonished at all I heard, the more so when in a moment of exultation she placed the bag in my hand. Its weight was tremendous, and from a feeling of curiosity natural enough under such circumstances, I withdrew the string to examine its contents. It was most extraordinary. The bag was almost wholly filled with the large heavy two-sous pieces and other copper coin, with but few, a very few, pieces of silver scattered among them. To my exclamation of astonishment at this, she replied by a crimson blush and a slight laugh of embarrassment, and said, as she snatched the bag hastily from my hand, 'that the purchaser of Louis's drawings had evidently a wish to be rid of this *petite monnaie*, and always paid her for them in this manner.'

"She hurried away, pretexting the lateness of the hour, and the having to procure for Louis several little delicacies which, with the wayward fancy peculiar to convalescence, he had demanded, heedless of the expense or trouble to be used in obtaining them.

"This adventure made me more wretched than ever. All kinds of suspicions, some of them of the wildest nature, floated by turns through my brain; but wild and improbable as they appeared to me when rejected, yet did they fall far short of the reality. I now began to feel all the weight of the responsibility which I had incurred by consenting to become the confidant of the love of this guileless maiden, who, from her very innocence and freedom from suspicion of evil, might be led into the way of darkness, and be lost for ever. I determined then, although the measure cost me much, to reveal the whole affair to Françoise. Rude and uncouth as she was in manner, yet had she ever been the kind and

disinterested protectress of Paquerette. She was, therefore, the most fitting person to interfere with the conduct and habits of the maiden, and why then should I any longer bear the solo responsibility? It was thus I reasoned as I went along, and by the time I had reached the street where she resided, I had argued myself into sufficient courage to enter at once upon the subject.

"That very day there was a grand festival in Paris.. The grandest pageant which had been seen for many years. It was the triumphal entry into the city of the emperor and his victorious army, after one of his most glorious campaigns. The streets were impassable. Crowds, eager and joyous, lined the whole length of the Boulevards, and choked up every avenue which led to them; and it was not till I was completely wearied, that I at last found myself standing before the gate of the mansion wherein the worthy matron resided. I knew that upon occasions like the present, she never permitted either of her young charges to stir abroad, and I therefore felt sure of obtaining a quiet hearing, as upon such a day there was likewise little chance of our being disturbed by idle and gossiping neighbours. I found both Melanie and her mother standing on the threshold of the great gate, which opened into the courtyard; I thought, at first, that it might be to catch what slight glimpses of the fête could be obtained from the end of the retired street in which they lived. But as I drew near, I found that they were gazing right and left up and down the street, apparently in the greatest agitation. The old woman was wringing her hands in agony, while Melanie would, every now and then, be smoothing down her hair, and shaking out her dress behind, run upon tiptoe into the middle of the pavement, and, after looking earnestly in every direction, shake her head mournfully, and run back again to her station by her mother's side.

"They both flew forward to meet me as I approached, and, without allowing me the time to speak, Françoise exclaimed, in breathless haste,

"Where is she?—where didst thou leave her, Georgette?—what has befallen her that she comes not home with thee?"

"'Tis Paquerette of whom my mother is inquiring,' said Melanie, in answer to the look of utter unconsciousness with which I had listened to this speech, 'surely thou hast seen her since noon?'

"I replied in the negative.

"Then may the God of Heaven protect her!' exclaimed Melanie, bursting into tears, 'she has been abroad since noon—and see, already night is coming on. We know not whither she is gone, nor if she will ever return.'

"I endeavoured to soothe and pacify these kind-hearted beings with as many specious reasonings as I could at the moment muster. Nevertheless, my heart failed me. Here was another knot in this complicated drama which it seemed as if I were expected to unloose, for both my questioners were loud in their supplications for aid in their dilemma. Scarcely knowing what I expected, I mounted, with the speed of lightning, to her chamber. Perhaps she had fled with Louis! Perhaps, after all my confidence in her rectitude and integrity, might she have proved herself worthless! I doubted not, if such were the case, I should find some clue to the direction she had taken, some token whereby I might be enabled to conjecture her intention in her own little chamber. I dreaded to find the least scrap of paper bearing her handwriting, which

might render whatever step she had taken no longer dubious, and I entered the *mausarde* with a beating heart. Every thing was in the same state as when I had last paid my moonlight visit to Paquerette, and heard the strange avowal of her passion from her own lips, as we had sat together side-by-side upon the edge of that snowy bed : the carved *lutrín*, the antique elbow-chair, still occupied the same place wherein I had before beheld them, surrounded by a whole *parterre* of flowers.

"My very breathing was suddenly checked as I beheld, leaning against the white-washed wall, the large blue portfolio which I so well remembered to have belonged to Louis, and which I had myself carried full of his drawings to every printseller I could find, in my strenuous endeavours to meet with a purchaser of any one of its contents. I opened it, and felt the blood-rush in a torrent to my brow, and my sight for an instant failed me. It was still as full as when I had grown so weary carrying it beneath my arm ! Not one was missing ! I knew them all so well that I could at once have answered for this, for had I not turned them over twenty times while seeking to find a bidder ?

"Then it was as I had dreaded. Paquerette had raised the money by other means than those which Louis had imagined to be the case ; for here was evidence sufficient to convince me that *his* labour had had no share in producing the money she had shown me.

"I descended with a heavy heart, and my mind filled with all kinds of dreamy terror. I knew not which way to turn for advice or assistance, as to the best means of procuring tidings concerning Paquerette.

"I repaired, as a first chance, although with but little hope, to the house of Louis. The porter's answer to my inquiries were all satisfactory in one point of view, although adding to the perplexity which I already felt. Louis was at home as usual, such was the information given. He has not stirred out the whole of that day, indeed he was still much too weak and ill to go abroad. The old man added further, that the little maiden who generally came each day to see him had not been that morning, owing, doubtless, to the *fête* and crowded streets.

"I did not attempt to gain any information, nor even any conjecture from Louis himself. It would be a useless measure, for there could be no doubt that whatever might be the step which Paquerette had taken, she was acting entirely without his knowledge, and that she was deceiving him as to the sources of her sudden wealth. Moreover, it would appear as if she had grown wiser latterly, and was determined to keep her own counsel, for she had not even hinted to me, nor let slip the least sentence which could put me in the way of discovering her secret. I knew not whither to bend my steps. I dared not even decide upon the road I ought to take, fearful lest it might lead me still further from Paquerette.

"Sometimes, when I think now of those events and reflect upon the hair-breadth chances which combined in the end to insure my success, I cannot help believing that Providence had taken the wayward orphan under especial care and protection. I know not what spirit prompted me, there were many directions which I might have taken on leaving that street, but I was involuntarily drawn into the stream of gazers that were hurrying towards the Place de Louis Quinze. I had no distinct object in view. I crept along without knowing whither I was bent, and hopeless and wretched I followed the crowd, until I found myself midway up the Champs Elysées. Here all was uproar and confusion, and I soon gave

up as desperate any chance I might have fancied I possessed of recognising Paquerette, even had she passed close at my elbow, for soon the crowd which came thronging from all parts of the capital completely choked up every channel, and I saw myself compelled to follow the stream of pleasure-seekers, although my heart was faint with alarm and apprehension, and my thoughts were far enough away from the scenes of mirth and festivity everywhere going on around me. However, by sheer compulsion I wandered on, borne along by numbers rather than walking, until panting and breathless, I found myself carried to the extreme verge of the festivities, where the pressure gradually diminishing, left me at length free and at liberty to strike off in whatever direction I might choose.

"I was too weary to be able to proceed further for a short space, so I diverged into one of the dark alleys beneath the trees, where the silence and comparative solitude seemed perfect heaven after the stunning noise and heat and dust of the scene I had just quitted. I sat myself down at the foot of one of the tall elms just to breathe for an instant, ere I disposed myself to turn and seek my home through one of the by-streets of the Faubourg.

"I had remained for some time thus with my elbows resting on my knees, and my face buried in my hands, and was thinking of Paquerette, while I gazed mechanically from time to time down the broad avenue, which at the moment seemed all on fire with the blaze of light from the long line of splendid illuminations. But here where I had chosen to rest, all was dark and silent, the very glare from without the line of trees but served to make the spot appear more gloomy and deserted.

"Here then did I sit for awhile, musing on the strange destiny which had made me thus, and without any of my own seeking, the guardian of the youth of Paquerette, and at that moment so sad and weary did I feel, that the self-imposed responsibility weighed like lead upon my very soul. I had often, but in vain, endeavoured to throw off the influence which she had, unknown even to herself, held over me ever since the confidence to which I had listened on that moonlight evening in the little chamber. Many and many a time had I been upon the point of revealing the secret to Françoise, but there seemed a fatality attending the disclosure I sought to make, for upon each occasion some unlooked-for circumstance or other had always occurred to prevent it. Even this very day had I not set forth from home expressly to seek the good woman with this same intention, and yet here I was still with that secret in my bosom, and sinking yet more deeply into the mysteries of her strange and startling fancies.

"Sometimes I had struggled against my own heart, I had felt indignant with my own want of courage, which suffered me to be thus enthralled, and then I would vow to shake off this influence, but when I once mentioned by chance, the sensations which I experienced to my poor grandmother, she shook her head, and answered that it would be useless to strive against this thralldom, for that this peculiar influence was a mysterious attribute with those who were fated to die early and of a violent death.

"The memory of these words had often made me shudder as I gazed upon the cold, pale brow, and eyes of wondrous lustre, which distinguished Paquerette, and the thin pale cheek, too, over which from time to time passed a faint hectic blush, which would steal gradually away while yet the gazer marvelled at its beauty.

"As I now remembered this my heart grew once more softened towards her, for I felt that in her case, with all these signs, my grandmother's prophecy might prove true.

"While I thus mused I became all at once aware of the approach of a crowd of persons advancing towards the spot where I was sitting, and as I rose up in alarm to ascertain the cause, I perceived that the crowd, increasing with each moment, was making for the very tree beneath which I had been seeking a short repose. It was too dark for me to discern aught, save that some of those strange, uncouth, hideous forms which seem to spring from between the very stones of the pavement to compose the fête-day mob of Paris were seen here and there hurrying from amid the trees, and running to join those already assembled, uttering loud and savage shouts as they moved forward. They seemed, however, bent upon the same object, that of securing or impeding the progress of some one who appeared to be jostling and struggling in the midst, while I could now distinctly hear the rude brutal joke of the drunken reveller mingle with the milder and more supplicating tones of the more quiet and better disposed.

"Presently, while I yet remained gazing almost in terror at the scene, and hoping that the mob would pass away in another direction, a group of two or three individuals, wearing the idolised uniform of the emperor's guard, drew close to my side, and then, to my great alarm, making a halt and placing themselves in a position to block up the passage, vowed and swore, with many a burst of laughter, that they would thus obtain what neither threats nor supplications had been able to effect. By this time I had grown alarmed beyond measure, and begged hard to be allowed to pass, but neither my prayers nor tears, for I need not feel shame to confess that such was the state of nervousness into which I had previously worked myself, that this new terror coming upon me at such a moment, completely upset all my wonted courage and presence of mind, could aid me. Nought availed: I was compelled to remain, and had it not been for the kind courtesy of one of the group, I should have been forced back among the crowd; the thing of all others which I most dreaded. But he, although loud and boisterous in his mirth like the rest, seemed to take pity on my distress, and bidding me station myself against the tree, he threw his arm around the trunk, and I thus stood in comparative security awaiting the event. Scarcely had I the time to breathe my thanks to the youth ere the mob had reached us, but, contrary to my anticipations, not the slightest struggle took place on the discovery of the living barrier formed by my laughing companions. On the contrary, a loud shout was raised at sight of them, and a cry of 'Vive la garde!' while not one attempted to advance an inch further. Here then they halted, and as the glare of light from the broad avenue fell at intervals through the openings in the trees, I could discern that the object of all this turmoil was a female whose thin slight form, clad in white, shone out conspicuously amid the darkness. Terrified as I was, I could yet observe that none of those who surrounded her thus closely, offered to lay a rude finger even upon her dress, but each one kept at a certain distance, thus forming a kind of ring, of which she occupied the centre, and from whence there was no hope, no possibility of escape.

"As they drew up towards the tree, there was a moment's pause. The girl stood in the midst, silent and motionless, save that with a nervous movement she clasped her hands, and let them fall before her, while her whole frame bent suddenly forward as of one about to kneel. But she recovered herself, however, and then, putting her hand across her brow, she raised her head seemingly to look eagerly right and left for an opening among the crowd. But none gave way to allow her to pass, none spoke a single word of encouragement—there was, in fact, such a death-like silence, that you might hear her long and hard-drawn breathing. My heart swelled with pity for the poor maiden, although I was in ignorance of the motive by which her tormentors were actuated. I would have given a great deal to have obtained a glimpse of her countenance, and so interested had I become in this adventure, that the very motive of my being abroad, alone, and at such an hour, was, for the moment, entirely banished from my memory. The young officer who had so kindly protected me, seemed moved to compassion by her situation, for he suddenly quitted his station, and, taking her by the hand, led her gently forward and placed her against the tree. Then might I have escaped, for this sudden movement on his part made me free, but I thought not of departure, every feeling had become engrossed by the scene to which I was thus so unexpectedly compelled to become a witness. I saw the youth bend forward and whisper in the maiden's ear. His voice was soft and gentle, but I now stood so close that I could hear each word he uttered :

" 'Damsel,' said he, 'fear not, none will seek to harm thee—give us but one—thou know'st that single one thou hast just concealed, and I pledge my honour that thou shalt depart quietly, and I myself will escort thee through the streets in safety.'

"She breathed not a word in reply, but remained with her head bent low and her hands clasped over her bosom. But he seemed not to heed her silence, for he turned to the group, and said aloud—

" 'The maiden consents to give us this one again, and I have pledged my honour, that when it shall be over she shall depart in freedom and unmolested, and if any man should dare to oppose her course, it is to me that he will have to answer for his insolence.'

"Again, by way of answer and assent to the terms proposed, did the cry of '*Vive la garde!*' replace the low murmur which was beginning to rise, and again all was still and silent as before.

"The poor girl seemed still to be much agitated. I could hear the low sobs burst from her bosom, as she caught the young soldier's arm, imploring him not to desert her at that moment. But he could do nought else than utter two or three words of hope and encouragement. He then again withdrew to his station by my side, and she once more stood alone. It was then that I beheld her make one desperate effort, one deadly struggle against the terror which had assailed her, and it was not made in vain. The conquest was achieved, and after uttering a few preliminary notes to try the pitch and strength of her voice, she broke forth with impassioned sweetness into that most beautiful air, '*Pauvre Jacques!*'

"Oh, that rich sweet voice—those clear and melancholy tones—the deep heart-rending pathos of each note! Those accents fell from her parted lips sad and mournful, like the echo of the distant waterfall. None could describe the effect of that simple yet passionate strain sang,

as it was amid the darkness upon the invisible listeners. I could hear the stifled sigh, the low convulsive sob gush forth from the rude breast of many a one around me, and those who uttered a word of admiration spoke in faint and trembling tones.

"But I, although tender-hearted to a degree, one over whom music hath ever held a potent spell—one who would have found it hard to have listened without tears to that touching ballad, even when sung by an uncultivated voice—I shed not a tear, for I *could* not weep! A chill—a deadly sickness—a giddiness of the brain, came over me, and had it not been for the protecting arm of the young officer, I should have sunk upon the earth! And yet I listened to the end. I stirred not a limb, although I trembled so violently that the young man courteously raised the shawl upon my shoulders, thinking that I was suffering from the cold.

"The song ceased, and then there was a murmur of admiration from among the crowd, and then a louder expression of gratitude, and finally a tremendous heartfelt burst of applause, at which the maiden seemed to shrink within herself, and to recoil, probably with a renewal of the terror she had felt before. But there was no cause for alarm; the word of honour had been given, and each one seemed to regard it as a binding pledge. No one among the crowd pressed her further, although by the slowness with which they departed it was evidently with regret.

"A shower of coin had fallen around the maiden, but she offered not to raise it from the ground, and my young champion once more came to her aid by gallantly doffing his *shako*, and by stooping on bended knee to collect the scattered sou-pieces within its crown.

"The mob slowly withdrew while this was enacting; I alone moved not from where I stood, but kept my eyes fixed on the trembling form of the poor maiden, as though I had felt a fear that she would have sought to escape by flight.

"When the young soldier had filled his *shako*, he asked the maiden what were her usual means of conveying it from the place.

"Without uttering a word in reply, she held out a coarse canvass-bag which she had held concealed beneath her shawl; but there was more, much more than the bag would contain, so she was compelled to loosen the little handkerchief from her throat to receive the rest. The knot was apparently difficult to unloose, and I saw the youth kindly endeavour to aid her. Her back was towards me, and I could not as yet see her face, but I could perceive by the sudden start which she gave when he sought to look upon her features, that he was defeated in his purpose, and that he beheld her not.

"All this I saw and noted with a minute observance that has often since that hour struck me with astonishment. When at length she was prepared to leave the spot, the young man gently and with politeness reminded her of his promise to escort her home, at whatever distance that home might be. He drew her arm within his own, and was about to move away, when he turned and saw me still standing there gazing on them in wild mute agony, and said courteously,

"My protection must also be at the service of this other pretty maiden. It is but just that as I was the cause of her delay, I should make myself responsible that no harm should betide her."

A FEW MONTHS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL E. NAPIER.

CHAPTER V.

KAFFIR HUNTING IN KAFFIRLAND.

As for the rest,
 'Tis powder and ball suits these savages best;
 You may cant about mission and civilisation,
 My plan is to shoot or enslave the whole nation."

PRINGLE.

THE first truce granted to Sandilla had long since terminated; a second suspension of hostilities was at his urgent request acceded to, and *this* had likewise nearly expired, without any signs of the promised conditions of peace having as yet been fulfilled.

Day after day passed in anxious expectation of a forward move, but naught save negotiations, missionary consultations, conferences, and embassies followed each other in rapid succession; the object on the part of these wily savages being evidently to procrastinate and gain time, in order to drive off and secure their ill-gotten booty; for the numerous flocks and herds of which they had feloniously plundered the colony, were most probably, during all this delay, rapidly progressing towards Kreli's country.

In the meanwhile, the summer of these regions was fast advancing, and the heat becoming more and more intense, whilst the herbage—on which all in this country depends for the sustenance of horses and cattle; in other words, for the practicability of military movements—was withering, like our hopes, under the power of a vertical sun, whose scorching rays, darting on our frail canvass tenements, kept us during the day at the average comfortable temperature of about 120 degrees; whilst at night, or after rain, the glass would not unfrequently in the course of a very short time fall some fifty or sixty degrees!

Thus passed away the sultry month of November, bringing with it no other results save the surrender of Macomo with his family, that of some bundles of assegais, a few rusty firelocks, with a small number of starved cattle, and raw-boned, sore-backed ponies.*

At last, even the general's patience became fairly exhausted; he vowed, in spite of the missionaries, that he would stand no more humbug, whereupon Mr. Sandilla (who had hitherto remained very quietly bivouacked on a height overlooking our camp) took up his blanket and limped† off into the bush.

It was now determined on—when too late—to obtain from the Kaffirs by force what diplomacy had failed to effect; but the savages, meanwhile, had not been asleep, and the greater part of the stolen colonial herds

* In consequence of being ridden without a saddle, the Kaffir horses have mostly sore backs.

† Sandilla has from his birth been a cripple, one of his legs being withered up.

were then, no doubt, "ruminating" on their captive lot in the far distant pastures beyond the Kye.

In consequence of the above resolution,—instead of a simultaneous advance of three or four strong columns,—the usual system of petty frontier warfare was again commenced, in a partial skirmishing, carried on by patrols or commandos, sent to scour the enemy's country in quest of cattle, more than Kaffirs. * * * * *

The last day of November passed in the usual routine of camp occupation and amusements. To a burning day of more than usual tropical heat, had succeeded the mild influence of a temperate zone; whilst the bright sun sank below the horizon, gilding with its departing rays the snowy whiteness of the camp, the distant lowing of numerous herds, returning for the night from their several pastures to the precincts of the kraal, added to the rural peacefulness of the scene; and as the shades of evening slowly gathered around, the shrill sound of bugles to the tune of "The Roast Beef of Old England" announced that important operations were now contemplated at the capacious mess-tent, which formed such a conspicuous object in the camp, where a hungry party were soon assembled and doing ample justice to all the "delicacies of the season."

The cloth had been removed, and the bottle was circling briskly around, when, with port erect and cane in hand, the serjeant on duty entered with the "division orders" of the day, which now, for the first time, announced the resumption of hostilities, and directed three strong columns to parade at two A.M. the following morning.

This welcome intelligence allowing but little time for sleep, the party speedily broke up to obtain what repose they could, leaving strict injunctions with the mess-waiter to have coffee in readiness at half-past one in the morning; at which early hour we were again assembled, though in far different costumes from those of the preceding night.

The most sudden transitions from heat to cold, and *vice versa*, is a marked peculiarity of this changeful, though, strange to say, most salubrious climate, in which one may, generally speaking, and with equal impunity, sleep under the bush at the mercy of dew and rain, or expose oneself during all hours of the day to the fiery heat of a vertical sun.

On the present occasion a most grilling hot day, or, as we termed it, "a regular frizzler," was succeeded by a night as bitterly cold; and pea-jackets, cloaks, and woollen comforters, were now in general request, whilst we assiduously comforted the inward man with good hot coffee, backed by substantial slices of cold beef and ham.

The appointed hour had arrived; a bright moon shone on the dense columns so silently assembled, and remaining in such noiseless expectation, that:

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.

The expedition was divided into three distinct parties, destined simultaneously to sweep the whole country between the Chumie and the Amatola Hills, co-operating for this purpose, with the 91st regiment stationed at Fort Cox in the vicinity of Burn's Hill, on the lower slope of those mountains.

For an account of our proceedings on this occasion, and which may

likewise serve as a general specimen of other "commandos and patrols," I beg to refer to the following letter, written immediately after the occurrence of what it attempts to describe.*

"Camp, Block Drift, December 1, 1846.

"At two o'clock in the morning, by the light of a bright moon, the patrol moved off in the most perfect silence; the right column, under Colonel Johnstone of the 27th, was to sweep eight or ten miles to the right of the camp, in a south-easterly direction. Colonel Erskine, with the 45th went easterly towards Fort Cox, from which place a party under Colonel Campbell, of the 91st, was also to move out, whilst our column, commanded by Colonel Slade in person, proceeded to the north, along the right bank of the Chumie.

"As our object was to levy 'black mail' rather than to destroy 'black-men,' you can easily understand the reason of our extending thus; and the general, no doubt, actuated by humanity, and wishing to spare the enemy as much as possible, gave out the order that the latter were only to be shot if actually resisting, or making off with arms and cattle.

"We followed the banks of the Chumie for about six miles, and when arrived near the spot where we were to cross, halted to give breath to the troops, and to await the first dawn of day. We could from hence distinctly see the fires of the enemy's kraals in the dark kloofs and on the wooded heights crowning the opposite side of the stream, and, as you may imagine, longed to be stirring them up; meanwhile, advantage was taken of this short delay to make some preliminary arrangements for the approaching onset.

"The cavalry, divided into five squads, was directed, on crossing the river, to spread out right and left like a fan; the irregulars of foot: Totties and Fingoes, I told off likewise into five separate companies, each to follow, as closely as possible, a party of the cavalry, from whom they were to receive the captured herds, to be again by them handed back to the 90th regiment, who were to be posted on a high ridge, marked as the general rendezvous, whither the cattle were to be driven when taken from the enemy, and on which point the skirmishers might fall back, if overmatched by the Kaffirs.

"All these preliminaries being duly settled, and as day began to dawn apace, the column again advanced, but had not gone 200 yards, when on this side of the Chumie, contrary to our expectations, we suddenly came on a large kraal, teeming with cattle.

"Every attempt at further concealment was now useless; like hounds striking on a fresh scent, the irregulars were soon amongst the herd, and blazing away with all their might; for the Kaffirs, as usual, showed fight in defence of their cattle. A few lives were consequently lost, and, strange to say, the very first discharge knocked over two rather eminent Kaffirs, one named Yokah, the chief councillor of Sandilla, and his bro-

* The account of an occurrence of this description by one personally engaged in it, must of course be very imperfect; the narrator, generally speaking, being able merely to witness what takes place within the narrow orb of which he necessarily becomes the centre, and (as in the relation of all personal adventures) he thereby unavoidably lays himself open to the serious charge of egotism. The author trusts to the above extenuating circumstances, for the reader's indulgence during the ensuing narrative.

ther; the former being shot by my lately appointed commandant of irregular horse.

"During this first 'melée,' a ridiculous incident occurred, which at the time caused much merriment. A Kaffir, rushing out of his hut half asleep, with a bundle of assegais under his arm, ran violently against Colonel Slade, when the latter, forgetting the savage could not understand him, with a polite expletive, asked him what he meant? and ordered him 'to drop his arms,' which Mr. Kaffir instantly did, and as quickly vanished into the bush.

"A large batch of cattle was thus easily secured, but we expected to find much greater numbers on the other side of the river, in following up which no time was to be lost, as the firing must have already alarmed the whole neighbourhood, and unless we were now very quick in our movements, every bullock would most assuredly be driven to the hills or into the bush, where it were vain to attempt to follow them. Wherefore hastily collecting the Cape corps and Irregular horse, I led them on at a gallop to a neighbouring ford; we dashed into the river, and floundering over large rocks and stones, which threw several of the horses, succeeded at last in reaching the opposite bank, where we found, as I had anticipated, lots to do. We were luckily yet in time to arrive at several kraals before the cattle had been driven out; these were speedily captured amidst a great deal of noise and smoke, the whizzing of a few assegais, and whistling of bullets; the Hottentots and Fingoes, however, being close at our heels, took possession of the prizes, and we pushed on as hard as we could gallop after such as had already escaped, to the lively tune of pop-popping all around us, for Hottentots will on such occasions expend powder and ball, whether they see an enemy or not.

"The scene became now most exciting; in fact, a regular 'Kaffir' as well as 'cattle' hunt. According to previous arrangement, the horsemen spread out in small parties, and at the head of a dozen of the Cape mounted rifles, I 'tallyho'd' a flying herd; the little 'Totty' riflemen rode like steeple-chasers, each striving to be foremost, but not one of the party could keep pace with my raw-boned charger, 'Nagpoor,' who carried me splendidly, clearing water-courses, and scrambling up and down ravines in such first-rate style, that I soon parted company with my escort, and came up, unattended, with a large flock of cattle just entering the bush, and driven by three mounted Kaffirs.

"My renfounded horse had become so excited during the chase, that he no longer obeyed the bit; it was impossible either to stop or turn him. The Kaffirs seemed half disposed to show a front, and though in a horrid funk, I was, like Johnny Gilpin, 'nolens volens,' borne along by my bary steed; I was now within fifty yards of these ugly looking customers, and there was nothing left for it, but to charge the rascals; therefore, putting the best face on the matter, and getting my hog-spear in rest, with a 'view halloo' I rode, in spite of myself, slap at them; they, however, at this juncture, to my inexpressible satisfaction, turned tail, and skulked into the bush.

"After at last succeeding in pulling up my horse, I managed to head the droye of cattle, which was then taken charge of by some of the Cape corps, who had just arrived. It was now broad daylight, and a precisely similar scene to what I had a few days before witnessed, when on patrol with Colonel Somerset's division, here again recurred. Far as the eye could

reach, when uninterrupted by hill or bush, might be seen herds of cattle flying before the shrill whistle of the Kaffirs, and hotly pursued by our widely-scattered horsemen; whilst the Hottentots and Fingoes on foot, were hurrying in their wake, blazing away at every thing as they advanced, firing Kaffir huts, and slaying the owners when they stood to offer resistance. Meanwhile, the 90th, as if disdaining to participate in such ignoble warfare, had quietly marched to the brow of a commanding eminence, from whence, as passive spectators, they looked down on all this inglorious 'cattle-stealing.'

"I was now joined by my young commandant of irregular horse, who, after having settled Mr. Yokah's account, and spread his sable horsemen o'er the plain, being himself better mounted, had pushed on to see the fun, and to have the chance of another shot with the rifle which had lately done such good service. With a few of the Cape corps we now dashed down a deep ravine* and up the opposite bank, having marked a second flock of oxen which had actually entered the bush; it was, however, luckily, not very thick, and we succeeded in bringing out this fresh lot, which was in like manner handed back to the rear. -

"Collecting as many stragglers as possible, we next galloped towards the smoke issuing from some kraals a couple of miles off, across an open country, but found we were too late, capturing, however, on our way a few horses. Returning from this unsuccessful 'cast,' we struck on the 'spoor'* of a large flock, whose track was distinctly marked on the dewy grass, and which appeared to have been driven towards the Chumie Hills. This spoor we rapidly followed up for several miles, till entering an entangled, wooded, and hilly country; we were here joined by a couple of officers and some of the 7th Dragoons, who reported that forty or fifty Kaffirs were in a wooded valley close by, and had defied them to come into the bush and fight, which invitation the small party of course politely declined.

"Whilst we were consulting what was now best to be done, I saw a fine ox close to the edge of the cover about 200 yards off, with a Kaffir on horseback driving it slowly along. This was evidently intended as a decoy; the Kaffirs being close at hand in the thicket, meant no doubt to have given us a taste of their assegais had we pounced directly on the bait. Determined, however, to out-manceuvre them, we extended our line; a little firing took place at such of the enemy as showed themselves on the outskirts of the bush, one Kaffir was shot through the body, another was knocked over by the 'Lieutenant-Colonel' of the irregular horse, but scrambled away into the jungle.

"Meanwhile, I kept a steady look-out on the gentleman with the ox. He had now ventured some distance from the covert, when screened by a swell in the ground I gradually approached unseen, and seizing a favourable opportunity, suddenly put my horse at speed, cut off his retreat, and then 'yehoik'd' him across a fine open piece of grass land in full sight of each party. We both rattled along at a pace which could not possibly last, but in which the training and hard condition of my horse soon told, for after a sharp run 'in view,' the Kaffir began to show symptoms of distress, whilst my steed was still fresh and well in hand; there was,

* A colonial term, meaning the traces left on the ground by the footsteps of men or animals.

however, no time to be lost in further jockeyship, as a thick belt of bush now rose immediately in our front, on the brink of a rapid descent; I therefore gave 'Nagpoor' his head, with a slight taste of the spur, to which he gallantly responded; bounding under the metallic pressure, he closed in a second on the flying foe, and brought the glittering point of my hog-spear close to his bended form.

"Not apparently relishing such 'pointed' attention, the Kaffir, glancing over his left shoulder, silently but fiercely brandished an assegai.

"Had he thrown himself off and hurled his weapon as I shot past, far different might have been the result;—however, there was not, with either party, much time for reflection or thought, but to divert his intended aim, whilst making a horrible face at the rascal, I bellowed with all my might, and urging my horse to his utmost speed, drove the spear-head through the leather folds of the kaross, right between the shoulder-blades, into his brawny back. The savage, without uttering a sound, but still grasping his assegai, pitched forward off his horse, bestowing on me as he fell a vengeful look of mingled hatred and pain which I shall not readily forget; it was that demoniac expression which, in his grand picture of the 'Last Judgment,' Michael Angelo portrays as they are hurled from aloft, on the distorted countenances of the accursed.

"At this critical moment, whilst endeavouring to pull up (for the bushes precluded the possibility in true 'Deccanee style' of turning off after delivering the spear) the curb-chain snapped, and my fiery brute of a horse became quite unmanageable; maddened by the excitement of the chase he still wildly followed the now riderless Kaffir steed, dashed down the face of the steep, thickly-wooded declivity in our front, carrying me through dense prickly mimosa shrubs, and nearly unhorsing me half-a-dozen times amidst their abrading thorns. Considering there were at the time lots of Kaffirs in the bush, my position in this Mazeppa-like course was not the most enviable in the world, nor did I succeed in pulling up until reaching the bottom of the hill, when I vowed never again to trust myself during a patrol on the back of such a runaway beast!

"By the time I had retraced my steps to the spot where the Kaffir had fallen, the bird was flown—had vanished into the bush; and no one who has not actually witnessed it would credit the quantity of 'killing' these fellows take, or the almost miraculous manner in which, after being even mortally wounded, they contrive to evade their pursuers and effect their escape."

"The stoical fortitude with which these savages endure pain is likewise most remarkable, and as an instance in point, I may mention that during the course of this day we came upon a Kaffir rolled up in his kaross, and seated under a mimosa bush; he had been shot through the body, evidently mortally, and thus silently awaited his fate, having first endeavoured to staunch the blood by cramming a handful of grass into the wound!

"After this little scrimmage, we again followed up the cattle spoor above alluded to, but on crowning a height, with our glasses we could distinctly see an immense herd of cattle three or four miles a-head, in the act of

* When Hintza, the father of Krell, and paramount chief of the Amakosse, attempted during the war of 1835 to make his escape from Sir Harry Smith, he nearly succeeded in so doing, after having been hurled off his horse by the latter, and shot through the back and in the leg.

ascending the Chamie Hills. As it was therefore useless to pursue them further, we turned, with the intention of going back to the general rendezvous. However, on our way thither, the Cape Corps Hottentots—who have the eyes of a hawk—espied about three miles off a number of oxen, and extending one half of my troop to the left, to cut off their retreat, I immediately galloped on with the rest; but you may imagine our surprise and disappointment, on coming up with the herd, to find that they were cattle already secured by Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, of the 91st, who had come out from Fort Cox to co-operate with our patrol. But I reached him just in the nick of time, for he was then partaking with his officers some cold meat and brandy-and-water, of which I opportunely came in for a share.

“After a hearty ‘pic-nic’ breakfast, shifting the saddles from our more jaded horses to the backs of those captured from the Kaffirs, I took leave of my hospitable entertainers, and with the original party, consisting of an English serjeant and a few Hottentots of the Cape Corps Rifles, now started for the camp, to which our last sweep had brought us within ten or twelve miles.

“On our way thither we sighted a Kaffir kraal on the opposite side of a wide ravine, near which was grazing a fine herd of cattle, with a number of armed Kaffirs, evidently on the *qui vive*.

“‘Tis a pity, sir, to go back empty-handed to camp,’ observed the serjeant, ‘with those fine oxen so close at hand.’

“‘Can we manage to get another gallop out of our horses?’ said I.

“The serjeant seemed to think this within the bounds of possibility; ‘let’s try, then,’ was the word, and in an instant the little Hottentots and their horses were roused to their mettle, and we were rattling down the side of the ravine and up the opposite ascent, with as much speed as if our nags had not already carried us over some forty or fifty good miles of hill and dale.

“The Kaffirs did not await our approach, and although they attempted to drive off the herd into the bush, we were too quick for them; the latter was headed and captured without firing a shot, and we next ransacked the huts of the kraal in quest of muskets and assegais.

“The Hottentots wished to fire the whole ‘boutique,’ but this, out of compassion to the women, I would not allow. These poor creatures displayed the very fortitude of Spartan matrons; whilst witnessing the loss of all their worldly goods, and the death of husbands and brothers, they never uttered a cry or shed a tear, but would sit silently and passively at the doors of their huts, until, in some other instances, actually driven away by the flames. The Kaffirs themselves are certainly ‘game to the backbone,’ never, as I have before observed, crying out, however badly wounded, or even demanding quarter; but merely pronouncing the name of their chief ere they give up the ghost; thus much must in justice be said in their favour; but I suspect this to be their only redeeming quality, for a more ‘irreclaimable’ set of savages—as Sir B. d’Urban most justly designated them—cannot possibly exist.

“On reaching the camp about mid-day, I found a large party assembled in the mess-tent of the 80th, where we discussed a hearty breakfast or rather tiffin, together with the morning’s ‘sport,’ amounting to 1500 head of captured cattle, and a few Kaffirs ‘expended,’ without any loss on our

part, for they *now*—save in the immediate defence of their herds—generally make but little resistance.

“‘Why should we any longer fight,’ say they at present; ‘we have got all we want; we have eaten the colonial sheep, we have driven away the colonial cattle,—we wish now to cultivate our fields, we wish for peace, and we will fight no more!’”

“This is most acute reasoning on the part of the Kaffirs, and there is no doubt, if they obtain their wish, but that they will leave the colony at peace—until another opportunity of plundering shall present itself. Such, at least, for the last half-century, has been their universal mode of proceeding: to rob, murder, devastate, tire out our troops, and then sue for a cessation of hostilities!”

This last “stirring up” was, however, attended with the result of causing the surrender of Botman, a gigantic chief of the Gaikas,—great only in person, for his tribe was small and insignificant; but spite of a continuation of the above petty warfare, Sandilla and Pato, with many other minor chiefs, continued to set our power and just claims at open defiance, till at last, a grand forward movement beyond the Kye, was resolved upon, for the purpose of fairly “eating them up.”*

The following memorandum, hastily written at the time, by an officer of rank engaged in that expedition, will show the hardships and privations our troops underwent during this very trying service.

JOURNAL OF A PATROLE BEYOND THE KYE, IN JANUARY, 1847.

“On the last day of the year 1846, after a patrol of about five days, we arrived in camp, and, on the 2nd of January, a strong detachment of about 2000 men, under the immediate superintendence of the governor, Sir P. Maitland, again started on the same service. It is customary for each patrol (it being fatiguing work) to be relieved by another party, but as I take a ticket in each lottery, I started again in command of about 1500 infantry. Our object is to make a combined movement with Colonel Somers, who, with some cavalry, is already across the Kye River. We marched at eleven, halted for an hour at a place called Warden’s Fort, a burnt down post, established by Sir B. d’Urban, and halted in a hailstorm, pieces of ice falling as large as a table-spoon.

“3rd.—Marched at half-past four, A.M.; scenery very beautiful; on either bank of the Kye perpendicular rocks overhang the road, and 100 Kaffirs, properly posted, might easily prevent our crossing at all. I never saw a more defensible ford. The water was not above two feet deep, but ran rapidly, and the stones at the bottom were very large. The consequence was, that vast numbers of men rolled over, some lost their arms, and some, when down, had difficulty in sustaining themselves against the current. We have only a few commissariat waggons with us, and many of these upset at the wrong side of the river. As we found that the waggons would be hours crossing the Kye, we mounted a tremendous ascent of about three miles and a half; here we halted as the waggons could not get up.”

“4th.—Marched at six; halted at top of hill to breakfast; marched from twelve to five. A level country, perfectly open for about twelve

* A Kaffir expression, signifying to ruin or destroy, but chiefly applicable to the seizure of cattle.

miles. We halted at Butterworth, a missionary station, destroyed by the Kaffirs. The country in its neighbourhood very highly cultivated, and a very large population of Fingoes surrounding it.

"I rode round many of the Fingoe kraals in search of cheese and milk, but could get neither for money, or for what is here much more esteemed—tobacco. This is surprising, considering that each village has about 150 cattle. The fields of Indian corn were mixed with coarse kidney-beans and a few unripe pumpkins. The commissariat was, as usual, so injudiciously managed, that this patrol was sent off with only two days' flour and rice, and only five days' biscuit. I look upon our conduct throughout this war, in a military point of view, as more primitive even than that of the Kaffirs; since leaving Graham's Town, I have not seen fowl, duck, pig, game, or vegetables of any kind, until to-day.

"5th.—We halted to enable the waggons and Colonel Somerset's patrol to come up; on one side might be seen B—— and F——, with little bits of tobacco, bargaining with Fingoe girls for wood; on the other, a group seated on the grass, with towels round their heads as turbans, were shaving and mending their breeches.

"6th.—Rain all day, grass a foot high, officers already in want of provisions, men with no clothes but those on, no tents, and not above a dozen little sloping sheds, made of boughs, under which they crept for shelter; some of the officers had already lost every thing but what was on their backs by Kaffir pillage. My little tent, which is about four feet high, holds F——, self, raw meat, cooking utensils, &c., coffee, sugar, swords, and guns, all in a general heap, and we are more comfortable than our neighbours. It rains perpetually, nothing can exceed our filthy state; strange, however to relate, the doctor's list is nearly blank.

* * * * *

"7th.—The governor left us this morning.

* * * * *

"8th.—This morning we marched at six, and after a long 'out spann' halted after about ten miles' march. The Kye had risen and our supplies could not cross. We consequently sent back Captain F—— and 150 men to hold the Kye 'drift' and cover the advance of all supplies.

"9th.—Having heard that the Kaffirs were in great force at a drift twelve miles off, we marched at five, cavalry at four. Came up with them at eleven, took 2000 cattle and killed a good many Kaffirs. There were thousands of cattle escaping but the infantry were not up.

"The infantry halted for breakfast at about ten miles. Two miles further we met Somerset, the Kaffirs were not above six miles a head; I wanted to pass on, but it was deemed more prudent to halt as the cavalry had gone astray.

"10th.—As we had nothing to eat but tough beef, we were forced to halt for supplies. The rain came down in torrents. The Kye of course much swollen.

"11th.—This morning marched towards the Kye. Feeding so long on beef without bread, salt, or any thing else, had begun to tell on us, and the men were getting very weak.

"We had a very severe march of eighteen miles, every soldier up excepting the * * *.

"12th.—Rain, everlasting rain. We marched this morning to the top of the Kye ridge, the cavalry and artillery descending to the bed of the river.

"The river is too high to cross, and the infantry are to stay at the top of the ridge. The Fingoes, our allies, are daily stealing our cattle, and we must get to some more open spot. The Kaffirs are all around us.

"The sad news has just reached us that the Kaffirs have killed three of our officers, who had been sent out on a patrol to get some cattle, as famine was staring them in the face.

"It appears that the party saw a Kaffir driving a few oxen away, and three officers with some burghers leaving their party galloped on a-head. These were suddenly attacked by Kaffirs, and Captain Gibson and Doctor Howell, with the Honourable Mr. Chetwynd of the 73rd, fell victims to their rashness, as also two burghers. Serjeant Beech of the 6th heard several shots fired, and his party proceeded with all speed. On approaching the scene of action, they saw seven Kaffirs killed. Two mounted burghers escaping reported that they were attacked by a very large body of Kaffirs, that the assegais were thrown in vast quantities, and that the Kaffirs were also well armed with muskets, the last they saw of the officers was two who were fighting dismounted.

"We sent out a party of 100 men to search for the bodies. I fear there is no hope of their being alive. * * * * *

"The party returned this evening with the three bodies. It appears that these officers were inveigled into a defile by the sight of cattle, placed there as a decoy. They were pierced by a multitude of wounds, inflicted by assegais and musket shots, and their bodies were mutilated by beasts and birds of prey.* Strange to say, the dead Kaffirs were untouched; and it is, I understand, an invariable rule that no animal of prey will touch a Kaffir until his body becomes putrid. The pass where this tragedy occurred, is described as being singularly dangerous, and would even, with a strong body, require the greatest caution in advancing through.

"13th.—The weather has cleared up. A party of 700 Fingoes, who wish to emigrate into our colony, and whom I sent a party to meet last night, have arrived. They are a sort of slaves to the Kaffirs, but (if possible), a more degraded race. They belong to the Butterworth district, and were afraid of being intercepted by the Kaffirs. The river is falling, but no supplies can cross.

"Every soul is living on beef (nauseous to a degree without salt), and tea made of any thing that we can find in the grass, the men are growing weaker and weaker. To show the state of affairs, I received an official this morning commencing:—'Sir, I am directed by Colonel Somerset,' &c., &c., and, he continues, 'I send you a 'biscuit,' and one for Captain Hogg.' This had been got across on a negro's head by way of compliment to me as commanding 1500 men. I keep this official for a future laugh. To-day I have sent out 200 men in search of pumpkins and Indian corn, all of which is yet unripe. We this morning buried our unfortunate brother officers in a sort of arbour, which we afterwards

* From the circumstance of the bodies of the Kaffirs being untouched, it is more than probable that the bodies of our poor countrymen had been mutilated by these barbarians, as it is their universal practice on such occasions.—*Author's Note.*

burnt down to prevent the Kaffirs digging them up, which they generally do for the sake of the articles interred with them.

"14th.—This morning, the river having fallen, we marched, but were intercepted when we had proceeded two-thirds of the way down the hill, by information that the river had again risen. The cavalry had crossed, losing a serjeant-major of dragoons, and two of the Cape corps. We counter-marched, to the utter disgust of the men, to a spot half-way up the hill, too much surrounded with wood to be a good position against Kaffir attack, but we could get no further; some of the men who had been sent to the bottom of the hill were utterly done up, one slept in the bush, and strange to say, was not found by the Kaffirs. Numbers of our people seated themselves on the ascent, and were all day getting up, so great had been their exhaustion. We now slept in a circle, round 6000 cattle, with a strong line of sentries outside, against Kaffirs, and inside against bullocks.

"15th.—The river has risen three feet. The body of a 73rd man brought in, who, having straggled into the bush had been killed by the Kaffirs.

"Yesterday evening at dark saw Kaffirs carrying off some* * * a few cavalry pursued, and on their return were attacked, one man wounded. At dark, B—, myself, and two or three other officers were seated laughing at our misfortunes, admiring the picturesque appearance of our bivouac. We were close to the men's fires which illumined a thick bush near which we were stretched at length, or sitting tailor fashion, a soldier lying asleep against the root of a tree, his face lit up by the sun's rays, arms and accoutrements hanging in the branches, intermingled with sundry tempting morsels of beef, we looking more like savages than British soldiers, with long beards, unwashed faces, for here even water had grown very scarce, owing to the men being too exhausted to fetch much. Well, we were lying thus enjoying the spectacle, a leg of veal hanging near the fire, under the idea that it would be a dainty treat, such as we had seldom known, when pop, pop, pop, and then bullets began to whistle into the tree. An answer was soon made by the Fingoes, and a regular fusillade commenced. Some officer ordered the men to stand to their arms, and I ordered them to lie close down and kick out the fires.* In one minute all was confusion. Our picturesque group was broken up, my leg of veal was knocked over, and all was darkness. The firing slackened a little, and in five minutes B— again returned. His story was carried on from the same point where he had left off, and we again attempted to enact the picturesque. Now and then a shot told us that our friends were still amusing themselves, but we heeded them not.

"It is easy to know the Kaffir from the Fingoe shot, the former is heavy, dull, and loud; the Fingoe's is lighter, and ours is the smart crack; the following morning two Kaffirs were found to have suffered.

"16th.—This morning we endeavoured to get a rope across the river; this was a vain attempt, the water rushed down as through a sluice. A punt was constructed of the bottom of a waggon. Each day the beef, tougher than leather, nauseates more and more, and the men grow weaker every day.

"17th.—From 5 o'clock this morning until the evening, I worked with

* The MS. is here quite illegible.

the Hottentots and Fingoes to pass a rope over, but all was vain. I crawled with a guard and two or three officers along the edge of the cliff, over ground interspersed with huge rocks crowned with tangled bush; we at length reached a more tranquil spot of the river, and here they contrived to pass over two bags of biscuit to the men. These were got up an almost inaccessible hill on bullocks. At this time a piece of biscuit as big as your thumb would have sold for five shillings, as would also a spoonful of sugar, tea, or coffee, or one cheroot, such was our state of destitution.

"18th.—This morning the cattle went down to the river, and commenced crossing at six, such a scene I never witnessed! Five hundred head of cattle at the same time in the river with one hundred drivers, lowing, kicking, and struggling. By dint of shouting and thumping they rush into the water, all goes well until they get to the rapid current, or out of their depth, then commences the worst part of the affair, they now will not keep on straight; round comes the head of the foremost bullock, and every succeeding one follows his example, sometimes they had got close to the opposite shore when they thus wheeled suddenly round; only four thousand were passed over by seven o'clock; I however succeeded in getting across one of the guns, which was for half-an-hour stuck in the middle of the river; had the water risen it was done for.

"19th.—Last night there was a great deal of firing; whether it was from our rascally Fingoes, or Kaffirs firing into camp, I cannot say; I suppose a little of both. We are so accustomed now to this style of fusillade, that all we do is to lie close, and continue our little coteries.

"This morning some waggons were got by great exertion into the stream, and ropes were tied from the shore to the waggons, and from waggon to waggon. The stream still runs most rapidly. At nine we commenced our passage across; but so powerful was the current that notwithstanding the aid of the rope, every hundred English soldiers took at least an hour in crossing over. The cattle, at the same time, were making their way about twenty yards lower down. Once they came up against the stream over the rope, and drowned one rifleman. With the exception of this casualty we sustained no loss, which I consider a most fortunate circumstance. It was altogether a scene worth seeing once in a way; the noise, the confusion, the rushing of the water, the crowds perpetually in the stream, blacks washed away by dozens, but saving themselves by their admirable swimming. From 5 A. M. till 7 P. M., I was on the bank, hallooing, abusing, ordering, and firing. I was for a time seated on a waggon in the middle of the stream with a rifle, firing close by the noses of the Fingoes, who, with calves on their shoulders, were laying hold of the ropes, and endangering its safety and the lives of our soldiers. I fired at least 100 shots in this manner. Then I had to prevent the Fingoe cattle from entering the water above the rope, as in such case most undoubtedly a number of men would have been drowned. To effect this, I was obliged to stand ready prepared to shoot any bullock which got in. At five, the majority of the cattle were over, and now commenced the crossing of the Fingoes, women, and children, with their baggage on their heads.

"The ~~black~~ may boast of their potatoes, but the Kaffir pumpkin appears quite as useful in the production of the animal creation. I never

saw a larger population of children in any country. The Fingoes at this time worked so inefficiently, that I was obliged to employ some riflemen to drive cattle, goats, and men, by dint of force and blows, all into the stream together; at dark I found that still there was six hours' work. The infantry had crossed, a rear-guard was at the other side under the perpendicular rocks; I was, therefore, forced to send back some cavalry to protect these rascally Butterworth Fingoes, who had been breaking my heart and spoiling my temper all day. I now crossed, but I had previously sent on the infantry to the top of the hill, and with these, my little all; I consequently threw myself on the mercy of the rear-guard. We bivouacked in the bushes under the rocks, all in a heap; but who can tell the joy of eating after twelve days' starvation! A large box of things had arrived for the Rifles, and never shall I forget our ecstasy at the taste of a huge mouldy plum-pudding, which had been waiting for us a fortnight at this side.

"We sat comfortably by our fires, when suddenly a cry was raised that 'the Kaffirs are upon us.' * * * of the Rifles called to arms, and I desired them to lie down. The women were shrieking, the fires were extinguished, and all was dark as pitch. The Fingoes and Kaffirs amused themselves firing for about ten minutes, and all again became tranquil. The fact was that the Kaffirs had stolen up and killed a Fingoe sitting at our watch-fires, about five yards from our sentries, and fifteen yards from where Capt. M— and I were sitting. I slept in a waggon with a waggon-conductor, who, having eaten too much hard beef, thumped me all night with his fists, thinking (I suppose) he was pitching into his 'night-mare.'

"20th.—Last night we had failed with our waggons, and four or five were left in the stream. This morning, by dint of long ropes, &c., &c., waggons, Fingoes, and every soul were over by twelve o'clock. As we moved along, a man exclaimed 'Do you see the old brute?' We turned round, and the men looked back to the other side of the Kye.

"'Who do you mean?' said an officer.

"'Why Hunger Hill, if you please, sir!'

* * * * *

"I have learnt this much from patrolling, that animal food weakens the human frame if taken alone without other eatables. We had an unlimited supply of beef, and few men eat less than three pounds per diem. Men and officers, generally speaking, have now been twenty days without cover, raining more than half the time; no change of clothing for the men, and even the officers seldom being able to effect this. The generality never had their clothes off at all during twelve days, living on bullocks' flesh without salt, many nauseating it (as I did), and eating nothing at all. The officers and men are shoeless, and demi-breechless, with beards like savages. It has been a severe war against 'les entrailles.' Few, however, were sick under the excitement; but when that had ceased sickness immediately made its appearance."

T I C K ;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD ETON BOY.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT, AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE COLONIES; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF AN EMIGRANT."

CHAPTER XV.

SOME weeks passed away; the affair of the auction and of the man in the brown wig had faded from my memory; and as my father never alluded to the subject—smothering his indignation under a dignified silence—the circumstance was forgotten. Indeed, I had been so occupied with preparing artificial flies for taking advantage of the earliest summer days to fish in a celebrated trout-stream about six miles from our house, that I thought of nothing else;—I little thought of the influence which a fish-hook was to have on my future destinies !

But all my adventures through life have been different from the ordinary course of things. Some people fall in love at a ball; some at church; many at a small evening party, at which, I have observed (especially when there is only one young lady present) a piano is a very dangerous instrument;—there is the turning over of the music in which the hands are apt to meet on the same page; and there is the singing and the sighing about, "My Heart with Love is beating"—and all that; and then there are all sorts of little offices to be rendered to the lady-performer by the gentleman; altogether, the end may be as confidently predicted under such circumstances, as the fate of a moth fluttering about a candle.

There are various sorts of accidents, too, that bring about that state which some philosophers affect to regard as a mental hallucination, and which is popularly called "being in love;" falling off a horse, or into a river, or the rescue of a young lady from a house on fire are all well-known provocatives to the development of the electric affinities which prompt to matrimony; but the accident which befel me was different from all these; in short, it was all owing to a fish-hook. Like the man of ancient song who went out to shear his sheep, and came back shorn; so did I, Leander Castleton, go out to catch fish, and came back caught—but I must not anticipate.

It was in the smiling month of May that I started with the dawn of the morning on a walk of half a dozen miles or so with my rod in my hand, and a landing-net over my shoulder, to the scene of action. The air was fresh but mild, and the opening beauties of the landscape reminded me as I walked along of the harmonious poetry of the Virgilian eclogues. I had been dipping into Isaac Walton the night before, partly to draw information from that deep well of thought, and partly to tranquillise my mind on the subject of the feelings of fishes when hanging on a hook—a point on which my mind occasionally misgave me; but as old Isaac seemed positive that their sensations under such circumstances were rather pleasurable than otherwise, I considered that any scruples that

I had might be pacified on such authority; and with respect to bait—why—I determined to rest on the seductive philosophy of that master of the Art, and “handle it gently.” Fortified by such piscatory sophisms I marched cheerily on, little thinking that I was already marked by the Fates to present in my own person a hooked and memorable instance of retributive justice.

When I reached the stream, I remembered that the best bend for fishing ran past the end of a lawn attached to the house the sale of which, with its accompanying land, had given rise to so much mortification to my worthy father on the occasion which I have related in the preceding chapter. I continued my course thither, and not expecting that the house would be so soon inhabited, I thought it would not be an indecorous trespass to scale a low hedge which formed one of the boundaries, in order to reach a corner which seemed particularly favourable for my operations, and which was screened from the view of the house by a convenient mound of green turf, nearly six feet high, close to the margin of the stream. Here I sat down to arrange my tackle and select an appropriate fly from my magazine:—By the way, I considered myself an excellent judge of a fly; Linden used to say that, excepting a fish, he never knew a better;—but to continue my story.

I sat still by the side of the stream for about a quarter of an hour before I could make up my mind where to commence my temptations; at last, seeing several rises at natural flies at a spot nearly opposite where the stream was deepest, I endeavoured to make a dexterous cast without moving from my place, so as to present my fly to the noses of the feeders in the most, natural way possible; for, as all fishermen know, your fly ought to alight on the water with the lightness of the thistle-down, and without ruffling the surface so as to excite the suspicion of a wary fish. With this view, therefore, I threw my line behind me so as to take a lengthened cast, when, to my extreme surprise, as I withdrew it with a slight effort, I whisked a coquettish little straw-bonnet into the air, and at the same time a scream assailed me which, without the testimony of the bonnet, indubitably proceeded from a female voice!

I instantly let drop my rod, and taking the shortest cut to the spot whence the alarm proceeded, jumped on the top of the mound of turf, and looked down on the other side. At the same instant the lady looked up, in no little wonder, doubtless, at her bonnet being jerked off in such an unceremonious way; and so mysteriously, too, as the feat had been accomplished without the intervention of any visible agent.

In these positions our eyes met, and for a brief space we surveyed each other; she being so much under the influence of alarm as, seemingly, not to have the power to move, and I so much entranced with admiration that I feared lest any movement on my part should scare away the “lovely vision.”

In truth, the lady was a little discomposed; for it was early morning, and she was only in an undress robe; and her hair, which was of a raven black, had escaped, by the sudden removal of her bonnet, from its loosely confining combs, and had fallen in long tresses over her shoulders.

Whether it was that there was nothing ferocious in my aspect, or that the smile which I could not prevent from appearing (for, in truth, I was struck with the ludicrous nature of the accident), disarmed her of her

fears, the lady did not show any further disposition to scream out ; but after scanning my features with much earnestness, she cast down her head and hastily fastened up her hair, making at the same time an effort to rise ; and I perceived that she was still trembling, and that her face and all that was visible of her neck was covered with crimson blushes.

For a second or two I was undetermined whether to withdraw my head from the top of the mound and leave the lady to retire at her pleasure, or to proffer my apologies and assistance ; but on her stumbling a little in making a second attempt to rise, I bounded over the green wall that separated us, and was by her side in an instant.

It was now that she had the opportunity of perceiving that I was accoutred in my fisherman's dress—although I flattered myself that my quality revealed itself despite the homeliness of the costume ; and as we now stood face to face, I on my side was better able to observe the form and features of the young lady on whom I had unwittingly committed so unusual an aggression. Certainly, my eyes had never before beheld an object of such dazzling beauty ! Her age was about seventeen or eighteen. Her hair, as I have already said, was black as jet ; her eyes were so bright and sparkling that, positively, they dazzled me, and seemed to pierce me through and through ; her—but why attempt to describe that which baffles all description ? The effect produced on me by this startling vision, may be imagined from the fact that it absolutely took away my breath ; and that I, Leander Castleton, who on most occasions had something to say for himself, was dumb !

The lady was dumb, too, and we remained for a minute or so in this mutually speechless state—she with her eyes cast down on the ground, her long eyelashes sweeping her cheeks, and still trembling a little ; and I gazing on her with an admiration which was irrepressible.—We are not stocks and stones—I fell in love with her directly.

Presently, she put her hand to her head, as if she missed something that she expected to find there ; and it was then, that the absolute necessity for some explanation on my part, acting on my bewildered senses, restored to me the use of speech, and I said abruptly, and with a sort of jerk,

“It was the fish-hook !”

“The fish-hook !” said she, in amazement.

“I am ashamed,” I continued, “really I am quite ashamed of my awkwardness and want of thought ; but how could I know that you—that any one, was there ? It was the hook at the end of my line that caught your bonnet ; and I dare say you must have been very much astonished—but I didn't mean to do it—I didn't, indeed.”

The young lady's countenance, as I thought, was struggling against some agitation as I made this explanation with an air of the most respectful gravity, and her bright eyes twinkled and danced in a most extraordinary manner. I began to fear that she was going off into a fit ; and so she did, but it was into a fit of laughter, which she found it impossible to repress, at the ludicrous nature of the incident and the solemnity of manner with which I explained it ; but immediately checking herself, she assumed a very reserved air, although an involuntary quivering at the corners of her mouth betrayed the risible emotions which were agitating her within.

I began again:—

“I beg leave to express my sincere regret . . .” Here I stopped, for it suddenly occurred to me that I by no means regretted an accident which had been the means of introducing me, irregularly as it was, to so charming an acquaintance; I tried another way; “. . . To offer my most humble apologies . . .”

“Could you be so very good, sir,” interrupted the lady, “as to offer to restore my bonnet?”

“A thousand pardons,” I exclaimed, “I will fetch it in a moment.”

Saying this, I jumped over the green turf mound again, and looked about for it. I had left it floating on the water when I heard the scream, offering itself to any trout or other fish in want of a bonnet; but by some accident it had got disengaged from the hook, and had floated away down the stream. I searched for it for some time without success, and then returned to the spot where I had left its owner; but she was gone. Taking advantage, I presume, of the shrubs and trees which skirted the lawn on either side, and which formed a succession of screens along the walk which led from the river to the house, my goddess of the stream had vanished! and I was left alone to fish for consolation as I could; not a little mortified, it must be confessed, at having been eluded, like a raw schoolboy, in such a promising adventure.

CHAPTER XVI.

THUS disappointed of further parley, I thought the best thing I could do now was to fish for information. Who was she? Where did she come from? It never occurred to me that so angelic a creature could be related to the old gentleman in the brown wig; but the circumstance of her being on the premises at such an early hour of the morning, argued that she was some inmate of the family. But then, again, who was she?

I had a mind, at first, to march boldly up to the house, and present myself as a visitor; but in that case, I should be obliged to announce myself by name, and that would be making a formal affair of it; and I had in my remembrance my father's injunction against forming any acquaintance with the vulgar proprietor who had bought the estate; besides, to pay a visit at such a very early hour of the morning would be too monstrous a breach of the etiquette proper to be observed on such occasions; moreover, I was a trespasser; and I did not like to go through the awkwardness of explanation and apology; and I did not know to whom I might have to make it, or how it might be received by such vulgar people. Altogether I was at a loss how to proceed; and I endeavoured to hit on some plan which would afford me the society of the lady without the incumbrance of the acquaintance of the rest of the family.

As I sauntered on for about a mile by the side of the stream in this contemplative mood, the vision of the black-eyed beauty possessing me in a way that was new to me, I suddenly spied, entangled among a cluster of rushes, the very bonnet that had been the cause of my perturbation. It was close to the bank; I stooped down and rescued it from the water. Then I sat down and admired it; then I thought of its owner; then I got

up again, for the thought of those black eyes made me restless, and I walked on with the bonnet in my hand ; presently, I felt ashamed of carrying such an article of female apparel about with me ; then I thought I would throw it away, or leave it somewhere hidden ; but I didn't like to part with it ; and then I got angry with myself, for I didn't know what the devil to do with it ; I could neither part with it nor keep it. It was such an awkward thing. If it had been a glove or a ringlet or a ribbon of some sort, I could have managed with it ; but who ever heard of a lover walking about with his mistress's bonnet under his waistcoat. It was too ridiculous ! I sat down almost in the humour to chuck the bonnet back again into the water, when, casting my eyes on my landing-net, it suddenly occurred to me that there was the very way to carry it.

I immediately gathered some dry rushes from the bank of the river, and carefully covering up my acquisition, now become my treasure, so as to conceal it from all inquisitive eyes, I hastened home to deposit it in a place of safety. All this was very foolish, I know ; but lovers are proverbially silly when the fit is on them ; and as I have promised to be sincere in these confessions, I will not disguise the fact, but I will tell all as it happened for the benefit of the rising generation ; besides all such revelations as these assist in the study of psychology.

It so happened that I had to run the gauntlet, that morning, of all the inquisitiveness of the house ; every body was up and about, and all seemed to have nothing to do but to ask questions of me as to the success of my sport. First, one of the grooms offered to take my landing-net from me, as it seemed to be heavy, to carry into the house ; then the gardener, with privileged familiarity, volunteered some remarks on the monstrous great fish which he presumed I carried over my shoulder ; and then the butler expressed his respectful satisfaction at the result of my morning's work, and offered to carry the fish to the cook. But the worst of all was my father, who wanted to see what I had caught ; and as from the bulkiness of my net he concluded that I had met with something extraordinary, he almost insisted on my opening it for his inspection. It was with difficulty that I escaped from him and ran up stairs on some pretext of hurry ; but my mother, as I passed her dressing-room, expressed in rather reprehensible terms her surprise at my carrying the fish to my bed-room, which, she said, was by no means a proper place for depositing such un-odorous articles. At last I reached my own room, and there without delay I deposited my lover's prize in a high cupboard, and then I thought I was secure ; but the event proved otherwise.

Presently a servant came with a message from the cook requesting immediate possession of the product of my fishing in order for its due preparation for dinner. I don't know very well what answer I returned to this application, but I fear it was not a very civil one, for I was beginning to get chafed ; it had the effect, however, of causing the man to bolt off much more precipitately than he came, and then, in a sort of pet, having bolted the door, I was left alone. My flurry of spirits, I remember was very great, and it was some time before I recovered myself sufficiently to consider calmly my future course of action.

After a while, however, I thought that the very best thing I could do was to return to the neighbourhood of the trout-stream which my in-

cognita gladdened with her presence. With this intent, and carefully avoiding contact with any one who might trouble me with questions, I made my way to the stables, and ordering my horse to be saddled, hoped to leave the premises unseen ; but "*Fatis aliter visum* ;" just as I was mounting to be off, a message came from my father desiring my immediate presence. I should have cut this knot by an act of filial disobedience in instant evasion, but the moment after my father himself appeared in the yard, holding a slip of paper in his hand, and looking angry. He was followed by a man whom I immediately recognised as the manufacturer of my fishing-rod and tackle, and who, I had a disagreeable presentiment, had come for his "little bill."

"Five guineas for a fishing-rod !" exclaimed my father, reading from the paper as he came forward ; "three guineas for flies ! and I don't know how much for a landing-net ! I never heard of such charges ! Leander, how is this ? I thought you had paid for these things long ago."

"Oh !" said I, taken unawares, and not knowing well what to say ; "I forgot it—quite forgot it. Come another time," said I, to the man ; "and you shall be paid."

"Not these prices," said my father, glancing at the bill again ; "they are quite monstrous !"

At the word "monstrous," the ire of the man of fishing-rods began to kindle, as he felt that his honour was at stake ; and he protested in vehement terms, that the charges were so moderate that it was a question if he got a shilling by them ; throwing in, at the same time, some deprecatory remonstrances about "large family" and "long credit," as make-weights against the sum total.

"I won't allow it," said my father, "Leander, fetch these things, and let me see them ; its abominable for tradespeople to impose in this manner on young people ; I will look into this matter myself."

I hesitated a little at this command ; but my father cut the matter short by preceding me to my room ; for his anger against the man who, he considered, was attempting to practise an imposition on me, was fairly roused ; and, in his excitement, he seemed determined to take the matter into his own hands.

"The fishing-rod ?" said he.

I produced the fishing-rod.

"The flies ?"

"Here are the flies," said I, displacing sundry cards on which they were symmetrically arranged, in gaudy colours, calculated to attract buyers at least, if they would not deceive fishes.

"The landing-net ?"

"The landing-net !" said I, "the landing-net !—oh ! I must have left the landing-net by the river."

"You did not do that," rejoined my father, "for you passed me with it on your shoulder."

"Did I ?" said I ; "why, where could I have put it ?"

I looked about the room in a most innocent way ; but my father, proceeding in a more methodical manner, at once opened the cupboard-door, and seizing it with his hand, bore it, with the other apparatus, unrelentingly down stairs.

"It's very light," said he, "for the quantity of fish that seems to be in it!"

"No wonder!" thought I; but my heart was very heavy; and I had most disagreeable sensations as to the discovery that was to come next.

Bearing these trophies into the hall, my father proceeded to examine the articles *seriatim*, at which his displeasure increased; for whether he was in an unusually economical humour that morning, or that he really was determined to thwart what he considered an attempt at imposition, he pronounced the articles to be so shamefully overcharged, that he was determined, he declared, that nothing should induce him to pay for them!

The man, on the contrary, vowed that they were dirt-cheap at the money, and swore that he would not abate a farthing; and the altercation ended by my father, in a rage, chucking the articles at him one by one, accompanying each with an appropriate but by no means flattering remark on the man's honesty, and telling him with an oath, which was not borrowed from the heathen mythology, to go to the devil, and to take his trumpery along with him.

As my father turned away with an indignant air as he uttered this malediction, it afforded me the opportunity to convey by an expressive gesture, for I did not like to impart my meaning in words, and as there were one or two servants present, I wished to put an end to the scene as quickly as possible, my own desire to the man that he would quietly acquiesce, trusting to my ingenuity to preserve from the profanation of his vulgar hands the only article that was precious to me. With this furtively-conveyed desire on my part, he had the ready wit to comply, not doubting that when the son was free from the "governor's" interference, the matter would be settled to his satisfaction. He turned, therefore, though rather sulkily, to go away, and he had got as far as the end of the hall, when my father, who seemed determined to be disagreeable that morning, unexpectedly called him back.

"Stay," said he, "you need not carry away Leander's fish that he has been at so much trouble to catch. Open the net," he continued, to one of the servants, for all this passed in the great hall, through which the domestics were constantly coming and going; "open the net, and let us have the fish; that is Leander's property at any rate, for he caught it."

Here was a pretty dilemma for me!

The man flung the landing-net pettishly on the stone floor:—

"There's not much in it worth taking away, for that matter," said he.

I thought otherwise. I was in a cold sweat. Let those who have ever been exposed to the risk of a similar exposure, judge of a lover's feelings!

"It's no matter," said I, with a very red face, "let the man have the fish; it will be some recompense for his trouble."

But on this point, also, my father chose to be obstinate; something had gone wrong with him that morning; he insisted on keeping the fish; and here he found an ally in my mother, who, hearing angry words, had joined the group, and who now agreed with my father, "as she was happy to agree with him, she said, wherever she could find occasion;" declaring that she had conceived a particular fancy for having the very fish that her dear Leander had caught that day for dinner.

There was neither retreat for me nor hope! The time was past when

some heathen deity might have interposed to avert the coming catastrophe! The inexorable John the footman, the instrument of a still more inexorable fate, with horrible alacrity proceeded to disencumber the fish of its covering of rushes, while all eyes were directed to the net with inquiring wonder, to see what so curiously shaped fish as that could be! The last rush was removed—at that moment I did not care a rush for my life—and the footman's vulgar fingers clutching a rose-coloured ribbon, drew forth the contents, and holding it out at arm's length in a most officious way, displayed a woman's bonnet!

"Crimini!" said the man of fishing-rods, with a rascally chuckle.

"My gracious!" exclaimed my mother.

"What the devil's the meaning of this?" said my father.

There was, as the French say, "a sensation."

"What's the meaning of this?" repeated my father, exchanging looks with my mother, and doubtless suspecting that I had been catching fish that seemed evidently contraband! "Leander— . . ."

But Leander, at this revelation, so mortifying to his heart and his pride, had disappeared through a side window, with a strong inclination to put an end to his miserable existence by becoming food for the fishes in the pond at the bottom of the garden.

CHAPTER XVII.

I RUSHED down the gravel walk to the left, where it was shaded by the trees, and bounding over an invisible fence which separated the end of the garden from a meadow, made my way to a thick clump of bushes by the side of a pond. There I abandoned myself to despair.

There was something so intensely mortifying in the exposure which I had suffered of my heart's secret—before the servants too!—that I thought I should never be able to recover it, nor dare to look any body in the face again. And then I pictured to myself all sorts of scenes, which my active imagination conjured up, full of the world's derisions of me for carrying about a bonnet, of all things in the world, as a lover's token of his mistress! And then the laughing eyes of my unknown would seem to look at me with a mocking expression which I could not bear; and how to face my father and answer his inquiries, I did not know! And then, although my mother would say nothing, I knew that she would smile as she looked at me, and talk at me to herself, so that it would be quite wretched to endure; and altogether I felt my existence was too miserable to be borne.

I was too young, perhaps, to contemplate seriously any suicidal act; besides, young as I was, I had conceived a great contempt for those who fly from the burdens and duties of life, although great pains had been taken with me in my more boyish days to admire that passage in Plutarch descriptive of the death of Cato. But I was very wretched,—and the pond was handy; I peeped into it as I lay; had it been a clear and pellucid well,—or a piece of water of whatever depth, fed by a bubbling fountain,—or had there been any thing poetical about it, I might, perhaps, have been tempted; but the fact was, it was very muddy, and the feet of the cows had poached the soft ground on all sides, and it had an

unpleasant green and pea-soup look, revolting to my feelings. Besides, I observed two or three fat frogs peeping from the margin of the water with a waggish air, as if curious to learn my intentions. This last circumstance disconcerted me, and, in truth, put me a little out of temper, for the little bloated wretches seemed to be laughing at me, and I looked about for some stones to punish their impertinence. As I raised up my head, I saw my father's above the hedge on the other side of the meadow, bobbing up and down at a quick rate, by which I knew that he was riding at a brisk pace, and that probably he had some business to transact at a distance.

The ground being so far clear to the house, I determined to put a bold face on the matter; and, to tell the truth, I was a little tired of my position; for the grass was rather damp, and the effect of my morning's walk beginning "to tell," I became every moment more and more forcibly reminded that I had not had my breakfast. "Nothing adds more to the pangs of unrequited love," as some writer not very romantically has observed, "than the pangs of an empty stomach;" and, indeed, I have observed in the course of my existence in life, that the converse of this philosophic axiom holds good in a very extensive sense; for it is a truth, that people are always better able to bear a grief under easy circumstances than the contrary; which is the reason, perhaps, why heirs to the property of deceased relations in numerous instances so soon recover from the affliction in which such bereavals are calculated to cast them.

However, without entering into any metaphysical disquisition on that point, the fact was I was very hungry; and when I entered the breakfast-room, having first reconnoitred the inside through the window, to be sure that it was empty, I must confess I was more pleased at the moment to behold a cold round of beef, which the forethought of my excellent mother had prepared for me, than my unknown divinity herself—so differently are we affected by the same objects on different occasions. Having refreshed myself with beef and ale, my spirits rose considerably, and I was inclined to regard the recent revelation of the bonnet rather in a ludicrous than a serious light; and, as my confidence revived, I became seized with a violent desire to learn how the lady herself considered it; although, from the merriment which she had not been able to repress at the time, I had little fear of meeting with implacable resentment in that quarter. With this view, I went up stairs to change my fisherman's clothes for a more appropriate dress of ceremony, when, on entering my room, to my extreme surprise, I beheld the identical bonnet carefully deposited in an elegant box on my toilet-table!

I guessed in a moment to whose considerate thought I was indebted for this kind attention to my feelings, and I felt grateful to my excellent mother for sparing me the humiliation of contemplating its further profanation by vulgar hands. The circumstance, however, rather strengthened my determination to seek another interview with its unknown proprietor, and the sight of it furnished me with a reason for calling on her; as nothing, as it seemed to me, was more natural and proper than to wait on her in person to restore her property, and to make the apologies and explanations which were due from me for my startling aggression on her person.

I remember, that, notwithstanding my impatience to be off, I was rather longer than usual in arranging my toilet for the day; but, before I started, it struck me that it would be politic to volunteer the explanation which I knew would be asked for by the home authorities; and as I felt that it would be an easier matter to make it to my mother than to my father, I repaired to her sitting-room, and in an off-hand way, told her as much of the story as I thought necessary; ascribing my concealment of the bonnet in the landing-net, more to my love of fun than any thing else, and assuring her that my perturbation at its discovery had been caused only by my fear of being made an object of ridicule before strangers.

In this explanation my prudent and excellent mother very kindly acquiesced; and as she wisely forbore making any remark likely to wound my feelings, and instead of smiling, looked serious, I was emboldened to observe, that it would only be an act of proper politeness on my part to call on the disbonneted one to restore her property to the lady; and to make an apology in a more formal manner than my hasty interview with her by the side of the river had allowed me the opportunity to offer. This I said in a free and easy way, as if I had no personal interest in the matter, and only wished to do the correct thing.

My mother paused for a few moments before she answered me, and then in a quiet way, she suggested that it was awkward, rather, was it not? not to know the name of the person on whom one made a call? What was the name of the gentleman who had bought the house to which the young lady seemed to belong?

I replied to this, that certainly it was an inconvenience; but upon my life I did not remember the name, if I had ever heard it; nor did I see that it mattered much, as it was the lady whom it was my duty to see and not the old gentleman; but as to that, I added, it would be easy for me to fish out the name from the gate-keeper at the lodge, or to inquire among the cottages, or of the labouring people in the vicinity; no doubt, the young lady was well known.

"Are you sure," asked my mother, "that it was a young lady whom you saw, and not some inferior person of the house—the hour of the morning was rather early for young ladies to be abroad?"

"Oh! as to that," I said, "I am positive."

"Something in her appearance, perhaps," said my mother, "or her dress?"

I replied "that I did not look at her dress, I looked only at her; not that I looked at her particularly," said I, in a careless way; "and really I am not sure that I should know her again."

"She was young, I think you said?"

"About seventeen or eighteen; perhaps rather seventeen than eighteen; I should say between!"

"Did you observe her figure?"

"A beautiful figure; rather tall than otherwise, and slender; there was something very pleasing in her figure."

"Dark or fair?"

"Not dark; and yet she certainly is not what you would call fair; no, not fair; a sort of a clear brown—that is a tinge of brown; I think I like that style of complexion better than any other."

"She is a brunette, then?"

"Yes, that's it, a brunette ; but the handsomest, brunette you ever saw !"

"And her eyes ?"

"Her eyes were a beautiful hazel—a dark hazel ; very bright—positively, they were like two stars—I think I never saw such beautiful eyes !"

"Her hair was black, I dare say, to match ?"

"Oh ! the most beautiful tresses you can imagine ! and as black as jet ! Her hair fell down when her bonnet was jerked off, and it hung over her shoulders."

"She did not wear a wig, then ?"

"A wig ! good heavens ! mother, how could you think of such a thing ! Why, you don't suppose she is the daughter of the old gentleman in the brown wig that I saw at the sale ! It's not possible ! No ! her hair is as black as jet—and, as it hung down over her shoulders, she looked like the statue of—of—I don't know what statue ; and, in truth, she did not look like a statue at all, for she did not look at all cold like marble—rather the contrary—but, indeed, I never in my life saw or imagined such a beautiful picture !"

"You seem to have her picture pretty accurately impressed on your (here she paused for a moment) mind," said my mother, smiling.

I was standing before the glass over the fire-place during this brief colloquy, and as I caught a glance at the reflection of my features, I observed that I had turned very red at this latter observation of my excellent mother ; but as I did not know exactly what reply to make, I rang the bell, and desired my horse to be brought round. I thought there was a sort of smile on the man's face as I gave this direction, but as I thought my manhood required me to put a good face on the matter, for I was nearly twenty years of age, I regarded him with rather a stern countenance to make him understand that I would allow of no jesting with me ; and after assuring my mother again and again that my only desire was to acquit myself of an obligation incumbent on a gentleman, and that I would just walk my horse over and be back to dinner, I departed with a grave and unconcerned air ; but as soon as I turned the corner of the plantation so as to be out of sight of the house, my horse showing an inclination for a run, I let him have his own way, and I galloped over the ground that separated me from the neighbourhood of the trout-stream in a very short space of time.

When I arrived at the bend of the river which was the scene of my morning's adventure, I pulled up, and deliberated a little as to who I should ask for and what I should say ; and as I could not easily settle those points to my satisfaction I thought I would ride down to the river's bank and look at the water to assist me in my deliberation. As I put my horse to a slight leap over a low hedge in order to gain a meadow between the river and the road, I caught sight of a slender female form passing down the walk on the other side of the garden-hedge in the same direction ; and presently I observed another figure following at a slower pace, and as it seemed, as well as my glimpse through the trees and shrubs allowed me to judge, of rather a bulky appearance, and with a labouring and heavy tread, very different from the light and elastic step which marked the younger one—who, some sympathy told me, was the one I was in search of.

My heart began to bump immediately, in a very extraordinary manner. I dismounted from my horse and led him down towards the river; and taking advantage of a convenient bough of a tree by the side of the hedge, I fastened his bridle to it, and advanced on foot to make my observations.

When I reached the margin of the stream I stopped, for the very sufficient reason that I could go no further; and while I was thinking what to do next, the sound of voices struck my ear on the other side of the thick hedge, and I became an unintentional listener to a conversation which in a few moments interested me too powerfully to allow me to withdraw my attention. .

CHAPTER XVIII.

"It was here, was it?" said a voice that was very shrill, and occasionally husky and harsh; "under this bank, eh? What on earth it was left standing for is more than I can imagine—except to hide people! It was here—eh?"

"This was the place," replied another voice, in a sweet and rather subdued tone, which I instantly recognised as that of my heroine of the morning. It certainly was the most melodious voice I ever heard! My first impression was that I ought to go away and not listen to a conversation which was not intended for my hearing, but for the life of me I could not move from the spot.

"And it was here that you saw the fellow? (The *fellow*!—the deuce take it, thought I, who can that old cat be?)—and how was it that you didn't see him before? and why didn't you come back to the house directly? Eh?"

"I did, aunt; I ran back directly; but I was so frightened at first I couldn't move. Think of having one's bonnet whisked off one's head and not to know how! It was enough to frighten any one; and when I looked, there he was, staring down at me!"

"Frightened, indeed! I should like to see the man that would frighten me! Was the fellow very frightful, then? Some poacher, I suppose; and trespassing on our grounds, too! I only wish I could catch hold of him! What was the fellow like—eh?"

"Indeed, aunt, I don't know; I never looked at him; that is, I couldn't help looking at him—but I'm sure I shouldn't know him again!

"That's a pity. If I could only find him out, my brother should have him put in gaol—the fellow! (Thank you, thought I.) An old offender, I'll warrant!"

"I don't think he was old, aunt: from the slight glance that I had of him, I think he was not more than nineteen or twenty."

"A young man! eh? What impudence! But what a dreadful thing that such a boy—(*boy*! thought I; how I should like to give it to her!)—such a boy, should be so young and so wicked as to break into people's grounds and insult the daughters of respectable people! Some low young rascal, I'll be bound! He ought to be punished—sent to prison and whipped. (Thank you, thought I.) Couldn't you give some description of him, that he might be apprehended? What clothes had he on—eh?"

"Really I didn't look at him ; but I think he had on a sort of fisherman's dress—that sort of odd coat that they wear—it was green ; and he had on gaiters, but somehow they didn't look like papa's—I particularly remarked that ; and he had a black silk handkerchief round his neck, and his shirt-collar hung down loose—I think it looks better that way than stuck up straight . . ."

"Eh ?"

"And he had on a white hat . . ."

"Well, you seem to have observed all that very carefully ; perhaps you can tell what sort of a looking person he was ? Did he look like a ruffian, or what, eh ?"

"Oh no, aunt ; not at all like a ruffian ;—"

(I began to get more interested at this place.)

"Ruffians are dark black-looking men, but he was fair, with blue eyes, and very handsome eyebrows—that is, I don't mean handsome, but well-shaped—such as you see in pictures."

"He must be some low person, or he never would have taken the liberty to trespass on a gentleman's private grounds that way ; some young poaching fellow, I'm thinking."

"I don't quite think that, aunt ; indeed, I rather think he is a gentleman, for I observed his hand was very soft."

"His what ? his hand ? how ?—his hand soft ! and pray, miss, how came you to know that the fellow's hand was soft, eh ?"

"It was when he raised me up," said the "miss," in a timid voice ; "indeed, it wasn't my fault. I was so frightened that when I tried to get up, I fell down again, and the gentleman jumped over the mound in an instant, and raised me up ; and it was then that I couldn't help feeling his hand ; but as you ask me, I must say that it did not feel to me what I suppose is a common person's hand. I remember the old gardener held me by the hand once when I leaned over the pond to reach a water-lady, and his hand didn't feel at all like that !"

"I only wish I had been near him ! He should have felt my hand ! I would have boxed the fellow's ears for his impudence ! But you must have given him encouragement, miss—you must—or he never would have taken such a liberty ! You don't know how to repress these fellows. Do you think he would have dared to take me by the hand ?"

"Oh, no, aunt," replied the other, with a promptitude and ingenuousness that made me smile on the other side of the hedge ; "I am sure he wouldn't—but then it's so different . . ."

"So different, miss—how ? eh ?"

"I mean, aunt, that you know how to look at people so severely ; but I am only a young girl, remember, and of course am more easily frightened. But I assure you he was a gentleman—I am sure of that."

"How can you be so sure of that, miss, when you never looked at him ? eh ?"

There was no reply made to this, and the aunt went on.

"But this is a matter that must be inquired into. We must put a stop to these trespassers whoever they may be ; and, as to this one—gentleman, as you call him, but I don't believe it—do you think you should know his features again if you saw them ?"

"Oh, aunt, I'm sure I should ! There was a something about them—"

a certain air—a sort of look that he gave—I'm sure I shall never forget them !”

“ What ? Were they so very ferocious ?”

“ Ferocious ! Oh, aunt, what an expression ! they were any thing but ferocious ; that is, I only just glanced at them when he frightened me at first—and really I don't think I should know him again if I saw him—but they were not at all ferocious.”

“ Well, Miss Lavinia, this is a matter which I don't exactly understand ; but we will set the constable to inquire about it ; but one thing is certain—you have lost your bonnet ; and it's well if you have not.” (here she mumbled something to herself as she walked towards the house, which I could not catch), and was followed, as I surmised, by her niece ; for I heard the rustling of another step, and presently there was a profound silence, broken only by the light rippling of the water as it broke over a shallow by the bend of the stream.

At least, thought I, I have learnt her name. Lavinia ! a pretty name ; but rustic, decidedly rustic. Some secret conviction whispered to me that I had learnt something more, and I could not avoid being struck with the similarity of the lovely Lavinia's replies to my own in my conversation with my mother. The sensations to which these thoughts gave rise were exquisitely pleasurable ; and I retired to a secluded spot, amidst the shelter of a cluster of trees, to meditate and to indulge in the delicious reveries which they suggested, unseen and undisturbed.

The image of the aunt, however, although I had not seen her, arose to my imagination as a formidable personage ; and I hesitated to present myself at the house from a sort of fear that possessed me of encountering her questions and perhaps her repulses. Besides, the words that I had already heard afforded me abundant matter for contemplation.

I thought it best, therefore, to postpone my visit for the present until I had determined how best to propitiate the female Cerberus who acted in the double capacity of aunt and duenna to my divinity : and as the ground on the opposite side of the river belonged to another property, I determined to make a circuit to a ford about half a mile lower down, and survey the premises from that quarter ; hoping that some accident might bring the beautiful Lavinia again into view, and trusting to my own ingenuity to open a communication with her.

The part of the river, it is to be observed, which was opposite the garden where my adventure of the morning took place, was not broad but deep ; and it so happened that before the close of my ride, the communication which I desired was brought about more suddenly than I expected, by an accident that was appropriate to the name of Leander which I bore, but which threatened consequences not less fatal than those which, in times of yore, befel the swimmer of the Hellespont.

MR. JOLLY GREEN'S VISIT TO PARIS SINCE THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION.

THREE months only have elapsed since I felt, it my duty to my country to come forward with a plan for its defence, which, I am proud to say, met with unqualified approbation from the most competent authorities, and will, I have no hesitation in saying, be carried into execution whenever the necessity for its adoption shall arise. To predict the precise period of that event, is a course to which I shall not, at present, commit myself, for, really, the occurrences of the last two months have been of so startling a nature that, I fairly confess, they have taken me by surprise; it would not, therefore, be advisable for me to hazard my reputation on an issue of so doubtful a kind as the probability of a general war; though there is a gentleman, a traveller like myself (and not unlike me in other respects), who confidently asserts that Free Trade has put a complete extinguisher upon the warlike propensities of every nation in Europe. This question, then, I shall not disturb, my object in once more coming (not unsolicited) before an admiring public, being rather to record my impressions of the Past than to speculate on the chances of the Future.

It will at once be perceived, by all persons of discernment, in spite of the guarded language which (from motives of delicacy) I feel called upon to observe, that my observations will most likely be made to bear upon the remarkable changes which have recently taken place in a neighbouring country, where a kingdom (my own personal acquaintance) has been destroyed, and a Republic established. How little I thought, when I passed that pleasant evening at the Theatre in the bosom of the Royal Family (which, I trust, is still fresh in the recollection of my readers), that in less than a couple of years those crowded halls would be given up to the dead, and that place converted into an asylum for invalid war-memorial! Peace, to their *manes*, as the ancient Britons used to say! Whatever resentment I may have felt when I have called to memory the dead set which, I am convinced, was made at me at Lansquenot on that occasion, when a certain personage won so much money from me; whatever may have been my patriotic indignation on the occasion of the Montenapartean marriages, both are forgotten now, and consigned to the tombs of the Montagues and Capulets. It is not in the nature of Jolly Green to trample on a fallen foe. I have thought that this explanation was necessary in once more touching on the delicate subject of French Politics, lest it should be supposed that I am influenced by any undue bias in narrating the particulars that have fallen under my own observation.

As it happened, I was not in Paris during the three eventful days of February, but that spirit of inquiry which has always animated me, and that desire to afford information to my fellow-countrymen which has ever been the pole-star of my aspirations, were sufficient inducements with me to set out for that capital on the first lull of the political tempest, in order that I might rectify the erroneous statements which are sure always to be made by those on the spot who are *not capable of forming an opinion*.

To accomplish, this purpose, my own intimate acquaintance with the localities, and my profound knowledge of the Fr—nch character, would, of themselves, have been sufficient; but “to make assurance double sure,” as they say at the Sun Fire-office, I resolved to take with me an intelligent friend on whose acuteness and ability I could rely, and I flatter myself the result will be found, —, but no, the public shall judge of that.

The friend whom I selected to share the dangers and partake the labours of this important undertaking, was one long dear to my heart, and were he sufficiently well known, he would be equally so to the whole British nation. His name has not yet figured in any very conspicuous manner in his country’s annals, but I think I indulge in no unwarrantable anticipations when I prophesy that—after these revelations—the day is not very remote when Fame and Peregrine Podder (so is my friend called), shall go down hand in hand to posterity! Independently of the services which I looked for at his hands, for I am not altogether selfish (no man, indeed, is wholly so), I was desirous of giving poor Podder a treat, and as he had never before been in Fr—nce, and couldn’t speak a word of the language, I rightly judged that I could scarcely offer him a greater gratification than in taking him with me, at such a moment, to the scene of such bewildering excitement.

The preparations which I made for our journey were very simple. Aware of the risk one runs in troublesome times from being overloaded with specie (and five-fr—nc pieces, as all the world knows, are excessively cumbrous), I took the wise precaution of providing myself with Fr—nch bank-notes, which I could conveniently dispose about my person. I obtained them, after paying a moderate premium for the accommodation (a trifle over five per cent.), from a most respectable money-changer in the neighbourhood of the Haym—rk—t, who was so good as to say he could supply me to any amount in exchange for British coin. I procured, however, only as much as I thought necessary for the period of our sojourn, well knowing that, as Fr—nch paper is not a lawful tender in this country, it was useless for me to take over more than I was likely to spend. A man does not go abroad for nothing, and this was a bit of experience I had picked up on my travels. A hundred pounds or so was, therefore, all I changed, reserving some twenty sovereigns for expenses between the two c—p—t—ls.

Neither did I think it desirable that either Podder or I should encumber ourselves with much baggage. I had several reasons for coming to this conclusion, but the principal was, that as the Fr—nch nat—n are now, like their ancestors, *sans-culottes*, it would have been absurd to fill our portmanteaux with articles of raiment that had fallen under the ban of popular opinion. One pair a-piece would be quite sufficient for the journey; when once we reached P—r—s there would, of course, be no further occasion for them. It was true, the weather was rather inclement when we set out, but what a Highlander can do for pleasure, surely a Briton can achieve from a sense of duty! The space which these integuments would have occupied I devoted to another purpose (having needfully observed the signs of the times), and laid in a couple of dozen of tri-coloured shirts, a few scarfs to match, some flags to mount on our walking-sticks as soon as we landed on the opp—s—te c—st, and six or eight red-worsted night-caps—I mean c—ps of l—b—rty!

Our arrangements being thus completed, and having learnt that a steamer would leave F—lk—st—ne at m—dn—ght, I took two places in the mail train, and set off on my adventurous journey.

I shall not detain the reader at B—l—gne so long as we were ourselves detained at the Dou—ne, though, I must say, we were treated by the officials with great respect; a fact attributable, of course, to the arrangements I had made with regard to our costume. There was, it is true, one little drawback, and that was the rigidity with which the custom-house officers exacted the payment of rather heavy duties on our wearing apparel, on the plea that every article was perfectly new; as there was, they said, a great demand just then for tri-coloured *objets*, it was not impossible that messieurs (so they called us) might be disposed to speculate a little in the sale of them. I indignantly repelled this insinuation, asserting that the things were all for our own personal wear, but the officers were either so obtuse as not to understand what I said (though I spoke the very best P—r—s Fr—nch), or so obstinate as to persist in their opinion, in spite of my asseverations. The consequence was, that I had three fr—ncs to pay for every chemise, and in proportion for the scarfs and flags; I expected that the c—ps of l—b—rty, at least, would have escaped, but as woollen articles are taxed higher than any other species of manufacture, their cost was pretty nearly doubled when they finally passed through the Dou—ne. This last transaction strongly impressed upon my mind the philosophic truth, that to obtain l—b—rty it must be always dearly paid for.

It was not without some feelings of emotion that I cast my eyes in the direction of the column, at the base of which I had made my first essay in arms, shortly after my arrival in Fr—nce, nor will it, I hope, be considered an unpardonable instance of vanity, when I state that I described to my friend Podder the full particulars of that memorable duel. It is true, he had heard them before, but *not on the spot*. The man who has traversed a battle-field well knows how great is the difference between any description, however vivid, and actual observation, and will fully appreciate the value of my remarks on this occasion. A familiar example of this kind of thing presents itself in the case of G—rge the F—rth's visit to 'W—t—rloo, accompanied by the D—ke of W—ll—ngt—n. I have been considered like his gr—ce in many particulars, but I make no comparisons; the d—ke is undoubtedly a good s—ld—r, but he is not the only, nor the most infallible p—l—t—c—n in Eur—pe!

But I feel that I am lingering too long on the threshold, and must hasten on with the rapidity of the railroad which conveyed us from N—fch—t—l (famous for its Parmesan cheese) to P—r—s. The old d—l—g—nce, in which I formerly travelled, has now become an exploded vehicle, and it was not without satisfaction I reflected that its history had been preserved for posterity in my own memoirs. A few years hence and the world will ask, what was a d—l—g—nce? The question will not be made in vain so long as the name of Jolly Green is held in remembrance. It was a delightful thing to witness the freshness and simplicity of my friend Podder as we journeyed along; every thing presented itself to him under an entirely novel aspect, and, as Sterne said of the dead ass at Nampont, I almost "envied him his feelings." It was something, however, to be able to impart information, and this I did very freely,

acquainting him with many particulars of local history of which he had not previously the slightest idea. But for me he would never have known that it was at Abb—v—lle, the capital of G—sc—ay, the celebrated *lit de justice* was made which furnished the model for the very excellent beds we met with everywhere in Fr—nce ; that the *bière de Mars* was invented by the fabulous god of war, and is, on that account, always served out, to the Fr—nch armies preparatory to their going into battle, a circumstance which may in some degree account for the courage and spirit of the troops ; that the *g—b—lle* was a tax imposed upon houses with gable-ends, so numerous in this part of the country ; and that the *tour de beurre* of the aforesaid cathedral of Am—ns was, as its name implies, originally built of butter.

Podder was very grateful for this information, and, I observed, took notes on the sly—not that I should have objected to his doing so openly, for any book that he or any other man might write would, I imagine, be somewhat different from one of mine. I pitied Podder, but I did not on that account despise him.

It was late when the train reached the P—r—s station—not, however, more than three hours behind time, which is a trifle on a Fr—ch railroad, and a good deal of time was consumed in the examination of the baggage, the chief object of the inspectors being, as I have remarked on a former occasion, to ascertain the actual quantity of new-laid eggs, beetroot, and soft cheese which Fr—nch travellers are in the habit of stowing away amongst their shirts and stockings. They found nothing of the sort amongst our effects, and having ordered a fiacre, we drove off to an hotel in the Rue de la P—x. I observed one thing, that the charge for conveying us was much higher than when I was last in P—r—s, for on offering the customary two fr—ncs, the driver, a gentleman in a blouse and long beard, who drove, by-the-bye, very badly, knocking the fiacre against every thing he came near, replied, in a horrible kind of *patois*,

“Dam ! ça n’ s’peu’ pas ; on n’écrase pas l’monde comm’ autr’-fois ! V’yez-vous bi’n, à pr’sent c’est ‘Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité !’ faut m’donner six francs !”

I afterwards understood that the equality asserted in this increased rate of charge was meant to place the cab-drivers of P—r—s on the same footing as their brethren in L—nd—n, an approximation which, I think, is for many reasons undesirable.

I had expected that there would have been some difficulty in procuring accommodation at that late hour, but in this I was agreeably disappointed, for though we had to wait some time before the door was opened, the delay arose from the doubt as to whether the summons was a hostile or a friendly one, it not having entered into the head of the proprietor of the hotel that two such distinguished strangers as Podder and myself would present ourselves at his gates. There might have been another reason, for as we went up-stairs to our bed-rooms, we met a servant in livery carrying down the remains of some supper on a tray, whom I strongly suspect to have been one of the *ex-m—n—st—rs in disguise*, that being the character which their training under Lo—is Ph—l—ppe best qualified them to assume. The man quailed beneath my eye, but his fears were groundless, for I am the last person in the world to betray the unfortunate, even when guilty. In that respect I consider myself a second Boscobel !

Fatigued with the journey and the excitement which the sense of my

mission had caused, I decided at once upon postponing all active proceedings until the next day; for though I was aware that the members of the Pr—v—s—n—l G—v—rnm—nt had never shaved or taken off their clothes since the 24th of February, and that they always slept in arm-chairs at the Hôtel de Ville (which I explained to Podder was the meaning of a *séance permanente*), I thought it was better not to ask for an interview with M. de L—m—rt—ne too abruptly, lest, eloquent as he is, he should feel himself at a loss to make a suitable reply to the address which I intended to present in the name of the inhabitants of P—ckh—m. I therefore ordered a hasty supper, to which, with a couple of bottles of champagne, we did ample justice, and crowning the whole with some stiff brandy-and-water, which Podder said he really could not do without, we retired to rest in, I need scarcely say, a double-bedded room, for as I had appointed Podder my secretary, it was, of course, necessary that he should never be out of my sight.

I was awake early the next morning, but my slumbers, though brief, had quite recruited my frame, and my mental perceptions were as vigorous as ever. After a short interval given to reflection,—the constant practice with all great men preparatory to action—I roused my companion.

"Podder," I exclaimed, in the language of the immortal bard, sitting up in bed—"Podder, get up."

These stirring words were not ineffectual; he raised his head slowly from his pillow, rubbed his eyes, yawned drowsily, and then demanded what was the time of day?

I was aware that he put the question in a metaphorical rather than a literal sense, and promptly replied that it was time to be up and doing, "for," said I, "the eyes of all Eur—pe are upon us."

"All Eur—pe," returned Podder, with another yawn, "had not such a night-cap as mine was, or it would not be so devilish wide awake."

"Podder," said I, impressively; "no levity. This is a solemn occasion, we have a great duty to perform. In the first place I must tell you, who have never been in Fr—nce before, that the P—r—s—ans are very particular in point of costume, and the slightest inattention in that respect might be fatal. To prove the truth of what I say, I need only remind you that the very first act of the Pr—v—s—n—l G—v—rnm—nt was to decree the national colours,—in other words, to set the fashions, without which it is very well known no government in Fr—nce could exist an hour. This great principle I have constantly kept in view, and, of course, intend to act up to it. It seems a cold, raw morning, and the wind is higher than I like, but duty must be done. You are aware, Podder," continued I, "of the name of the great section of citizens, the dominant party in fact, of the first Fr—nch R—v—l—tion. You know what they were called?"

Podder, who is not very deeply read in history, admitted that he did *not*.

I was prepared for this, but, without reproving his ignorance, mildly answered:—

"They were the Fr—nch Highlanders, sometimes called '*La Montagne*,' on account of the elevated district they inhabited, but more familiarly known, for a particular reason, as the *Sans-culottes*. Precedent, Podder, is every thing, and, of course, what was done in—never mind the date, I don't exactly remember it—what was done then will be repeated now; in short, it is the fashion for every body to be a *sans-culotte*."

"And what is that?" asked my friend.

"It is nothing more or less," I replied, "than discarding your pantaloons altogether."

"The devil!" exclaimed Podder; "what, nothing at all!"

"I—I—believe—so," I returned, hesitatingly, for I was not quite certain whether any modification was permitted; "at any rate," I added, cheerfully, "it's better to err on the right side than the wrong; I do not feel disposed to make any compromise. No, Podder, I shall strictly adhere to the system."

"Well," said my friend, "if I had known this when I was on the other side of the water, much as I wanted to see this place, they should never have caught me here. To dance about the streets without—upon my life, it's too much."

In this grumbling way, Podder continued to make his toilet (the French phrase *demi-toilette*, would perhaps be more applicable to the case), and when our arrangements were completed, I rang the bell for breakfast.

It was answered by a waiter, who, to my surprise, wore, as I remembered to have seen worn before, a pair of very full-plaited trousers.

No doubt he thought the effect of our tricolors very striking, for he stared at us very hard as we stood equipped in our boots, coats, hats, &c.

"Je désire deux déjeûners pour moi et mon secrétaire," said I.

"Qu'est ce que vous désirez avoir, monsieur? Du café, des œufs, des côtelettes?"

"Oui, oui," I replied, with a nod; "non pas ici—down stairs—bas escalier—salon."

"Très-bien, monsieur; vous aurez ça dans dix minutes. Je viendrai vous avertir quand le déjeûner est prêt."

"Until he returns," said I to Podder, "we may as well make the most of our time. Your duty as secretary must begin at once; take a pen and ink, and attend while I dictate a note to M. L—m—rt—ne, to ask for an audience."

Podder is a good penman, and his quill was quickly flourishing in his hand.

"Citoyen Ministre," I began, with my old friend Tibbins open before me, to correct poor Podder's inevitably bad spelling; "Je suis dirigé par les natifs de Peckham et Camberwell Vert, à presenter vous avec une adresse de sympathie pour votre glorieuse Revolution. Permettez-moi d'appeler sur vous aussitôt qu'agréable.

"Votre sincèrement,

"Au Citoyen Ministre, M. de L—m—rt—ne." "JOLLY GREEN."

This, I thought, would just do. It was explicit and to the purpose; unencumbered by diplomatic phrases, yet pregnant with meaning; courteous, yet free, and, as befitted r—p—bl—c—n institutions, fraternally familiar. As this last idea struck me, I ordered my secretary to add the three symbolical words which figure in every document, by way of postscript.

Podder had just given the finishing touch to the note, when the waiter re-appeared.

"Messieurs," said he, flourishing his napkin, "le déjeûner est servi;" and he threw open the door to allow us to pass.

We rose and were quitting the apartment, when he raised a cry that was absolutely terrific.

"Où allez vous, messieurs?" shrieked he, capering like one suddenly possessed.

"A déjeuner," replied I, calmly, notwithstanding the frantic violence of his gestures.

"Quoi! vous allez descendre comme ça, dans un hôtel comme celui-ci!" He pointed towards our noble outlines as he spoke.

"Oui, mon brave," replied I, smiling; "nous sommes sans culottes."

"Je le vois bien," he answered, drily; at the same time opposing our passage.

"Mon garçon," said I, in an expostulating tone, fearing he had not rightly comprehended me; "nous sommes Rep—bl—ca—ns. Vive la R—p—bl—que! Liberté——" He prevented me from finishing the sentence.

"Soyez R—p—bl—ca—ns, messieurs, autant que vous voudrez, mais vous n'avez pas le droit d'attaquer aux mœurs publiques. En Fr—nce, monsieur," continued he, addressing me particularly; "tout le monde s'habille comme il faut."

"What the deuce is the meaning of all this row?" inquired Podder, whose perceptions were not of the brightest.

"The fact is," I replied, "this fellow pretends to object to our R—p—bl—c—n costume—a concealed ar—st—cr—t, no doubt. He says, we must put on our pantaloons."

"I'm devilish glad to hear it," exclaimed my friend, "I shiver as if I had an ague."

"Well," I returned, in an accent in which firmness and melancholy were beautifully blended; "your blood be on your own head, Podder!"

"What do you mean, Green?" asked he, his teeth chattering, from cold or fright, or perhaps both, as the Doge of Venice said.

"It's of no consequence," I observed, with an air of resignation; "I invited you to come with me to P—r—s to assist my views and attend to my wishes, and the first thing you do is to fraternise against me."

"I'm sure, Green," said Podder, beginning to whimper, for he saw that I was roused; "I am willing to any thing you wish."

"Enough," said I, sternly; "I have protested against the infraction of a citizen's rights; I shall offer no further opposition."

I then returned to my portmanteau and completed my toilette, Podder following my example.

During this brief altercation, the waiter had disappeared—apparently to mention what had occurred, for, as we left our room, we met the master of the hotel and one or two others in the passage. I saluted them proudly, but silently, and not a word was uttered, but I could perceive by their countenances that they were agitated by my aspect. Podder said something to me about hearing them laugh, but I desired him to hold his tongue, nor did he venture to speak again till he had done breakfast.

Although the S—v—y—rds, like the native workmen of P—r—s, have petitioned the Pr—v—si—nal G—v—rnm—nt to allow them five fr—ncs a day out of the immense national resources—a trifle which might well be afforded to them, yet while the question is pending some few are still to be found who will condescend for the sum I have named to carry a note or message, and one of these I obtained to be the bearer of my note to M. L—m—rt—ne.

During his absence, Podder and I turned out to have a look at P—r—s, which I had not seen since the palmy days of the former possessor of the thr—ne.

The first thing that struck me was the vast number of tall, scraggy, withered trees which we met at every turn. I was at first quite at a loss to understand how they got there, and my classical recollections coming to my aid, I began to think with Ovid that a considerable part of the Fr—nch population had probably been transformed into poplars; but as this opinion would have been at variance with the well-known origin of the notion when Latona changed them all into frogs, I determined to ask the meaning of the first citizen I saw. I addressed myself, therefore, to a gentleman, with a spade in his hand—one of the “unemployed”—whom we met issuing from a wine-shop, where, to judge by his countenance, he had probably been passing the morning, and to him I said,

“Citoyenne, je demande pourquoi ces hauts bâtons dans les rues?”

The fellow was so overcome with the champagne and burgundy which the M—n—st—r of the Int—r—or causes to be provided daily for the P—r—s—ns—free of expense (except to the dealers), that if I had not pointed in the direction of one of these withered poles as I spoke, he might not perhaps have been able to comprehend my question. But as the Fr—nch, like monkeys, interpret gestures as readily as words, the *ouvrier*, steadying himself on his spade, replied,

“Quement! ça? Est-il bi’n eveillé, donc! Ca—c’est l’arb d’ la Liberté; c’est connu.”

“The tree of Liberty!” I exclaimed, turning to Podder, “how extraordinary that it should have shot up to such a height so quickly!”

“Perhaps,” he replied, timidly, as men always do when they are advancing some absurd proposition; “perhaps these trees have only just been transplanted, the cold weather may have been too much for them—they look quite dead.”

“Talk sense, while you *are* about it, Podder,” I answered, rather sharply, “don’t you know that the tree of Liberty, as you see it now before you—is indigenous to the Fr—nch soil. It always comes up in that state, done brown immediately, as I may say; no doubt it will very soon become green—perfectly green. If you wish to preserve my friendship, Podder, let me hear no more of these ridiculous remarks; they are not only painful to my intellect, but injurious to the character of the people whose guest you are at the present moment.”

Leaving the Rue C—st—gl—ne, we turned along the Rue de R—v—li, in the direction of the P—l—s R—y—l. As we passed the T—l—r—s, I pointed out to Podder the identical archway through which it is supposed L—s Ph—l—ppe emerged on the 24th of February, when he crossed the garden after abd—c—t—ng, and embracing the eagle of Fr—n—ce in the presence of the old guard. The marks of his footsteps are no longer visible; indeed, I am assured, they were carefully erased by a few faithful followers, so that all trace of his flight was cut off, and the m—n—rch was thus enabled to effect his escape.

I could not but heave a sigh when I thought of the dispersion of the gallant family with whom I once passed so merry an evening. Though I was about to give in my adhesion to the R—p—bl—c, that was no reason, I thought, why I should close the doors of my mansion at P—k—h—m against the ex—l—d pr—nc—s, and I inwardly resolved to ask them all to dinner as soon as I got back to L—nd—n.

I could not help noticing, notwithstanding, there were a great many people in the streets, singing, amusing themselves by reading the placards on the walls, and otherwise engaged in doing nothing, that at least one-half the shops were shut up, and as trades-persons never do this except when there has been a death in the family, it was clear to me that a vast sacrifice of life must have been made by the P—r—s—ns for the recovery of their liberty. At a rough guess I should imagine that not less than fifty thousand citizens were killed in the three days of F—b—r—ary, but on this point I cannot be positive. One thing, however, is certain, that the Fr—nch nation not only bury their dead very quickly but forget them as speedily.

By the time we had been the round of the P—l—s R—y—l, the B—rse, and the B—l—v—rd It—l—n (so-called out of compliment to the dist—rb—nc—s in L—mb—rdy), I felt anxious to return to the hotel to learn what answer had been given to my diplomatic note. The S—v—y—rd was sitting on the *borné* beside the *porte cochère*, and handed me a letter, which he took out of his cap of liberty, once red, but now brown. I saw at a glance that the reply was favourable. It was couched in very courteous language, and informed me that the Pr—v—s—n—l M—n—st—r for F—r—gn Aff—rs would be happy to receive the P—ckh—m deputation on the "lendemain" at one o'clock. Podder asked me if the "lendemain" was the square of which I had told him in front of the Hôtel de Ville, but, after looking into my dictionary, I told him he had made another of his absurd mistakes, for that the word which had puzzled him meant "next day."

"G—v—rnm—nts may be overturned in Fr—nce, and time-honoured institutions perish like mushrooms," said I to Podder, with an impulse of philosophical excitement; "but *petits-pâtés*, as Byron says, cannot be swept or worn away, as long as appetite exists in P—r—s, and r—v—lut—ns do not usually put an end to *that*. Let us go, then, and lunch at Felix's in the Passage des Panoramas, and afterwards I will show you a little of life; few saw more of it than I did when last I was here."

Accordingly, we sallied forth, and, thanks to my skilful pilotage and the remarkable local memory with which nature has endowed me, we soon reached the celebrated *pâtissier's*, where Podder certainly did justice to the produce of his oven,—nor were either of us unregardful of the Curaçoa which we took by way of *chasse*,—a term, which it may be interesting to my readers to know, is derived from hunting, at which sport a "toss-off" is, with Fr—nchm—n, a very frequent accompaniment.

Reinvigorated by this process, we now began to look about us in earnest.

"You have a soul for the Fine Arts, I suppose?" observed I to Podder.

"I am fond of pictures and Jullien's concerts," answered Podder; "not that I am much of a judge, but I like a thing if it pleases me."

"As to your not being a judge, Peregrine," said I, kindly, "that is no fault of yours, but it would be a real misfortune if I were not slightly gifted that way. You have only to admire what you hear me praise, and you will be all right. I have some idea of making a few purchases before I go back, to add to my gallery at Peckham, as I hear pictures are

remarkably cheap just now in P—r—s; we shall probably meet with something good where I am going to take you."

"Where's that?" asked my friend.

"To the L—vre," I replied; "where, as no one has any thing to do now, the working-classes generally pass the greater part of their time. They are encouraged to do this by the Pr—v—s—nal G—v—rnm—nt, who desire that they should have as much amusement as possible. On the same principle the theatres are all thrown open *gratis*, and nobody pays the actors."

"How do the actors like that?" inquired Podder.

"The actors! oh,—that has nothing to do with the question,—they are *obliged* to like it. What would be the use of a R—p—bl—c, if the people couldn't do as they pleased?"

"Well, but, if every body is equal, the actors have as much right to please themselves as those who go to see them."

"Podder," said I, impressively, "take my advice, don't venture out of your depth. It is impossible for you to understand Fr—nch politics; it is sometimes as much as I can do to master them, and observations like these throw me off my balance. Come along to the L—vre."

"What is that large building, with a flag flying on the top of it?" demanded Podder, as we emerged from the passages into the large square in which the B—rse stands.

"That," replied I, "is the Royal Exchange."

"I thought," said he, "that every thing r—yal was abolished."

"Do you wish to see the interior?" asked I, not noticing his hypercritical remark.

"Very much," was his reply, and, accordingly, we ascended the steps of the broad frieze which forms the front of the edifice, and depositing our sticks, in exchange for which we received wooden counters, entered the Hall of Commerce. It is a wise regulation, by the way, to adopt this precaution, for as there is nothing people quarrel about so much as money, they might very soon do each other a great deal of mischief if every body were armed; besides the stick-money forms no slight addition to the revenues of the country—and, if I may be allowed to make a pun on such a subject, I should say, that since every man of property is cutting his stick the more money they make the better.

As there has been no business done at the B—rse since the three glorious days of F—br—y, we were not troubled with the usual crowd of stock-jobbers; in point of fact, there were only three or four persons on the *parquet*, who, having nothing else to do, appeared to be selling themselves bargains. Podder was of opinion, from the surliness of their behaviour, that they were bears; I, on the contrary, saw at once that they belonged to another department of natural history, their looks evidently showing that a rise would be agreeable to them. In consequence of this pleasing solitude, we were enabled to examine the interior at our leisure, and, at Podder's request, I explained to him the meaning of the hieroglyphical paintings (for such I consider them) on the walls. Podder took them at first for statues, and it was not till we got completely close to them in the gallery above that I could undeceive him. However, I took no credit to myself for my superior discernment, though I flatter myself I might have done so without being indebted to Galignani's Guide, which I always carry about with me and refer to on these occasions.

Podder was very much struck with the *tableau* of "the city of P—r—s delivering keys to the God of Commerce and inviting Commercial Justice to enter the walls prepared for her," and I added to his surprise, by informing him that the God of Commerce was a portrait of Baron R—thsch—ld, the gentleman whose house was lately burnt down by mistake, which, when they heard of, the Pr—v—s—n—l G—v—rnm—t apologised for by begging he would not think 'any thing' more about it, a proceeding as generous on one side as it must have been satisfactory on the other.

Quitting the B—rse, we proceeded towards the L—vre. The F—nch have always been fond of *affiches* (it is a cheap way of acquiring information); and the Pr—v—s—n—l G—v—rnm—nt have been by no means sparing of them; not only were the dead walls covered with placards of all sorts but the shutters of the numerous half-closed shops were decorated with them also. It is in this way that the M—n—st—r of the Int—r—r, M. L—dru R—ll—n (the well-known author of the "Ancient History"), disposes of the greater part of his works; previously to the R—v—l—tion, they were only read in schools, but now the school-master being abroad, they are to be met with at the corner of every street. It was quite interesting to witness the efforts made by the honest *ouvriers* to comprehend the meaning of these sublime compositions. They might have got on a little faster, perhaps, if they had not been obliged to spell every word, but this, after all, is no drawback to the excellence of these publications, as they thus afford the means of education on a large scale to the future legislators of the country, and enable them to exercise a remarkable degree of patience, a virtue which has always been at a high premium in Fr—nce.

"What do you call those men, Green," he asked, "standing about with muskets in their hands, no coats or waistcoats on their backs and handkerchiefs knotted round their heads instead of hats?"

It was ridiculous enough, but I really could not tell him at the moment, so I stepped into one of the few shops that were open and asked a lady, who was busy making red rosettes—as much the fashion now as tricoloured ones—whether the gentlemen whom I pointed to were brigands?

She answered me very sharply,—

"Comment, monsieur! qu'est ce que vous appelez des brigands! Comprenez bien, monsieur, que vous parlez de la Garde Mobile!"

She added something about "bête" and "Anglais," to which, *as she was a female*, I paid no attention; I merely lifted my hat and made her an ironical bow, and then returned to Podder, who inquired what she had said, and why she seemed so angry.

As it was not necessary to advert to the trifling mistake I had made, I answered, that owing to my addressing her rather suddenly, she had pricked her finger and that had put her out of temper; for the rest, that the persons in question were called "The Guard Mob—eel."

"And a pretty set of mob they look like," observed Podder, with a grin, rejoicing at having made a French pun—after all a very despicable kind of wit.

We now made for the L—vre, which we entered by the principal staircase, following an immense number of citizens bent, like ourselves, upon enjoying the Fine Arts. It was not, however, a very easy matter to do so in the midst of such an enormous crowd, as, independently of neither

Podder nor myself being very tall, we had our toes very unceremoniously trodden on, and were a good deal pushed about. The atmosphere, moreover, was not particularly agreeable, an odour of garlic predominating over a variety of most unpleasant smells. I have been told that this herb, which the Fr—nch call "*aïl*," is just now the only fashionable perfume, and G—rlain, in the Rue de la P——x, sells nothing else. He calls it "*Vrai Bouquet du Peuple*," and great quantities are purchased by the P—r—s—ns when they attend the clubs and other public meetings, in order that they may appear to have the true popular smell, or, as they say themselves, "*sentir le r—p—bl—cain*."

As I had brought with me from home the catalogue of the pictures in the L—vre, which I purchased the last time I was in P—ris, I was enabled to give Podder the fullest information respecting the exhibition. I pointed out to him some of the finest of the old masters, and expatiated on their several schools, the difference between their first and second manners, their harmony, their breadth, their impost, their colouring, and other characteristics, and I flatter myself I made a strong impression upon Podder in spite of the buzz and chatter that rose around us, for he looked very serious; the heat of the place made him yawn now and then, but on the whole he was most attentive to my observations. I was very much struck with the liberality of the Pr—v—s—nal G—v—rnm—nt in having had the frames of all the pictures re-gilt, so that they looked quite as good as new, but I could not help thinking that, in their anxiety to gratify the public, they had gone a little too far, not only having had the pictures themselves cleaned and restored, but retouched and indeed so much altered, that (though I did not say so to Podder) I could not recognise a single old favourite. There seemed, also, to be a great many more than formerly, but this is not to be wondered at when one considers how fond the Fr—nch are of the old masters, and how much money they spend annually in the purchase of Raffaelles, and Titians, and Correggios, whose works the modern artists are so fond of copying; they carry this passion to such an extent that one never by any chance sees a Fr—nch copy of a Fr—nch subject.

I was directing Podder's attention to an exquisite Salvator, when a citizen in a blouse, with a red sash round his waist, a red neckcloth, and wearing a red beard, and a greasy velvet cap, elbowed his way through the crowd, and making me a profound salute, fell at once into conversation with me. I say *me* emphatically, for Podder was prevented by his ignorance of the language, from taking any part in it.

My new friend began by observing that the picture we were looking at was a very fine one. I replied that it was, and added, "*un très grand original*," to which he at once assented, with the remark that that was one of its principal merits. I then said I thought it as fine as any Salvator I had ever seen, on which he made me a very low bow and told me I was a very good judge. Pleased with the man's frankness I at once offered him my hand, and, in point of fact, we fraternised on the spot. He then, after observing that the English were very rich, asked me if I should like to buy the picture. I was rather surprised at this, not being aware that I could get such a *hors d'œuvre* with so little difficulty, but I replied with a smile that I should be very glad to do so, provided the price were not too long.

"As to that," said he, "I dare say we shan't fall out; you wouldn't stick at a thousand frongs?"

"Certainly not," I replied, being perfectly aware that it was worth twenty times that sum, and wondering what could make him rate it at so low a figure.

"Well, then," he continued, "as money is scarce with me just at this moment, I don't care if I let you have it for that sum."

I asked him what he meant. I thought it had belonged to the nation.

"So it does," he answered, "every one here belongs to the nation, we all have our share in it,—this is mine, and that, and that," pointing successively to a fine Rembrandt, a portrait, and a splendid Albano, naked figures dancing round a May-pole with a red cap on the top of it.

"So," said I to myself, "this is a secret worth knowing. The Pr—v—s—nal G—v—rnm—nt have literally given away the national pictures to individuals; I suppose they did it by ballot or lottery, or some such thing. My friend here is lucky to have got three out of the collection." Then speaking aloud I said, "May I have the pleasure of asking your name?" He dived into the breast of his blouse and presently fished up a card which he presented to me; it bore the following inscription:—

"VICTOR GOUACHE,

"Rue des Capucines, No. 32."

Of course I gave him mine and Podder's in exchange. He looked at them wistfully, and though he mastered my name easily enough, I saw he was puzzled by that of my companion. I pronounced it for him, and he repeated after me with a strong accent on the last syllable. "Pod—derre, Pod—derre; très-bien,—ah, ha, j'y suis, Pod—derre!"

He then, with the honest freedom which r—p—bl—can institutions have not repressed in the Fr—nch character, asked me a variety of questions; how long I had been in P—ris; what brought me there; how long I meant to stay; and, very emphatically, was I rich?

To these inquiries I returned suitable answers, explaining that my chief motive in paying a visit at this period to the Fr—nch capital, was to give in the adhesion of a very important district near London, of which I was the representative, to the Pr—v—s—nal G—v—rnm—nt.

"Peckham," said I, throwing off all reserve, "Peckham is desirous of fraternising with P—ris."

"A la bonne heure," replied M. Gouache; "mais où est donc Peckhang? N'est-ce-pas que c'est une partie de l'Irlande. Nous avons déjà des envoyés de ce pays-là, Messieurs Oberon et Makewar,—je les ai vus moi-même!"

I gently rectified his mistake, informing him that although "over the water" in one sense of the term, we actually formed the most influential section of ratepayers on the Surrey side of the river; "and," continued I, with dignity, "any demonstration on our part is certain to command the attention of government."

By this time M. Gouache and myself had got on terms of tolerable intimacy, and he showed his sense of it by saying, somewhat abruptly,

"Eh bien, mon cher! Où allez vous à présent?"

I replied that I didn't exactly know; anywhere to pass the time before dinner.

He caught at the last word. Then we hadn't dined yet? So much the better; we would all dine together. He would show us afterwards something I had never seen in P—ris. We should go to the Fr—nçais and hear R—chel sing the "M—rseill—se," after which he would take us to his club, "La Société centrale des Coupe-gorges bleus," which met at midnight in the Rue Duph—t. It was presided over, he said, by a distinguished chiffonier, who, in all probability, would one day be at the head of affairs in Fr—nce, a man of unbounded eloquence, profoundly deep in worldly affairs, and accustomed from habit to get to the bottom of every thing.

As we had seen 'as many pictures as we wished,—more, indeed, than poor Podder could recollect, for he made sad work of the old masters, mistaking Annibale Caravaggio for his elder brother Correggio, and so forth, and obliging me every moment to set him right—with the assistance of M. Gouache, who seemed to have a genius for making his way through a crowd, we contrived to get back to the upper end of the gallery, and so on to what is called the sortie. I had, however, knowing what tricks picture-dealers are in the habit of playing, taken the precaution to put down the number of the Salvator which I intended to purchase, in my pocket-book, so that it would be impossible for any body to attempt to deceive me. Not that I entertained the slightest suspicion of the integrity of M. Gouache—he was evidently all above board—but still there was a possibility that the g—v—rnm—nt might interfere if they heard that a foreigner was carrying off one of their *hors d'œuvres*, and it was just as well to be on the safe side.

We now left the L—vre, arm-in-arm with Gouache, who walked in the centre. I was pleased with his conduct, for it was plain that by doing so he was pledging himself for our loyalty, and let me tell my countrymen it was no slight thing for me (I put Podder out of the question) already to have accomplished so much. Here I was, in the heart of re—p—bl—can Fr—nce on terms of liberty, fraternity, and equality (if I may be allowed the expression) with one of the leading spirits of the day, for I could not doubt that Gouache was one—indeed, he said as much afterwards—who had mainly contributed to overturn the g—v—rnm—nt of L—is Ph—l—ppe; and yet this warrior of the barricades was happy to hold out the right-hand of friendship to an unpretending and honest Briton, of the force of whose character he must at that time have been completely ignorant.

But there is a freemasonry in these things, and clever fellows very soon discover who are adapted for each other; we soon take the measure of a man's intellect, and act accordingly!

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when we turned out of the gallery; too late, said Gouache, to go and see any other public establishment, and too soon to visit any of the r—v—l—tionary committees, who seldom sat in the daytime. The interval until the *spectacle* might, he thought, be best filled up by dining; to tell the truth, he felt rather hungry; he was quite at my service, and would dine wherever I liked; at the Trois Frères, at the Café Anglais, at Véry's, no matter where.

"How do you feel, Podder?" said I; "are you peckish?"

"I believe you, my boy," returned my secretary, rather more jocosely,

perhaps, than I could have wished in the presence of others ; but as the words were uttered in a language unknown to Gouache, I consoled myself with the idea that the familiarity of the expression would pass unnoticed.

To Vérys, therefore, we went, and a very prime dinner I ordered. I was pretty well up to that sort of thing, for the human mind will advance, in spite of what philosophers say to the contrary. Some twenty minutes must elapse, however, before it could be served, and to amuse ourselves in the meantime, Gouache suggested oysters. I had often heard—indeed, I had often seen—that the Fr—nch were fond of these delicacies, but it never entered into my imagination to suppose, and I'm sure it never did into Podder's, that a single person could clear off six dozen of *natives* in less than a quarter of an hour, and that immediately before dinner.

"Don't you think," said I, "as he impaled them on his fork and tossed them down his throat as fast as he could swallow, "don't you think you will spoil your dinner?"

"Mais, point du tout, mon chér, ça ouvre l'estomac, je mangerais facilement le double de ce que nous avons ici ; c'est une de mes habitudes. Il n'y a rien pour donner de l'appétit comme les huîtres !"

He really seemed to be in the right, for when the dinner actually made its appearance, he set to with such hearty good-will, that I could almost have fancied—if the thing had been possible—that he had had nothing to eat for a fortnight. But he was not silent during the operation ; on the contrary, he talked as fast as any three men I ever heard put together, no doubt for the purpose of making up for the interruptions caused by the necessity of eating and drinking. I will just give a specimen of his style of conversation, as well as I can remember it.

"Langue de bœuf piquée—oui, c'est un plat excellent—j'en prendrai—servez-vous messieurs, non ?—eh bien, mangez de ces épinards à la crème—enchanté de faire votre connaissance, Monsieur Grinne—turbot, sauce aux capres—un plat que j'adore—quel vin buvez-vous, Monsieur Grinne, du Champagne ? Hé, garçon, versez du Champagne ici—je bois à votre santé. Monsieur Grinne—à votre santé, Monsieur Pod-derre—mais vous ne mangez rien—canard aux navets, très-bien, c'est très-bien ça—c'est succulent, ça fortifie—encore du Champagne—ah, que c'est doux de mener la vie de Paris—vous êtes les bien-venus, messieurs, sans moi vous n'auriez rien vu, je connais tout le monde à Paris—oui j'aime beaucoup les légumes, les choux-fleurs par excellence, je t'embrasse mon chér Grinne—vive la République !—vive les—chapon au gros sel—découpez-le, mon vieux, je mangerai une cuisse et puis cette aile là—à la santé du Gouvernement Provisoire !—à bas les tyrans !—votre helse, Monsieur Pod-derre, God-dem !"

In this manner he went on eating, drinking, and talking as fast as his various organs permitted, to the utter amazement of poor Podder (who had never been in Fr—nch society before). I drank *his* health in return, and Podder, who always follows my example, did the same. Whether the gentleman's name was impracticable to a truly British tongue, or whether the champagne had got into his head, I cannot positively say, but certainly Podder made a desperate business of it when he toasted our new acquaintance. Nor did he much improve the matter when he insisted

upon making a speech, which was neither understood by M. Gouache nor admired by me. All I remember of it is, that the D—ke of W—l—l—ngton and "Hearts of Oak" were more than once mentioned, and that, in allusion to the Cap of Liberty, he said he hoped "the cap would fit." It was a low, common-place oration, and at last I succeeded in frowning him down, pulling him back into his chair at the same time by his coat tails.

If we had not previously arranged our plans for the evening, it is possible that our banquet might have been prolonged to a late hour, but, with that brilliant impulsiveness and versatility which form such striking features in our lively neighbours' dispositions, and which envious people characterise as the impossibility to be quiet,—Gouache, as soon as we had finished about six bottles of champagne, all at once broke out into a fit of enthusiasm about the spectacle, and reminded me that it was nearly time to adjourn to the Français. After steadying ourselves with coffee and petits-verres de cognac, we called for the bill, which Gouache at first insisted on paying, but when he saw that I was resolute on that point, he gave way. As I had only a few pieces of silver about me, and the score was not a very light one, I took a five-hundred frong note out of my pocket-book and tendered it in payment. The waiter took it up with an air of surprise, and then laid it down again, saying that they never, in these times, took any thing but hard cash.

"On ne prend pas du papier ici, monsieur; il faut payez en argent, ou bien en or."

"Commong dong," said I, with a perfect Parisian shrug, "vous ne prenny par, mong billy,—mong bank-note!"

"A la bonne heure, monsieur," he replied, "si vous m'aviez offert une banque-note Anglaise, mais cette chose là c'est de la Banque de France,—on ne les escompte pas ici."

"The devil," I exclaimed, "what, not take Fr—nch money in Fr—nce! This is a pretty go! Why, I've nothing else, and had to pay a good deal in London for getting that."

"Et vous aurez encore plus à payer à Paris, monsieur, potir avoir de l'argent! Quel est le cours de change aujourd'hui, Felix?" continued he, turning to another waiter.

"Je ne sais pas au juste," replied his fellow serv—, I mean labourer; "mais les billets sont toujours en baisse."

At this juncture, Gouache generously came forward. He would not offend me by again offering to pay the bill, but he would take the note to a money-changer's just outside and get me as much for it as it would fetch, more, he said, than I could get if I took it myself, as the mere fact of my being recognised for an Englishman would make a difference of ten per cent. This, though unguardedly uttered is, I believe, perfectly true, and accounts in some degree for a few heavy payments, which I formerly made in P—ris, so I handed him the note, and he disappeared with it. In about ten minutes he came back with a canvass bag in his hand, out of which he counted 420 frongs, having had, he said, no less than eighty deducted by the money-changer for the accommodation. This certainly was a very heavy discount, more indeed than I could have believed possible if I had not witnessed the result with my own eyes, but I congratulated myself on the fact that I had saved money by sending Gou-

ache ; there is no doubt that I should have found a considerable difference if I had gone myself. I resolved, however, to give it soundly to the fellow from whom I had bought the notes in London when I got back again.

This difficulty over, I paid the bill and we proceeded to the theatre; called indifferently the Français, or, "La Comedie Française" the first is the term more generally used, but the latter is the most correct, as they play nothing but comedies in it. I did not see the bill, but Gouache told me the piece to be represented was "The Sinner," a title admirably in keeping with Fr—nch morals, and that Rachel played the part of *Emily*.

My time when last I was in P—ris was so taken up with other affairs that to tell the truth, I never once thought of going to the play, and as I was not so skilful in the language then as I am now, my loss was not so great as in a Fr—nchman's estimation it would have been. It was therefore with some little surprise that I found the scene of the comedy was laid in ancient Rome (out of compliment, perhaps, to M. Rollin whom Gouache pointed out to me with other members of the g—v—rnm—nt, of whom more hereafter) and that all the actors wore Roman costumes. It struck me, and Podder too, though we might be wrong, that it was a particularly heavy comedy, and this I think the audience must have felt also, for though I looked round the house very frequently I could not see a smile on a single face. Podder and I laughed once or twice at Rachel but the people about us, and Gouache amongst the number, scowled at us so uncomfortably that we put a restraint upon our feelings and forebore to pay any further open tribute to the merits of that accomplished actress. The fact is, between ourselves, that the Fr—nch are in public a very serious nation. If this were not the case, why I should be glad to know do they sit out such a very serious comedies as "The Sinner," which like all the translations from the Greek that ever I heard of are so remarkably dull. After the play was over, however, the long suppressed hilarity of the nation broke forth in loud shouts, and in a minute up went the curtain again, and on rushed Mademoiselle Rachel with a tri-colour scarf across her Roman dress, and a tri-colour flag in her hand. It was an odd thing, but the Fr—nch are full of incongruities, but it had become the fashion to make this fine comic actress sing that very solemn hymn the M—r—s—llaise, which I had already heard in the morning when Podder made the mistake about the tree of Liberty. Under such circumstances it may be readily imagined how she sang it ; the best notion I can give of it is by desiring the reader to imagine Keeley singing the 100th Psalm, or the Dead March, in Saul, or any production similarly opposed to his genius. In point of fact she did not sing, it was a kind of chaunt, the nearest approach she could make, I suppose, to what was required, and I think I may without vanity say that if I had known the words and the air I could have done it a great deal better myself ; perhaps one of these days I may try and astonish my friends at Peckham. Nevertheless, the audience were loud in their applause, and Rachel gracefully acknowledged their attention by embracing the tri-colour flag, at which every man in the house took the compliment to himself, and another uproar of enthusiasm burst forth.

I have said that several members of the Pr—v—s—nal G—v—rnm—nt were present at the entertainment, and I was much pleased with their intellectual physiognomies. The Pr—s—d—nt of the C—nc—l,

M. Dup—nt de l'E—re, a respectable old gentleman of eighty, had what the Fr—nch call that remarkable *air bête* which gives such a fine expression to the countenance. M. L—dru R—llin, who holds up his head like a British grenadier, seemed to be thinking of the "row, row, row-dow-dow" which is likely to accompany his onward march. M. L—is Bl—nc I could not see, though I was assured he was present, but this might very easily have been the case. Of M. Lam—rt—ne, I shall only observe that he is a poet as well as a statesman, and that he resembles two personages known to the British public—our own Byron—and unless my looking-glass deceives me—your own Jolly Green.

"What's the name of that place," whispered Podder to me, as we were leaving the theatre; "where Mr. Hogwash is going to take us to now?"

"It's only his club," replied I.

"What did he say was the name of it?"

"La Société centrale des Coupegerges bleus."

"And what does that mean?"

"The Central Society of Blue Cut-throats."

"You don't say so," almost shrieked Podder, "why you are not such a fool, Green, as to rush into a den of cut-throats! I'll be hanged if I'll go, and, what's more, I'll be hanged if you shall go either! You brought me here to be amused, and now you're going to get your throat cut. D—n 'em, I must say I hate 'em all, every man-jack of 'em."

At the first moment, I felt disposed to rebuke Podder severely for his ignorant, not to say cowardly, suspicion; but reflecting that the poor fellow's motive was chiefly attachment to my person and dynasty, I calmed his apprehensions, by telling him that, if he positively insisted on it, I would decline being sworn in that night, a ceremony which Gouache had previously told me at dinner was invariably accompanied by quaffing a goblet of blood. This quieted him, and, in a few words, I stated my intentions to Gouache, who appeared sorry to lose sight of us so soon. However, he consented to the arrangement, and after seeing us safely to our hotel, he left us, with a promise to call the next day after we should have returned from the H—tel de V—lle, when, he hinted, if it suited my convenience, he should be happy to touch (*toucher* was the word he used) the sum, or a part of it, which I was disposed to pay for the Savior.

We were up betimes next day, for besides the preparation for our interview, I had some work for my secretary. It will be remembered that when I was last in P—ris, I purchased the marquise of Cornichon, in the commune of Fanfreluches, in the Pyr—nees, and although I was cheated out of the title by the Viscount de Vieux-Rusé, I still had the title-deeds of the estate in my strong box at home. I had not brought them with me, not being aware of the rights which they conferred, till on taking up *Galigani's Messenger*, I saw in it a paragraph stating that a certain noble and learned lord (whom I will not particularise further than by saying that his name begins with B and ends with m, and that he was formerly L—rd H—gh Ch—nc—ll—r of Engl—nd), had applied to the M—n—ster of J—st—ce for letters of naturalisation, in consequence of his possessing an estate in the south of Fr—nce. As the noble lord in question has all his life been held to be an acute lawyer, I

could not, of course, do wrong in following his example. I therefore set Podder to work, and under my dictation he composed a very forcible letter to M. Cr—m—x, in which I stated that having acquired the Cornichon property by purchase under the late dyn—sty, I was desirous that an act of naturalisation should be passed “with the shortest possible delay,” as it was my intention to offer myself as a candidate for a seat in the approaching N—t—nal Ass—mbly, by coming forward to represent the dep—tm—nt in which my property was situated. This letter off my mind I despatched it by my Savoyard messenger to the M—n—stry of J—st—ce, and waited the issue.

I then resumed my preparations for the interview with M. L—mrt—ne. It took Podder and myself full two hours to prepare the address, which we modelled, as well as we could, upon those which had been already presented by the P—lish patriots and the D—bl—n demonstrators, pith, vigour, and sublimity being its principal characteristics. We then arrayed ourselves in tri-coloured scarfs, worn cross-wise as Mademoiselle Rachel had done the night before, and as the mutes also wear them at funerals, put on our c—ps of l—b—rty, into which we had pinned tri-coloured rosettes, and with a tri-coloured flag in each hand mounted on the ends of our walking-sticks and umbrellas, we set out for the H—tel de V—lle, I taking the lead, of course, and Podder, as my secretary, following at a respectful distance. The procession was a very imposing one, and attracted a great deal of attention; we took the route of the Pl—ce du C—rr—sel and along the quays, and were repeatedly cheered as we passed along, the people exclaiming “Vive la députation de Peckhang,” as I from time to time halted to inform them who we were.

It wanted about five minutes to one when we arrived at the H—tel de V—lle, and on sending up my card, we were immediately admitted. M. Lam—rt—ne was the only m—n—ster present, but there were several other official personages beside him. An expression of surprise, perhaps at the small number composing the deputation, was on their countenances, but with a smiling aspect they welcomed us. I then handed my two flags to Podder, who had much ado to hold them as well as his own, letting them fall down two or three times, with a tremendous clatter, and moving three steps forward, in slow military time, pointing my toe well as I advanced, I drew up in front of the m—n—ster, took the address out of my pocket, and read as follows:—

“Citizens,—Peckham casts off her blood-stained shroud, and, amid the groans of tyrants and the yells of frantic liberticides, hastens, with a giant's stride, to fold you in her embrace. Yes, at this supreme moment, we offer you the sympathy of hearts corroded for centuries by the chains of oppression; the Saxon and the Gaul again encounter each other, not with the deadly weapons invented by modern despotism, but with the outstretched arms of primæval and eternal brotherhood; once more the mingled shouts of liberated nations ascend like a holocaust to the womb of fate. For this cause we have left the shady recesses of our own green bowers; for this cause we are prepared to shed our hearts' dearest blood. Decus et tutamen. Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit. Vive la R—p—bl—que Fr—nçaise! Vive les habitans de Peckham!”

The reading of this address produced a tremendous sensation, espe-

cially the latter part of it, where I had thrown in the classical quotations (they were purely my own idea) ; and when the emotion of the auditory had subsided, though they still kept their handkerchiefs to their faces, M. Lam—rtine rose and replied :—

“ Citizens of Peckham, — If we should require a fresh proof of the pacific influence of the proclamation of the great democratic principle we should assuredly discern this proof of the omnipotent action of an idea in the visits spontaneously paid in this city to r—p—bl—can Fr—nce by fractions of the nations of Europe. We are not astonished to see to-day a deputation from Peckham. Peckham knows how deeply her destinies, her sufferings, and her successive advances in the path of liberty, of unity, and of constitutional equality with the other suburbs of London, have at all times moved the heart of Europe. Be assured, that you will find in Fr—nce, under the r—p—bl—c, a response to all the sentiments which you express towards it. Tell your fellow-citizens that the name of Peckham is synonymous with the name of liberty, courageously defended against privilege, that it is one common name to every Fr—nch citizen. As regards other encouragements, it would neither be expedient for us to hold them out nor for you to receive them. The policy and well-being of the nations of Europe will not admit of the isolation of Peckham, that bright link in the vast suburban chain, which stretches out the right hand of fellowship towards Deptford, and fraternally salutes Brixton with the other. No ! We cordially accept the sentiments of Peckham, but we seek not to add a single inch to the territories of Fr—nce. Return, therefore, to your own green spot at Camberwell, improve your workhouse, cultivate your peaceful gardens, water your winding-roads, extend your sewers, and disseminate your gas-pipes. These are the great truths of civilised life, and in the earnest endeavour to appreciate these high sublimities Peckham will never be wanting.”

Here M. Lam—rt—ne closed his oration, which, I must confess, had deeply affected me, and it was with a holy satisfaction I reflected how fully he had comprehended my own imperfectly expressed ideas. I had no conception that I had intimated a tenth part of what he recognised in the address, so true it is that a few pregnant words act like a spark upon a mass of gunpowder. When he had done speaking I gave him three cheers with the usual salutations, and was in the act of retiring, when M. Lam—rt—ne, beckoning me to advance, said that he had a few words for my private ear. The officials on both sides, his secretaries and mine, fell back a little, and in a low, but impressive, voice, the minister thus addressed me :—

“ Monsieur Green,” said he, “ you will shortly return to Peckham. I should be very much obliged to you if you would look me out a nice, quiet lodging in your neighbourhood. A second-floor will be all we shall want, and of course the people of the house will do for us. Adieu.”

I grasped his hand, but my heart was too full to speak ; the deputation left the hall of audience, and we returned to the hotel in the order in which we had set out.

FORSTER'S LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

THE Life and Adventures, or rather sufferings, of Oliver Goldsmith, constitute a great moral lesson. Look at the man, or the poet, dramatist, and novelist, as we will ; as a sizar at Trinity College, Dublin, as a poor medical student at Edinburgh, or a poorer tutor in an academy at Peckham ; as a traveller, "remote and unfriended," supporting himself by his flute : in London, as the hack of the hard task-master Griffiths, or as a tenant of a garret in Green Arbour Court : at Canonbury, as one of Mr. Newbery's better class of writers, or as "Goldy," aping Gay in a bloom-coloured coat, and Johnson in manners, albeit "upon a small scale ;" still it is ever the same thing over and over again—the irregularities of genius, struggling against the matter-of-fact realities of life.

Goldsmith (says Mr. Forster), must be held to have succeeded in nothing that the world would have had him succeed in. He was intended for a clergyman—and was rejected when he applied for orders ; he practised as a physician—and never made what would have paid for a degree. The world did not ask him to write, but he wrote and paid the penalty. His existence was a continued privation. The days were few in which he had resources for the night, or dared to look forward to the morrow. There was not any miserable want in the long and sordid catalogue which, in its turn and all its bitterness, he did not feel. The experience of those to whom he makes affecting reference in his "Animated Nature"—"people who die really of hunger, in common language, of a broken heart"—was his own. And when he succeeded at last, success was but a feeble sunshine on a rapidly approaching decay, which was to lead him, by its flickering and uncertain light, to an early grave.

But in this sad career, there lay a moral and a mystery which was well worth propounding, and which Mr. Forster has boldly and skilfully unravelled. Bearing on its title-page the name of a biography, his work is, in reality, an earnest vindication of the rights of literary humanity, as more particularly illustrated by the life of Oliver Goldsmith.

"If the profession of an author," says Goldsmith himself, in his "Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe ;" "is to be laughed at by the stupid, it is certainly better to be contemptibly rich than contemptibly poor. For all the wit that ever adorned the human mind, will, at present, no more shield the author's poverty from ridicule, than his high-topped gloves conceal the unavoidable omissions of his laundress. To be more serious, new fashions, follies, and vices, make new monitors necessary in every age. An author may be considered as a merciful substitute to the legislature. He acts not by punishing crimes, but by preventing them. However virtuous the present age, there may be still growing employment for ridicule or reproof, for persuasion or satire. If the author be, therefore, still necessary among us, let us treat him with proper consideration as a child of the public, not a rent-charge on the community. And, indeed, a child of the public he is in all respects ; for, while so able to direct others, how incapable is he frequently found of guiding himself ! His simplicity exposes him to all the insidious approaches of cunning ; his sensibility to the slightest invasions of contempt. Though possessed of fortitude to stand unmoved the expected bursts of an earthquake, yet of feelings

* The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith. A Biography: in Four Books. By John Forster, of the Inner Temple, Barrister, Author of the "Lives of Statesmen of the Commonwealth." Bradbury and Evans.

so exquisitely poignant as to agonise under the slightest disappointment. Broken rest, tasteless meals, and causeless anxieties, shorten his life, or render it unfit for active employment; prolonged vigils and intense application still further contract his span, and make his time glide insensibly away. Let us not, then, aggravate those natural inconveniences by neglect: we have had sufficient instances of this kind already. Sale and Moore will suffice for one age at least. But they are dead, and their sorrows are over. The neglected author of the 'Persian Eclogues,' which, however inaccurate, excel any in our language, is still alive: happy, if insensible of our neglect, not raging at our ingratitude! It is enough that the age has already produced instances of men pressing foremost in the lists of fame, and worthy of better times; schooled by continued adversity into a hatred of their kind; flying from thought to drunkenness; yielding to the united pressure of labour, penury, and sorrow; sinking unheeded, without one friend to drop a tear on unattended obsequies; and indebted to charity for a grave."

"These words (says Mr. Foster) had been written but a few years, when the hand that traced them was itself cold; and yielding to that united pressure of labour, penury, and sorrow, with a frame exhausted by unremitting and ill-rewarded drudgery, Goldsmith was indebted to the forbearance of creditors for a peaceful burial. It is not, then, in the early death of learned Sale, driven mad with those fruitless schemes of a society for the encouragement of learning, which he carried, it may be hoped, to a kinder world than this; it is not from the grave of Edward Moore, with melancholy playfulness anticipating, in his last unsuccessful project, the very day on which his death would fall; it is not even at the shrieks of poor distracted Collins, heard through the melancholy cathedral cloister where he played in childhood; but it is in the life, adventures, and death of Oliver Goldsmith, that the mournful and instructive moral speaks its warning to us now."

Few, indeed, could be found more deeply impressive or of wider import or significance. The moral does not speak for Goldsmith alone.

Not for what he has himself endured (continues Mr. Forster, in one of the most eloquent and suggestive passages in his work), whose labour was at last victoriously closed, but for all the disastrous chances that still awaited others. It is the world's concern. There is a subtle spirit of compensation at work, when men regard it least, which to the spiritual sense accommodates the vilest need, and lightens the weariest burden. Milton talked of the lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have consented should be the reward of those whose published labours have advanced the good of mankind; and it is a set-off, doubtless, in the large account. The "two carriages" and the "style" of Griffiths are long passed away into the rubbish they sprang from, and all of us will be apt enough now to thank Heaven we are not Griffiths'. Jacob Tonson's hundred thousand pounds are now of less account, than the bad shillings he insinuated into Dryden's payments; and the fame of Mr. Secretary Nottingham is very much overtopped by the pillory of De Foe. The Italian princes who beggared Dante are still without pity writhing in his deathless poem, while Europe looks to the beggar as to a star in heaven; nor has Italy's greater day, or the magnificence which crowded the court of Augustus, left behind them a name of any earthly interest to compare with his who restored land to Virgil, and who succoured the fugitive Horace. These are results which have obtained in all countries and been confessed by every age, and it will be well when they win for literature other living regards, and higher present consideration than it has yet been able to obtain. Men of genius can more easily starve than the world, with safety to itself, can continue to neglect and starve them.

These earnest words will not be lost upon a world in which the present is being daily more searchingly interrogated as to how much it is in-

debted for actual success to the past. The bequest of a great minister is sometimes a debt to be paid by the sweat of the poor man's brow, the legacy of the undying poet is a blessing on those abodes in which contentment more than compensates for want and pain.

Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

No fear, no apprehension of the ultimate result vibrates in our heart. The time of transition from the pampered patron to the purse-proud bookseller is gone by—that of the public has succeeded. However slow the progress of opinion may be in manifesting itself, that of the public is never ultimately in the wrong. The claims of heart, intellect, and genius can never be permanently neglected. The time is possibly already come when they are vindicating themselves with a power that may make the ignorant pride and presumptuous vanity of worldly power and riches fade into insignificance and humiliation before their stern voice.

Social position must ever depend upon the man. If his conduct is as correct as his heart is open, if his acts are as honest as his head is filled with good intentions, if he entertains a just pride in his vocation, and is deeply imbued with the responsibility of his mission, no contemporary scale of rank can take intellectual or moral precedence, and no breveted order of the community can afford to deride or to despise his claims to equality and to respect. The days are gone by when Goldsmith mourned that an author was a thing only to be laughed at, as it is to be hoped the day will also soon go by when man is measured *only* by his wealth or his station ; the two most unintellectual and least moral of all the possible claims to distinction that could possibly be put forth, that is if merely put forth of themselves.

The great mistake of the world is, that money is happiness. Gladly do we join with Mr. Forster in repudiating a doctrine so unjust to Providence and so prejudicial to mankind. "What then," says Oliver Goldsmith, "are the proper encouragements of genius ? I answer, subsistence and respect." The answer ought to be law, written in letters engraved by a nation's gratitude. "One is weary," says Mr. Carlyle, "of hearing about the omnipotence of money. I will say, rather, that for a genuine man it is no evil to be poor. Money, in truth, can do much, but it cannot do all ! We must know the province of it, and confine it there ; and even spurn it back when it wishes to get further." "All encouragements to merit," said Goldsmith, "are misapplied, which make the author too rich to continue his profession." "But he would not," says Mr. Forster, "therefore starve him, or to the mercies of blind chance altogether surrender him." "What new arrangement, what kind of consideration," says the same judicious advocate of the cause of literature, "may be required, will not be very distant from the simple acknowledgment that greater honour and respect are due." And should, we shall briefly add, be insisted upon by correctness of conduct and manners, and by a modest, yet inflexible purpose, even when cramped by an ignorant bookseller, or an old woman of a critic.

But did Oliver Goldsmith's life present us with such a picture at the

time that he wrote that sad melancholy passage, "in a garret writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk score," a passage which has suggested a striking proof of the genuine humanity of literature, from Mr. Foster.

The ordinary Fate of Letters in that Age.—There had been a Christian religion extant for now seventeen hundred and fifty-seven years; for so long a time had the world been acquainted with its spiritual responsibilities and necessities; yet here, in the middle of the eighteenth century, was the one common eminence conceded to the spiritual teacher, the man who comes upon the earth to lift his fellow-men above its miry ways. Up in a garret, writing for bread he cannot get, and dunned for a milk-score he cannot pay. And age after age, the comfortable, prosperous man sees it; and calls for water and washes his hands of it; and is glad to think it no business of his; and in that year of grace and of Goldsmith's suffering, had doubtless adorned his dining-room with the "Distrest Poet" of the inimitable Mr. Hogarth, and invited laughter from easy guests at the garret and the milk-score. Yet, could they have known the danger to even their worldliest comforts, then impending, perhaps they had not laughed so heartily. For were not those very citizens to be indebted to Goldsmith in after years, for cheerful hours, and happy thoughts, and fancies that would smooth life's path to their children's children? and now, without a friend, with hardly bread to eat, and uncheered by a hearty word or a smile to help him on, he sits in his melancholy garret, and those fancies die within him. It is but an accident now that the good "Vicar" shall be born; that the "Gentleman in Black" shall dispense his charities; that "Croaker" shall grieve; "Tony Lumpkin" laugh; or the sweet, soft echo of the "Deserted Village" come always back upon the heart, in charity, and kindness, and sympathy with the poor. For Despair is in the garret; and the poet, overmastered by distress, seeks only the means of flight and exile. With a day-dream to his old Irish playfellow, a sigh for the "heavy scoundrels" who disregard him, and a wail for the age to which genius is a mark of mockery, he turns to that first-avowed piece, which, being also his last, is to prove "that blockheads are not men of wit," and yet that "men of wit are actually blockheads."

It is true that much is to be excused to poverty; but it is vain to deny that in Oliver Goldsmith's character, as evidenced by his whole career, there was a leaven of evil. As what is good is so peculiarly English, as to have become almost proverbially so; so what was bad, partakes of that which is by long experience most intimately associated with the Irish character. It would appear as if there had been two natures at work in this fine intellect,—the Irish, which he inherited by birthright and association, and the English, which sprang from education and cultivation, and still more so from natural ability, chastened by sorrow, suffering, and experience. True, that the poet's uncompromising master, Mr. Theaker Wilder may have been endowed with more than Euclidean ferocity; still the sizar's conduct at college was not only not exemplary but very much the reverse; the club at George Conway's inn at Ballymahon, probably initiated Oliver into vices which he never afterwards purged himself of, gambling and bumper joviality. Rejected as a clergyman he did not suit long as a tutor. Before he had almost entered seriously upon his medical studies in Edinburgh, he started off for Leyden;—the peripatetic philosophy of his subsequent wanderings can scarcely palliate the more prominent vagabondism. As to the degree obtained at Louvain or Padua, it is more than an apocryphal document; it is more certain, as Mr. Prior first made evident, that he was rejected as surgeon's mate at

the London college. "Honour, to that court of examiners," exclaims Mr. Forster, with an enthusiasm we cannot quite sympathise with, "to the end of time ! They found him not qualified to be a surgeon's mate, and left him qualified to heal the wounds and abridge the sufferings of all the world." As an apothecary's journeyman, as a poor physician, as an usher in a Peckham academy, as Griffiths' hack, and the despairing tenant of Green Arbour Court, it is still everywhere the same thing—the most wondrous simplicity and inconsiderateness, united to great mental resources and natural abilities. Mr. Forster is by no means able to make out his case—that at the time of the publication of this "Enquiry,"—that previously to the period when, according to Mr. Forster's views, he became author by choice—he had really done any thing to merit encouragement from those who had the means or the power to bestow such.

We do not mean to say that Goldsmith was not ill-treated ; he was so, most undoubtedly, by the unfeeling taskmaster Griffiths, and we cordially agree with Mr. Forster's denunciation of the man. Nor do we mean to argue that even apart from his great literary abilities, Goldsmith did not possess eminent virtues ; on the contrary, the instincts of the man were among the most noble that dignify human nature. "Sensibility," Mr. Forster argues in the language of humanity tempered by reason, "is not charity ;" but the sensibility manifested by Goldsmith to those in distress confers, in our opinion, a credit upon his heart which no rational charity, carried to whatever extent, could ever impart. Always simple and honest-minded, Oliver Goldsmith passed through the trials of life without one enduring stain upon the child-like purity of his heart. His passive virtues never failed him, he was ever meek in affliction, equable under all changes and chances. It was his unfeigned sincerity and unaffected simplicity of heart that no doubt won to him such staunch and honourable friendships ; but still he was also throughout life even to his death, inconsiderate and untaught by experience in worldly wisdom, and the life of this great man must still be held forth rather as a warning than as a lesson or an example to the literary aspirant.

There are a host of pretty and touching events to record in the life of a poet, whose great distinction was his unaffected simplicity and tenderness. Such are the sizar listening to his ballads sung in the public streets ; the would-be physician concealing a large patch in his rusty velvet suit ; the flute, alike ready for rustic or for schoolboy, or for the urchins of Green Arbour Court ; the astonishment of brother Charles, on finding an established author in a garret ; the strange interruption to a conversation held with the Rev. Mr. Percy, seated on an only chair, the poet on the window-sill ; the poet's philosophic study of his cob-webbed walls ; Hogarth painting Goldsmith's passionate landlady, at Islington, the same from whose irate clutches Dr. Johnson once saved the poet ; these events, for the most part familiar to the public, have been made, in Mr. Forster's work, subjects of charming illustrations by Messrs. Stanfield, Maclise, Leech, Doyle, and others.

Mr. Forster has not only exhibited great diligence and industry in compiling the history of Goldsmith's literary life, but also in his descriptions of contemporary literature and politics. It is curious, in referring to the more fugitive essays of the author, to find how much repetition

there is in the world of literature. Few sayings, have been more affirmatively fixed upon one person, than that language was meant to conceal thoughts has been upon the wary Talleyrand; yet, we find that in the third number of the *Bee*, published in 1759, Goldsmith wrote an especial paper on the use of language, in which he argued, that the true use of speech was not to express wants, but to conceal them.

Much has been said—a great deal more than was probably deserved—in respect to Goldsmith's conversational mediocrity. Upon this subject Mr. Forster has added a new anecdote, communicated by Mr. Rogers, the poet:—

The poet of the "Pleasures of Memory," interested in all that concerned the elder poet, whose style he made the model for his own finished writings, knew Cooke well in the latter days of his life, and gives a curious illustration of the habit he then had fallen into when he spoke of his celebrated friend. "Sir," he said, on Mr. Rogers asking him what Goldsmith really was in conversation, "he was a fool. The right word never came to him. If you gave him back a bad shilling, he'd say, 'Why, it's as good a shilling as ever was born.' You know he ought to have said *coined*. *Coined*, sir, never entered his head. He was a fool, sir."

Born was probably used, as is often the case, in common parlance, especially with persons of quick conception, figuratively. These captious verbal criticisms, often attest a matter of fact stupidity, quite as open to criticism, and certainly more pragmatistical and dull, than the error, or rather the liberty taken with language, on the other side. When Cumberland spoke of Goldsmith not knowing the difference of a turkey from a goose, the remark was applied to his undertaking to write a work on natural history, and not to his conversational powers. So also Walpole's designation of the poet, as "an inspired idiot;" Johnson's assertion, that "he had made up his mind about nothing;" and Warton's, that he was a solemn coxcomb; have more reference to the poet's worldly wisdom, than to his powers of conversation. The only distinct asseveration on this subject is that of Garrick.

The object and purpose of this biography is explained by Mr. Forster in his pleasing dedicatory sonnet to Mr. Charles Dickens:

Genius and its rewards are briefly told :
 A liberal nature and a niggard doom,
 A difficult journey to a splendid tomb.
 New writ, nor lightly weigh'd, that story old
 In gentle Goldsmith's life I here unfold :
 Thro' other than lone wild or desert-gloom
 In its mere joy and pain, its blight and bloom,
 Adventurous. Come with me and behold,
 O friend with heart as gentle for distress,
 As resolute with fine wise thoughts to bind
 The happiest to the unhappiest of our kind,
 That there is fiercer crowded misery
 In garret-toil and London loneliness
 Than in cruel islands 'mid the far-off sea.

THE NEW ORDER OF POLITICS.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN the moral and the political world, as in the physical, it would appear, that as certainly as there is action, so also there is re-action. The history of the revolutionary storm of recent times, is like the record of a tornado, so swift, so impetuous, and so devastating has its progress been. There was not only no time for resistance, there has scarcely yet been time to contemplate events calmly. That time has, however, now arrived, and the result is, a conviction that there is already a general re-action in favour of peace and order. An universal sentiment has sprung up among the enlightened of all classes and all nations, that under the sacred banner of liberty, individuals have been shielding mere projects of personal aggrandisement, that the most liberal monarchs may, after all, be the most ambitious of dominion, that the most ardent democrats may be the greatest tyrants, and that never has freedom in every form been so placed in such great jeopardy, as wherever existing institutions have been made to give bodily way before the insatiable clamour of the populace.

Bishop Eylert, the court chaplain and loyal biographer of the late King of Prussia, Frederick William III., says that his majesty once spoke to him to this effect: "Every man has a two-fold calling, the one for Heaven, the other for earth; as an immortal being there ought to be no bounds to his moral culture, and the greater his moral culture the greater his usefulness as a member of society; therefore I establish schools and reward schoolmasters and clergymen who have been efficient in this pure sphere of action. But from the other point of view, that which involves their earthly calling, I am of a different opinion; the earthly destination of man forms itself according to the position in which he is born; for such calling he must be taught, so that he possess the necessary knowledge and dexterity; more is not requisite. Acquirements beyond the sphere of their rank and calling make men forward, presuming, and disputative, and lead to the pernicious inclination for making comparisons."

In other words, lead to discontent. Cultivate the moral and intellectual nature, and man learns to be contented with his lot; but weaken both by a vain, discursive, and fruitless pursuit after political amelioration, and disappointment and disgrace is the inevitable result. The sum-total of every uneducated man's individual politics is, that he—for some especial reasons best known to himself—should be favoured or supported by the state, that is, by the rest. The law of the country is the expressed or written opinion of the majority of the necessity there is that each individual should look after his own affairs and not those of his neighbour. Hence there is a natural and constant antagonism between the law and the indolence or cupidity of the individual. To attempt to keep the law—that is existing institutions—fixed, when all the world is by the very essence of its creation, in eternal progress, is absurd. The business of man is not only to preserve, but also to improve; but improvement can only come of wisdom, and we know from high authority that the wise in heart receive commandments, but that prating fools scorn law and fall. Wisdom and understanding, knowledge and discretion, can only exist in

minds trained to, a greater or less degree by moral and intellectual culture, and all progress must, to be really such, have its origin from the same undefiled sources. In our times the law, as already imposed in some countries, is sought to be derived from the least educated and the least cultivated classes of the community. It is obviously the duty of every wise man to oppose himself to such an invasion of unfledged and foolish opinions with as much earnestness as he would secure his house against the intrusion of the untamed creatures of the wilderness. Everett has beautifully said, "that it is an enlightened moral public sentiment that must spread its wings over our dwellings, and plant a watchman at our doors." The more necessary is this the case now, as the sentiment which wishes to force itself up to the surface of society is neither moral nor wise, and the watchman is more inclined to leave his door, to prey upon his fellow-creature, than to guard his own interests and insure the prosperity of himself and of those dependent upon him, by that line of conduct which has, from the creation of man, been the only true, lasting, and righteous means of attaining happiness and independence.

4. It will be well worth while, amidst the din of perpetual changes, the utter disregard of old existing treaties, conventions, and agreements, the overthrow of hereditary claims and forms of government, and the perplexities, kingly ambitions, national movements, wars, spoliations, regenerations, and extinctions that are taking place, as natural results of the new order of politics that has sprung up so simultaneously throughout Europe, to contemplate for a moment the progress of events with something like the calmness of the historian—the more especially with the future object in view of tracing these events to their ultimate developments, and to the results which they will entail, for better or worse, to a general humanity.

II.—NEW ORDER OF POLITICS IN ITALY.

THE succession to power of Pope Pius IX., his decree for re-organising the council of state, and his other liberal measures, undoubtedly gave great impetus to the liberal movement in Italy. When by virtue of the treaty of Paris of 1817, by which the succession to Parma after Maria Louisa's death was guaranteed to the Duchess of Lucca and her male descendants, the reigning duke attempted to establish his claim, he was unable to do so without having recourse to an influence which, from not possessing a truly national character, was distasteful to the feelings of the people. Yet from the time of Charles V. to that of the Empire, Parma and Piacenza have been ruled by Austrian or Spanish princes, and in virtue of the same treaty the principality reverted to Austria, in the event of the extinction of the house of the Infanta Maria of Spain and of Lucca.

The commencement of the new year was signalised by popular demonstrations at Genoa and at Pisa; the long-stifed agitation in Milan began to assume the more formidable character of acts of open violence, and the insurrectionary spirit soon extended as far as the Venetian provinces. The first serious riots in Milan occurred on the 3rd of January, when the people, with an audacity of which they were not before deemed capable, attacked and disarmed several military posts, and the troops being ordered

to fire, many people were killed. Already on the first of the month the people of Rome had only been prevented by the civic guard from attacking the houses and persons of the Jesuits. It was in vain that the new pope took steps to modify the organisation of the body in such a way as to deprive the institution of a political character. Jealousy of superior talent and the popular abhorrence of intrigue and of power, often obtained by corrupt and profligate means, insisted upon the expulsion of the order from its main stronghold, and from whence it has now scattered itself, like evil tidings, throughout Austria, the Levant, Malta, and even Great Britain.

At Naples considerable agitation had manifested itself at the same early period of the year, and the city was daily patrolled by large detachments of Swiss and of native troops. In 1821 the demands for a constitution had been defeated by an Austrian army entering the capital, and, strange to say, a Spanish dynasty still looked in 1848 to the court of Vienna as the arbiter of its political fate. Modena, a fief of the empire, and which in the event of the extinction of the house of D'Este reverted to Austria, had, at the same time united itself with Parma, Lucca, and Austria, in a treaty of alliance defensive and offensive, as well as a customs' league to counterbalance the Italian league.

Insurrections broke out in Sicily and soon spread to the Calabrias and the Abruzzi. Messina rose on the 12th of January to establish what was designated as "institutions in conformity with the progress and will of Europe, of Italy, and of Pius IX.," and a provisional government was established at Palermo. Neapolitan troops sent against the city of St. Rosalia, under the command of Louis Count of Aquila, met with an unexpected check, and to add to the difficulties of the government, the pope peremptorily refused passage through his dominions to an Austrian force destined to assist King Ferdinand in putting down the revolt. In the face of these difficulties King Ferdinand had no alternative; but before the month, so eventful in the history of his government, was expired, to proclaim a change of ministry, and to promise a constitution on the basis of the French charter.

A still more extraordinary manifestation on the part of royalty to meet the spirit of the times, and, by the tranquil completion of reforms, to avert those disorders which were everywhere beginning to endanger the tranquillity and even the destinies of countries, showed itself at the same period in the publication, by King Leopold II., Imperial Prince of Austria and Grand-duke of Tuscany, under date of the 31st of January, 1848, of orders for a bill for the reform of the law on the press, and another for the reform of council of state.

Early in February a still greater impetus was given to the movement, by the act of King Charles Albert of Sardinia, granting a constitution to his states. The new Neapolitan constitution was also published on the 12th, but the Sicilians continued to hold out for a parliament of their own. The Grand-duke of Tuscany had decreed a representative government, and the Pope had called Father Ventura to his councils, and had publicly declared his intention of granting constitutional institutions to the people.

Such was the state of things when the Revolution of the 24th of February, in Paris, burst upon an astonished world. At that moment the contest in Sicily was at its acmé; almost every district on the other

side of the Alps was in a state of excitement, and deeply imbued with the spirit of insurrection. The Pope had, after a long conference with the Consistory, ordered a commission to be formed, to consider what extension could be given to the fundamental laws of the state, without compromising the position and the prerogatives of the pontifical power. Martial law had, on the other hand, been proclaimed in Lombardy, on the 22nd, two days before the French Revolution. Upon the arrival of the news of this last event, King Charles Albert hastened to have his long-promised constitution published. This was on the 5th of March. On the 9th, the ministry, not being sufficiently liberal to keep pace with the progress of their sovereign, they had to give way to the Count Cæsar Balbo and the Marquis Laurent Pareto, of Genoa.

The people of Lombardy did not fail for a moment to profit by the fall of Prince Metternich and the embarrassment of Austria, to raise the standard of revolt. On hearing of the insurrection at Vienna, the Milanese at once sent a deputation to the governor to demand the liberation of political prisoners and the institution of a national guard, promising, in case their demands were granted, not to molest the Austrian troops. On the refusal of the governor to accede to this request, the population took up arms, and set about erecting barricades. The hotel of the police was carried, and a provisional government installed, under the presidency of the Podesta Casati. The fighting lasted five days; and at length Marshal Radetski, not having been willing to have recourse to a bombardment, withdrew his troops to the central strongholds of Verona and Mantua, with the Adige in front of his line.

Charles Albert, anxious to profit by the success of the Milanese, issued a proclamation on the 23rd of March, in favour of the independence or Lombardy and Venice, and declared it to be his intention to march to their relief. This movement was, however, neutralised by a simultaneous one on the part of Tuscany and the Roman States, which, by sending aid both to the Lombarders and to the Venetians, whose insurrection followed closely upon that of Milan, put it out of Charles Albert's power urging in return, for the armed assistance then lent to the Lombardo-Venetian people (supposing it to be ultimately successful, which is not at all likely) any demands in which personal aggrandisement should be placed more prominently forward than a real regard for the liberties of Italy.

It was truly characteristic of the spirit that animated the French Republic, and which had sent, under the flimsy pretence of political regeneration, bands of armed marauders into Belgium, Baden, and other bordering territories, that while the King of Sardinia was actually marching ostensibly to the aid of Italian regeneration, they (the French) advanced into Savoy, to force republican disorganisation upon the inhabitants, and being ultimately ignominiously expelled the country, they signalised their retreat by the indiscriminate plunder of friends and foes.

The ruling princes of Parma and Modena, although, like the King of Naples, personally adverse to the cause, have all been carried away by the enthusiasm of their subjects in the cause of Italian liberty, and have sent in, or are preparing to send in, their contingents, notwithstanding the remonstrances of more staid and sober governments, Great Britain included, to an army, whose ranks are already swelled by volunteers from Tuscany, the Roman and Sardinian States, and from Italian Tyrol.

The reaction that may be anticipated will be fearful. German Tyrol

has risen to a man to repel the spirit of insurrection that has so suddenly animated the not very warlike Italians. The Slavonian States, Hungary, Bohemia, and the other Austrian provinces will send in their countless numbers to the struggle, and even Russia, if not Great Britain, will side with the imperial rights, guaranteed by innumerable treaties, and ages of possession many times insured by the spilling of the best blood of Austria, on the plains of the Po, the Adda, the Oglio, and the Adige.

Supposing success to the Italian arms (and for the time being Marshal Radestki's position is a very critical one) the peace or regeneration of Italy will be as far from being settled as at the commencement of the struggle. The policy of the more ardent followers of the new order of politics in Italy, and they are seconded by the French Republicans, is decidedly opposed to a return to a division of states as they have existed from the middle ages. France especially desires to see Italy form an undivided state—in other words, a republic in abeyance to that of France. What in such a case is to become of King Charles Albert and his chivalrous defence of Italian liberty? What of the now double King—Ferdinand IV. of Sicily and Ferdinand V. of Naples—of all the smaller Italian States, and of the head and front of the liberal movement, Pope Pius IX. himself? The new order of politics which does not condescend to consider such trifling matters, cannot at present afford to take such a question into consideration. Yet is the position of the Italian sovereigns most pregnant with danger, and a great example is shown in the progress of such events as have already taken place, how dangerous it is for kings and rulers to tamper with an insurrectionary spirit and to enter upon wars even for a liberal purpose, without knowing what will be the results gained by success in those wars. Possibly as far as the Italian monarchies are concerned, momentary failure and defeat may be ultimate advantage.

III.—THE NEW ORDER OF POLITICS IN GERMANY.

THE positive progress of disquietude in Germany may be said to have manifested itself, co-evilly with the insurrectionary events that took place last year in Switzerland. Most of the minor principalities certified upon that occasion to the Germanic Diet the refusal of their governments to have recourse to coercive measures against the Republic. The various States had, however, it is to be observed, been long engaged in reforms of a strictly constitutional character. In Prussia a new law regulating the press and an amnesty to the Poles had been received with the greatest enthusiasm. Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden, had given in their adhesion to the Zollverein, and the states of this great German Union were to discuss the differential duties at the first meeting of the Congress at Cassel. The German Post Congress, assembled at the same time at Dresden, had proposed the total abolition of postage upon newspapers. This was at the very moment when in another portion of the same country, the Archduke Maximilian was preparing fifty chambers in his castle of Buscheim for the reception of the Jesuits expelled from Switzerland! Disturbances had occurred in Bavaria, promoted by a party of students called *Allemanen*, which ultimately assumed a far more serious character than could have been originally anticipated, and in which the affections were destined to play a more imperious part than politics.

The influence of the French Revolution was first felt at Baden, where, ever since Ludwig dissolved the Chambers, on the 28th of July, 1819, misunderstandings between the states and the government have never ceased to manifest themselves. The grand-duke had now no alternative left to him, but that of conceding at once the long-expected constitution. The Duke of Hessen-Cassel, although he had granted a new administration, was expelled for a time from his dominions; and the Duke of Nassau, although his predecessor gave a new constitution to the country, in 1814, was so terrified with the insurrectionary aspect of the times, as to have taken spontaneous flight. A lively spirit of Gallicism manifested itself all along both banks of the Rhine, and stirred up the malcontents in all the provinces of the Rhenish Confederation. Even Mayence, with its Austrian and Prussian garrisons, did not form an exception. Amidst these difficulties, the German Diet wisely decided upon leaving each separate state to regulate the question of the liberty of the press as it best thought fit. At Leipzig, an immediate convocation of the Chambers were called for; liberty of the press and trial by jury were also points unanimously insisted upon by the Saxons. A meeting assembled in Hamburg to frame a petition for liberty of the press, soon adopted another for representative government, nor was the assembly dispersed without a collision with the military and the Burgher Guard.

In Darmstadt, where a constitution had been granted in 1820, and two Chambers established, the hereditary grand-duke hastened to grant projects of law for liberty of the press, for the organisation of civil guards in the towns, for publicity of debates on judicial matters, and for trial by jury; while the minister of Nassau, aided by the mother and brother of the runaway grand-duke, having got the people to accept a project of a law of reform, the prince returned to his patrimony, amidst the cheers of his easily pacified subjects. At Frankfort, the cry raised was for a republic, but the people were glad to content themselves with promises of reforms similar to what had been vouched for to their neighbours. The epidemic had, in fact, spread with fearful rapidity from the Rhine to the Isar, and from the Danube to the Great Belt, and the hand of royalty was soon busy everywhere ministering to the wants of their subjects—a task in which, for the most part, they engaged with most praiseworthy zeal and activity. Neuchâtel alone threw off monarchical allegiance altogether, and disclaiming the sovereignty of the King of Prussia, constituted itself into an independent republic in confederation with the other Swiss cantons.

The kingdom of Wurtemberg, although its government has, since September, 1819, been a constitutional monarchy, suffered severely from anarchical excesses. The character which these assumed, the violence of the mob being mainly directed against the nobility, many of whose castles suffered severely at the hands of the mob, shows that the boors still laboured under that intolerable feudal serfdom against which Frederick II. and Wilhelm I. had struggled in vain; and which, no doubt, contributed to that spirit of emigration which has so often excited the wonder of those who only know Wurtemberg as one of the most enlightened countries in Germany. At Weimar, also, tumults ensued, although the liberty of the press had already been granted. On the 8th of March, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha published a proclamation, in which he abolished the censorship and promised a constitution.

Undoubtedly, however, the most important of all the movements that have as yet occurred east of the Rhine, were those which affected the governments of Vienna and Berlin, and which both took place in the eventful second and third weeks of March. The abolition of the censorship, the formation of a national guard, the convocation of the states, for the express amelioration of the representative and other institutions, which followed upon the fall of a ministry of 'nearly forty years' standing, was an event, in a country so politically exclusive as Austria has ever been, that was no less astounding than it is full of promise to the future. The Austrians, so resigned under an absolute monarch, deserved as much as any nation the benefits of constitutional liberty, and are likely to enjoy such without the excesses of democratic excitement.

The want of decision manifested by the sovereign of Prussia, unfortunately led to a great and unnecessary effusion of blood in the streets of Berlin. For two days, the 18th and 19th of March, the people and the military sustained a fierce conflict. The struggle was ended by the formation of a new ministry, the establishment of a Burgher guard, full amnesty for political offences, liberty of the press, and the convocation of the united diet for the 2nd of April. Frederick William became desirous, when his own troubles were over, to take a lead in the regeneration of Germany, by placing himself at the head of an united German empire; and the great imperial standard was, with the sanction of the archbishop, hoisted on the top of Cologne Cathedral. But this proclamation was but feebly responded to by other portions of the empire. The old imperial standard was hoisted at the same time on the spire of St. Stephens, and the house of Hapsburgh is by no means extinct yet, nor is its political strength gone by, but rather likely to be awakened to new life by the liberty given to its intelligent and loyal populations.

Hanover and Saxony, the last of the German states, to give way before the spirit of innovation that was abroad throughout the fatherland, were obliged to yield after Vienna and Berlin; and freedom of the press, amnesty for political offences, and the convention and public deliberation of the states, were at length conceded. In Dresden serious riots had taken place on the 15th of March, which had hastened the granting of concessions which were not made in Hanover till the 18th of the same month.

There were certain states in Germany, the political position of which was of a far more delicate character than those above-mentioned, and whose conduct, under existing circumstances, excited just apprehensions. On the 17th of March, the inhabitants of Cracow demanded, in decided language, the abolition of the guard of the line of customs, the armament of the inhabitants, the institution of the ancient free states' militia, and the liberation of persons imprisoned for political offences. It being impossible to grant these demands under the existing institutions, the citizens rose up in insurrection on the 18th. At Posen, in a similar manner, on the 23rd, the troops were obliged to evacuate the town, while a provisional committee took possession of the Hotel de Ville, and organised a national guard. Upon the committee petitioning the King of Prussia to that effect, his majesty acceded to the formation of the committee, to be composed of members of both nations, Polish and German, and to act with the high president, in preparing the way for a national

re-organisation of the grand-duchy. It is doubtful how far these concessions will effect the desired purpose at a time that Prince Czartoryski and a host of banished Poles are on their way to their fatherland to fight for independence. But such of the Polish peasantry as have, since the extinction of their nationality, been incorporated with Prussia, have found their condition so much improved to what it had been under their own feudal tyrants, that with a general amnesty, a restoration of confiscated property, and other reforms, there would be nothing to fear for the allegiance of Prussian Poland.

In Russian Poland matters wear a far more threatening aspect. Warsaw was for a time in open revolution. The inhabitants rose *en masse*, and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of their Russian masters. The troops fled to the fort and bombarded the town. That which most complicates matters is, that the King of Prussia, the most uncertain and the least prudent in his policy of all the monarchs in Europe, is, as he has acted towards the Danes, in supporting by armed interference the revolt of Schleswig and Holstein, also prepared to act towards Russian Poland, and to support the Poles in their rebellion against the czar. It would indeed require, what with his democrats at home who demand a reduction of the army, diminution of expenditure, and electoral franchise, and with war threatening on three sides, that Frederick William should be already at the head of united Germany, to extricate himself from all the dilemmas which he has been drawn into by his love of power and popularity, combined with an overweening vanity. There are, however, hopes, notwithstanding the actual appeal to arms that has taken place, that the Schleswig Holstein question may yet be pacifically settled. The rights of the King of Denmark, as Duke of Schleswig Holstein, are not questioned; and the claims of the German provinces to be incorporated with the nation with which they are already electively confederated, is a matter better decided by diplomatic conferences than by an appeal to arms. At all events, it is to be sincerely hoped, that however much Great Britain mediates, which it is certainly not only entitled, but is bound by treaty to do, in preventing the interference of Germany to crush or diminish the power, or the territory of Denmark, that it will not resort to arms to arrange a complicated family and political question, nor set itself in such a cause in hostile array and enmity with the ambition of the embryo Germanic nation. The consequence of Germany's treating Denmark as a national enemy, must be to turn the Scandinavian race against her, and to force, not only Denmark, but Sweden, to fling themselves into the arms of Russia, and thus establish in the Baltic a dictatorship hostile to German development and European trade.

The czar is only awaiting for those divisions and misunderstandings, which inevitably spring up from political changes hastily accomplished, to act against the movement wherever he can to the greatest advantage, and Germany would have been engaged in a far nobler task in aiding the Scandinavians to establish themselves in strength at the mouth of the Baltic, than in so petty and unloyal an act as wresting provinces from their just allegiance.

Among other symptoms of reaction may also be noticed, that the Federal Directory, assembled at Berne on the 1st of April, refused to permit the German legion, formed in France, to pass through Switzer-

land. The first collision of the Danes with the Holstein rebels and their German confederates took place at Flensburg on the 9th of April, and terminated, after a sharp contest, in a sanguinary overthrow of the insurrectionists. So, also, the Austrians, although driven back at the outpost of the bridge of Goito, on the Mincio, on the 8th of April, had yet been enabled to re-take the fort of Legnano, an important station in the Adige below Verona. At the same time, the advance of the Franco-German republicans on the frontier, has ended in an act of cowardly assassination on their part, and resolute reprisals from those attached to order, which will, no doubt, be followed by total discomfiture and disgrace to the would-be disturbers of peace throughout the fatherland.

IV.—NEW ORDER OF POLITICS IN FRANCE.

THE first manifestation of want of confidence in the new order of politics in France, was, as is now too well known almost to deserve repetition, a run upon the banks, the hoarding and secreting of property, and the evasion of almost all who could afford, or whose circumstances were in such a position as to admit of that alternative. The forcible discharge of English workmen, both from manufactories and railways, with a glorious disregard of arrears due, or of moneys deposited in the savings' banks, was a next step that disgraced republicanism. The French workmen struck unanimously at the same time for less work, higher wages, and fraternisation with masters. The communists demanded share of profits. The shopkeepers insisted upon landlords receiving half-rents, until the National Assembly could place the relation of landlord and tenant on a more equitable footing. Those who had bills to meet insisted upon delay being granted. The omnibus drivers and conductors struck for an increase of wages. The river-porters followed their patriotic example. Trade was at the same time at a stand-still, and consequently the manufacturers had soon nothing to do. In fact, at the very onset trade was paralysed, manufactures at a stop, and credit gone. It is not surprising that under such circumstances, although a hundred schemes, each more visionary than the other, were propounded to uphold public credit, that M. Goudchaux, the Provisional Minister of Finance, was glad to retreat from the responsibility of keeping the national finances and the national humour for non-payments and large profits in an harmonious state of equilibrium. For a long time the men who held the Tuileries would not give up possession, unless an annuity of 800 francs was insured to them.

The new Minister of Finance, M. Garnier Pages, restored confidence for a moment by the institution of national discount banks in Paris, and in all industrial and commercial cities. The pavours of Paris having struck for wages, journeymen masons were employed to restore to the capital its wonted aspect. Men and women servants could not strike for wages: they were without employment. But notwithstanding great endeavours on the part of the Provisional Government, the price of shares in the bank kept on falling, and failures of private banks followed one another with an alarming rapidity; to the house of Gouin and Co., successors of Lafitte, succeeded those of Messrs. Ganneron and Co., Messrs. Bechet, Del Thomar and Co., and Messrs. Chedeaux and Co.; all bankers of reputation. The financial crisis, and the embarrassments of the government contributed to add to the already gloomy prospects of the Republic. The run upon the National Bank continued to such an extent that the Provisional Government released it from the obligation of paying its

notes in cash, made its notes a legal tender, and authorised the issue of *coupons* of not less than 100 francs' value. An attempt made to dissolve the grenadier and light companies of the National Guard brought that body in collision with the Provisional Government, but the former had to give way, and the National Guard assumed a more democratic character. To employ workmen, the hill-side at Courbevoie was ordered to be levelled, and the Luxembourg to be converted into an English garden. Works truly worthy of a great nation ! It is wonderful that any thing English, even a shrubbery, could find favour with so patriotic a people.

To meet these expenses, the city taxes were raised by nearly one-half the year's amount, the increase on the three orders of taxes,—moveable, immovable, and personal, being forty-five per cent. ; an important lesson to would-be Republicans in all other countries. Private plate was melted to make cash, and paid for in paper. An *agent de change* required fifty francs to change a five hundred franc note.

Every social and political proposition having simply personal interests in view ; clubs soon sprang up for the expression of the wants and wishes of parties, who did not fail to speak out in bold and oftentimes alarming language. On all occasions of difference of opinion, with M. Ledru Rollin or Louis Blanc in the Provisional Government, or with the frenzied orator of a popular assembly, it is the same thing, an appeal for decision to the "operatives," the class always sought to be made the instruments and the dupes of designing knaves and brawlers, to "come by thousands," "come by tens of thousands," "come all !" "There never was," says Swift, "any party, faction, sect, or cabal, whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent, for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead."

Club oratory was, however, for a brief time superseded by the mania for planting trees of liberty. After every open space in Paris had been disfigured by a poplar, dead and leafless, notwithstanding the waterings of the priest, this ridiculous parade was put an end to by edict. The frenzy of planting trees was succeeded by the more criminal meetings of foreign revolutionists. Germans, Poles, and Belgians were the most numerous. The avowed object of these meetings was to organise bodies who would go to their several countries and proclaim a republic. The signal and ignominious defeat of the first body of Franco-Belgians (now happily followed by that of the Franco-Germans), who marched upon so impudent a mission, put a damper upon these Gallic exhibitions. It was curious that the attempt was made at a spot called *Risquons Tout*, but it does not appear that the emissaries of the French Republic were inclined to risk any thing at all. While these meetings of revolutionary arboriculturalists and propagandists were going on, a marked desire on the part of the few of the better classes not to appear wealthy began very generally to manifest itself. Carriages especially were put down as a very dangerous aristocratic distinction, and services of plate were incumbrances which the gentry hastened to get rid of to the best possible advantage.

The fell spirit of discontent soon spread from the capital to the provinces. A manifestation on the part of the workmen employed in the spinning factories at Lille to obtain higher wages, and a reduction in the hours of labour, led to serious disturbances. The arbitrary acts of the government commissioners, pursuing their dictatorial work of terror throughout the country, impounding money, forcing the circulation of

paper, laying on taxes and interfering in all private as well as public concerns, excited rebellion at the same time in Lyons, Bordeaux, Blois, and other places.

The spirit of demoralisation spread to the clergy,* in which the young priesthood was abetted by the Republic in its rebellion against episcopal authority, and thence to the soldiery. Almost everywhere military manifestations against unpopular officers took place. The 8th Cuirassiers quartered at Mauberge, insisted upon their colonel, chef-d'escadron, and adjutant, being dismissed. At Cambrai, the 5th Chasseurs acted in a similar way. At Lille, the 57th of the line deposed the colonel. Even the Invalides had an *émeute*.

Another manifestation of the new spirit of the age was directed against machinery. At Mezières, at Chamblay Jura, at Havre, Rouen, and other places, riots and disturbances occurred in the prosecution of this retrograde national movement. The exportation of grain, cattle, and provisions on the coast was also forcibly opposed by the enlightened legislators of the great Republic. The peace of the metropolis was preserved by a *Garde Mobile*, who, without uniforms, *en blouse*, with dirty casquette upon their heads, surrounded by a paper showing that they were soldiers, and with pipes in their mouths, presented an aspect any thing but military, though abundantly ferocious. Sometimes the same *Garde* wandered in groups through the streets, half-drunk, and ripe for plunder. Financial embarrassments continued to increase, the houses of D'Eichtal and Co., and of A. Bourget and Co., failed in Paris, that of Perret and Sons, at Neufchatel, and no less than eight banking houses failed in Havre alone in the disastrous second and third weeks of March.

The freaks of the republican commissioners were only put an end to by the Provisional Government declaring all their acts null until ratified at head-quarters. At the same time the true tyrannical character of democracy was curiously manifested in Paris by an attempt to put down *La Presse*, and to coerce M. Emile de Girardin, its editor. In the midst of this general embarrassment all negotiable securities depreciated, rents everywhere lowered, all commercial movement at an end, production diminishing, operatives unwilling to work and unable to find employment, every one experiencing a diminution of his capital and his income, it was strongly urged to reduce the salaries of public functionaries—the last thing that is voluntarily yielded to in a crippled or a bankrupt state.

The financial position of republican France may be best judged of by taking the returns of any one week. That, for example, ending April 6th, when there was a decrease of 300,000*l.* in government deposits, of 400,000*l.* in private deposits, of 268,000*l.* in the cash in hand in Paris and the branches; an increase of 280,000*l.* in the commercial bills to be collected, and a decrease of 988,000*l.* in the total commercial bills to be discounted, with an increase of 165,000*l.* in the commercial bills protested. This is a state of things which it is impossible can last.

The accounts received from the departments are becoming, at the same time, every day more and more alarming. Serious disorders have taken place at Toulouse, Auxerre, Troyes, Beauvais, Rheims, and other places. The appropriation of the French railways by the Provisional Government for their own purposes, may be but a trifling appropriation compared with that more general one, which all who have every thing to gain and nothing to lose, may yet effect to the advantage of their immediate and personal interests.

It is admitted on all hands that the doctrines entertained by the different orders of Socialists—Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Cabet, Pierre Leroux, Blanqui, and others—all differing with one another, yet all establishing the same great antagonism between labour and capital, have done more to destroy confidence than any of the political changes; and the prostration of French trade and commerce will be a beacon to the wiser German reformers not to trammel the purposes of moderate reform with the vain and empty theories of inexperienced enthusiasts.

The glorious example of the love of law and order manifested in this country upon the occasion of a turbulent demonstration of a party of low demagogues, was not lost upon France. The moderate republican party hastened to get up an armed demonstration against the more anarchical members of the Provisional Government, Messrs. Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Flocon, and Albert, and against socialism and communism generally. The result was successful, as it ever must be, when those who have any thing to lose can be brought to understand their position in regard to such would-be spoliators. The result of this trial of strength between the two parties, say the French writers, with characteristic nationality, is calculated to have "immense influence throughout France and Europe!" Where did France obtain the example from? With a public profoundly corrupted and the ascertained existence of a conspiracy traditionally followed out against property and human society, the moderate party has, notwithstanding the favourable results of the elections, far more eventful contests to undergo yet, and immense obstacles to overcome.

This keeps their hands for the time being politically tied, but it is not for Europe, still less for England, to blind themselves on that account to the real political views entertained even by the moderate party of republican France.

V.—THE POLITICS OF THE FUTURE.

IN the apocryphal manifesto of M. de Lamartine, written in the language of a dreamy ambition inspired by Hachyeh, the hopes and desires of revolutionary France are fairly set forth, and most clearly enunciated. Belgium, "stified in its unnatural and narrow limits," had long before the period to which the vision of the drug-inspired *augur* extends itself—1943! united spontaneously to France. So it had also happened with respect to the Rhenish provinces, as a natural consequence of the struggles sustained by Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, &c., for the maintenance of their institutions, and which struggles were the first origin of that great movement to which all the German people were indebted for their compact organisation into one great and undivided German nation. The fermentation which sprang from the little states on the Rhine, soon spread itself throughout all Germany. The Germanic Diet made great efforts to stifle this rising spirit, and Austria, always behindhand, united itself to Russia and England, to dominate over the diet and to keep down the populations of the west and north, but it was in vain.

Prussia, following out the consequences of the commercial union which it had so happily originated, took its place at the head of the Constitutional States. Although France had reason to dread the reunion of the Germanic populations into a single nation, yet it sympathised with them "from devotion to the cause of humanity." It threw 60,000 chosen men into Italy to assist in the emancipation of the people, and Tyrol,

Hungary, and Bohemia, profited by these embarrassments to throw off a yoke that had become insupportable.

(It might have been very flattering to the pride of the French to have aided and abetted the struggle of the Italians against Austrian dominion, but the Hachych has not been a true prophet here, for the Italians have thrown themselves into the struggle without the aid of their vain-glorious neighbours; nor can France have an excuse for interference, unless the Italian forces met with a decisive overthrow at the hands of the Austrians. And while Tyrol, Hungary, and Bohemia, have sought to ameliorate their institutions and political being, they have as yet manifested no desire to throw off a "detested" yoke; on the contrary, they are actively preparing to send large contingents to support the claims of Austria upon the Lombardo-Venetian territory.)

Russia could not assist Austria, being solely occupied in establishing its authority at Constantinople; so, that nothing remained for France but, "after having delivered Piedmont, Venice, &c.; after having traversed the Tyrol, and threatened Vienna; to stipulate the complete and absolute independence of all Italy, and to constitute it into one great nation!" As a sequence to which, the said Italian nation adopted the French colours, and allied itself intimately to France, of which it became a province, the general interests of which were treated of at Rome, on account of its central position, by the Italian Congress.

In the meantime, Portugal, liberated from British influence, had united itself with Spain "regenerated." England opposed itself to this movement; because, "in the first place, it saw its interests in danger; and, in the second, it could do an injury to another nation." Then France did for Portugal what it had done for Piedmont; and for Spain, what it did for Italy; it drove back the British, as on the other peninsula it had driven back the Austrians. France restored Gibraltar to the Iberian nation, which in return spontaneously adopted the French colours, and acknowledged itself as a portion of the great French nation. The insurrection of the two Canadas, abetted by France and the United States, facilitated this triumphal movement. Holland, continually struggling on the wide ocean against the encroachments of England, had to carry on that struggle with certain success, sought and obtained admission as a member of this new and great Iber-gallital nation, of which the central-bank was at Marseilles—the seat of the Federal Congress.

In the East, the first nation that had been reconstructed upon the fall of the old Ottoman empire, was the Hellade, comprising Greece, properly speaking, and the Archipelago, more particularly the Ionian Islands. Poland had resuscitated with the conquest of Constantinople by Russia, and by the same conquest Wallachia, Moldavia, and Bulgaria had become fused into the Germanic nation, to whom the Danube has ever been as a main artery. England had succeeded for a time in holding possession of Syria, but with Russia in Asia on one side; and French Egypt on the other, it was the last dying struggle for power in the East, where India had long ago declared its independence, and France had restored the Cape of Good Hope to its original possessors, the Dutch.

Thus driven back on all sides to its own small island, the fate of Great Britain was like that of all people exclusively commercial—that of Sidon and of Tyre—of Carthage and of Venice, and of Genoa. The Iber-gallital Confederation had formed a definite treaty of alliance with the Germanic

nation, a treaty to which all Scandinavia gave in its adherence, and by which all Europe was preserved from the two greatest evils that for a long time afflicted it—the military despotism of Russia and the commercial monopoly of England. The “insatiable cupidity of perfidious Albion” had seen its term, the stupid egoism of the English oligarchy, which had ever blinded itself to antecedents, could no longer be revived by a democracy; Great Britain left behind by every nation around it, sank into decrepitude and barbarism!

So much for the future. It is well to be prepared for it—the political manifesto of the French Republic is before us. Incapable by itself of competing against an united Germanic nation, France, by subjecting, under the pretence of “resuscitating,” Spain, Italy, Portugal, Switzerland, the Rhine, Belgium, and Holland, wishes to originate a power that can cope with Germany, and that can ally itself with the Germanic nation for the one sole and envious purpose of humiliating and overthrowing Great Britain! That is the sum total of this vapouring ambition, as it is certain that under the dreamy pretence of drug inspiration; the hopes and desires of Young France are really confided in black and white to all who will peruse them in M. de Lamartine’s *Hachych*. Heaven protect the righteous! It is not always to the proud, the ambitious, or the envious that the triumph belongs; and the British lion is as yet no more prepared to give way before this impudent crowing of the Gallic cock, than are its glories likely to fade away so easily before the superior brilliancy of the Iber-gallital rainbow, whose feet rest on the two peninsulas, and whose arch centres on the future metropolis of European grandeur—Marseilles!

I HAVE SEEN THE SUNLIGHT.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

I HAVE seen the sunlight
Break upon thy brow,
As I watch the darkness
Fall so sadly now.
Then our sun was shining
Now o'er fate and heart,
Heavy clouds are gathering
Never to depart.
Few and fleet the moments
Of that happy time,
A summer's wreath of blossoms,
An autumn's golden prime,
The rosy wreaths have perish'd,
The golden bloom is fled,
And the hopes we cherish'd
With them are cold and dead.
Spring and life returning,
Again shall deck the earth,
But our heart's brief summer
Knows no second birth.
Fare thee well—thou dear one!
Lo!—how dark the night!
Darker yet our evening,
Dark as morn was bright.

THE OPERA.

To many, very many, the circumstance of Easter falling late is matter for great rejoicing. There be those to whom "Passion Week," and the sprinkling of days that follow it, afford the sole opportunity of leaving the brick and stone of London. Far be it from us to depreciate brick and stone, seeing that the same are important elements in that very composite thing called civilisation—a thing whereupon M. Guizot wrote a very big book (for goodness' sake, reader, don't betray our confidence, if we avow that we never read it, or our literary character is gone for ever)—and from the summit of which he one day most unaccountably slipped. Good and useful as the said brick and stone unquestionably are, one does not like to look at them for ever; and notwithstanding all that fine regularity of line which belong to what men call "streets," we would occasionally exchange them for those more savage objects, trees, grass, hedges, and so forth.

What are called the beauties of nature are the mere "savageries" of architectural civilisation, or, at best, a rude material to be sawed, chiselled, or knocked about into some more polite appearance. That spreading tree, which shelters you from the sun, and beneath which the holiday-maker arranges his banquet of sandwiches and bitter ale, is but a wanton barbarian, who becomes far more respectable in the shape of a chair, a table, or a gibbet, or any other article useful to human culture. We have not named the last shape unadvisedly, but we have borne in mind the thanksgiving of that ancient mariner, who, after a weary voyage, was convinced that he had reached a civilised country, because he saw a gibbet and one of its usual appendages.

Yea, we are still savages to a certain extent; there is a little barbaric spot upon our hearts, which will not come out, wash it as we may. No human soul in England would give twopence to see the very best man in a frock-coat; whereas, many would pay a shilling to see the very dregs of their species, armed with a tomahawk. If the savage can be made a little more savage, so much the better; people like to see lions at feeding-time, when the animal nature, already indicated by stalk and roar, is more rudely and palpably expressed by spring and snarl. Those same trees, whereof poets sing, are but so many vegetable wild Indians, with unkempt locks; and the morning-dew that shines on their leaves, is but the well-known expedient of the beads, for which barbarian tribes have ever shown so great a predilection.

Those with the little barbaric spot upon their hearts, who have but the Paschal holiday in the year, rejoice to find that holiday assert its moveability by falling as late as it can, so that it may take within its grasp as much as possible of sunshine, and blue sky, and warmth, and other appurtenances of a pleasant trip. The nearer Easter-day approximates to the 25th of April, the extreme limit of its lateness, so much the better.

But in this rejoicing operatic managers certainly do not participate. They think not of the sky and the picturesque et ceteras, but they see the period before Easter stretching itself out to a length most unreasonable,

and thus extending the most difficult part of their season. Let them enrich this pre-paschal part with the means at their disposal, still they cannot prevent the public from reflecting that something better is to come.

Yet Lablache did not wait for Easter ; he made his *débüt* for the season before Passion Week, and might serve for a veritable impersonation of spring, so fresh is his appearance, so luxuriant are those little buds of odd fantasies which he darts out on all sides. A joyous flush passed over the faces of his audience as he stepped forward to sing the duet in "*Il Matrimonio segreto*," the flush responding to the happiness which beamed from his countenance. Who had not over and over again seen the grotesque pirouettes, and heard the *falsetto* notes, so beautiful in quality while meant only to be comic, and yet they were welcomed as new, ay, and were new, springing as they did from the same genial soil which gave birth to their predecessors, and not being mere faded resemblances. Do we not call the violets new every spring, although those of one year are as like as possible to those of another ?

The pre-paschal time has been also illumined by Madame Schwarz, who made a very successful *débüt* as *Orsino* in "*Lucrezia Borgia*," and of whom still greater successes are expected by the *habitués*. A nice "taking" character that of *Orsino*, for his song is sure to be remembered and hummed about the "lobbies" if all the rest of the opera be forgotten. Little to do, and that little good. Did any one ever hear of the children forgetting the one small bit of citron at the top of a large cake, however savoury the cake might be ?

Cruvelli is getting on famously. She is a lady of spirit and will not miss her laurels from the want of stretching out a hand to seize them. Here and there is a want of finish, but there is excellent material and right good will. If you want other people to believe in you, begin by believing in yourself.

Poor Abbadia has not realised the hopes that were entertained of her. She broke down on her first appearance, and did not get up again on her second. Poor Abbadia ! The summer which for some others shall raise a flowery pinnacle, upon which they will stand and smile back upon their Easter, will probably cast funereal wreaths upon thy career.

No matter !—no matter !—hopes are delusions—and theories are delusions—and every thing is a delusion. Here have we been expatiating on the connexion between late Easters and fine weather,—have talked all sorts of rhodomontade about savageness and civilisation. A noise startles us. We raise our head from our paper and see the rain pelting against the window. Easter is nearly as late as possible, and the weather is vile to the extremest degree of villany. What is to become of our article now the scaffolding of fact is washed away from under it ? We do not despair ; we dare say it reads very well, and if it can have made one single soul think of blue skies amid this universal gloom, it has more than answered its purpose.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ROSE, BLANCHE, AND VIOLET.*

OF the history of Rose, Blanche, and Violet, three young maidens thrown into the turbulent sea of life, with pretty names, like straws to cling to; or of their any thing but heroic lovers; it is impossible to give any idea within ordinary limits—the more especially as, after all, the step-mother, who does not appear on the title-page, is the real heroine in this story.

Poor Blanche and Rose! For a brief, a very brief moment, they win our interest and our affections. Envied by their schoolfellows for their beauty and mental superiority, despised on account of the small allowance made them by their parents, and insulted by their preceptors—indignities which they only returned by meekness and good-tempered resignation—Rose alone venturing upon an occasional reprisal—a vision of a glorious future is opened to the imagination, which the after career of the girls by no means fulfils. The unsparing cynicism of the author, the view which he takes of society at large, unrefreshed by one gleam of sunshine, and by but few genial or generous sympathies, is comprised in one sentence descriptive of school existence.

"A school," says Mr. Lewes, "is an image of the world in miniature, and represents it, perhaps, in its least amiable aspect. The child is not only father to the man, but the father, before experience has engendered tolerance, before suffering has extended sympathy. The child is humbly selfish, because unreflectingly so. Its base instincts have not been softened or corrected. All its vices are not only unrestrained, but unconcealed. Its egotism and vanity are allowed full play."

This is the reverse of the opinion generally entertained, and is one of those sophisms characteristic of the French novel. The instincts of the child are not base, but, on the contrary, honourable and good. Vices are more prominent, because unconcealed. It is the concealment in after-life that softens and corrects the vices, but the natural instincts are seldom modified. Of all the hateful step-mothers ever consigned to ignominy, Mrs. Meredith Vyner is the most odious. Mr. Meredith Vyner, with his perpetual quotations from Horace, is a nonentity. Captain Heath is a true friend and a well-intentioned, but weak man, whose ill success in love-affairs excites no surprise. The success of other less worthy, or rather totally unworthy men, does excite surprise; and therein, we suppose, lies the moral of the story, if moral there be, for Mr. Lewes candidly acknowledges, in his preface, that he began his work with a distinct purpose, but finding human nature falsified by being coerced within the sharply defined limits of a small dogma, he gave up his original intention, and left "the moral to shift for itself." This is not new. Even as late as in February last, the fact was insisted upon in this magazine, in reference to Mr. Tayler's "Mark Wilton," that "a sole moral object in view is opposed either to liberty or perfection of art." That Violet, the brave and the beautiful, the only one who could fathom and could scorn the step-mother's character, should have for a husband the jilted lover of that very step-mother,

* Rose, Blanche, and Violet. By G. H. Lewes, Esq., author of "Ranthorpe," &c. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

and that Blanche should wed the lover of Violet, despised by the latter for his cowardice, are events of as unlikely occurrence, as they are revolting to the sense of either moral propriety or poetical justice.

It is a curious feature of Mr. Lewes's book, that he not only makes all his men morally imperfect, but also downright ugly. Marmaduke, the lover of mother and daughter, is a mind-illuminated monster—"our ugly hero," as the author himself calls him. Cecil Chamberlayne has the head and bust of a large man, and the body and legs of a small one. Morally, he is a ninny. He can dress well, sing well, dance well, talk small-talk to perfection, is lively and good-natured enough, but has never thought of any thing more serious; has neither fortune, profession, nor pursuit. What a husband for Blanche! and what but misery could ensue from such a match? Mr. Lewes is also exceedingly partial to very minute description of character and person. This leads him into inconsistencies, and thus, as he goes on with his story, he sometimes suddenly begins to insist upon a mine of virtues being hoarded up in what had hitherto filled the mind as a very unsatisfactory character. At times he is finical, as when he tells us that Cecil's conical fingers and slight knuckles belonged to one in whom the emotions predominated; and at other times coarse, as in his first description of Mr. Vyner's person, to which we shall not refer. His philosophy is evidently that of the phrenological school; of this we could give numerous instances, but his denouncing jealousy as egotistical, would satisfy any phrenologist of the fact. There are also episodes, as for example, that of "the Walton Sappho," afterwards Hester Mason, which are of extremely objectionable morality. We can also by no means agree with the author in many of his social sarcasms, more especially upon the class whom he designates as soul-less "*gobe-mouches* and ologists;" but few can depict in stronger language than himself the difference between conception and execution in what relates to literary performances; and as he has the courage and the energy to go beyond the mere conception of the thing, and to enter with vigour upon its embodiment, so also he ought to keep in mind that in the execution of all great works of art, the details ought to be carefully and considerably worked out, to produce either a perfect or a satisfactory result.

MISS STRICKLAND'S QUEENS OF ENGLAND.*

THIS is the twelfth and the last volume of this delightful series. Miss Strickland has brought her successful task to a close with the reign of Queen Anne, and has shown her usual judgment and taste in so doing, as an attempt to trace the Brunswick succession of queens would have been attended with obvious difficulties. The series is now before the public therefore as a complete work; and although there may be portions which may not meet the views of the partisanship inseparable from history; we do not hesitate to say, that as a whole, few historical works exhibit a more earnest love of truth, or greater anxiety to record facts and not theories. The work is indeed alike characterised by industry and by impartiality, and it will reflect a lasting credit upon its author.

* *Lives of the Queens of England.* By Agnes Strickland. Vol. XII. Henry Colburn.

SIR THEODORE BROUGHTON.*

MR. JAMES has chosen a subject of deep interest for his new novel. He has also treated it in a more than usually felicitous manner. Always clear, animated, and imaginative, he has upon the present occasion been more than usually happy in the consecutiveness of his narrative. The tale is founded upon a tragedy that occurred some time back in domestic life; when a Captain Donellan was hung for poisoning his brother-in-law, Sir Theodosius Boughton. Mr. James says that, from a careful perusal of the trial as reported from Gurney's short-hand notes, he became convinced that Captain Donellan was convicted upon insufficient evidence. The evidence of the celebrated John Hunter was, that the whole appearances upon the dissection of the body of the unfortunate young baronet "explained nothing but putrefaction." To the question, also, as to whether the symptoms that appeared after the medicine was given were such as necessarily conclude that the person had taken poison, the answer was, "certainly not." And to the question as to whether, if an apoplexy had come on, would not the symptoms have been nearly or somewhat similar, the answer was, "very much the same." Yet the judge, in summing up, remarked upon this evidence of the distinguished surgeon and anatomist, "I can hardly say what his opinion is, for he does not seem to have formed any opinion at all upon the matter."

Further, no proof was adduced at the trial that Captain Donellan had been engaged in the distillation of laurel leaves, nor was it proved that he had access to the room in which the bottle stood, the contents of which were supposed to have poisoned Sir Theodosius; and, lastly, it was Lady Boughton, the mother of the dead man, who gave to him, with her own hands the liquid as a medicine, which was afterwards supposed to have been the poison, and whom Donellan indirectly charged with having poisoned her son.

Mr. James has, however, adopted in his interesting-fiction, in which no less than two love affairs are skilfully interwoven and made to hinge upon Sir Theodosius's death neither of the versions, but has cast the onus of the crime upon a discontented old serving man called Zachary Hargrave, and its concoction upon Captain Donovan, whom from an idea generally entertained at the time, he makes the guardian as well as brother-in-law to the young baronet. The manufacture of the laurel water is thus briefly but picturesquely recorded.

He (Captain Donovan) betook himself to the shadiest part of the gardens, and walked slowly up and down a walk bordered with shrubs of the cherry-laurel. From time to time, he picked a leaf and put it in his pocket, looked carefully around and resumed his walk. At length he turned back to the house again, and re-entering the little room which he had appropriated to the purposes of a study, locked the door behind him. He then took down from a shelf by the side of the fire a little portable still, put the laurel leaves into it, added some water and placed it securely over the flame. When this was completed a fit of indescribable agitation seized him. He trembled violently, sat down in a chair, placed his hands before his eyes, opened his waistcoat, as if

* Sir Theodore Broughton; or, Laurel Water. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

for air. After a time he became somewhat calmer. "No need of using it when it is made," he said, "there can be no harm in making it," and rising he went out, locking the door behind him, and leaving the still over the fire.

Captain Donovan wavered. Not so the domestic Hargrave. His suspicions had been excited by the captain's proceedings. He possessed himself secretly of the phial containing the laurel water and tried it with effect upon a cat. He then walked quietly up stairs. At the top of the second flight the first door was that of Sir Theodore Broughton's dressing room, and it stood ajar. "That is a piece of luck," said the scoundrel to himself. All was silent, and after waiting a moment or two to listen, he entered the room. Treading on tip-toe he moved across to the fireplace, where stood the bottle of medicine which had been sent that day for Sir Theodore Broughton. He then substituted the one bottle for the other.

On the following morning, Captain Donovan was down early and ordered his horse, saying he would ride out for an hour before breakfast. A minute or two after he heard Sir Theodore's bell ring, and he asked one of the servants if he had seen the young baronet.

"Not yet, sir," replied the man. "I hope he will be better this morning."

"I do not think he is well at all," replied Captain Donovan. "Do you remark how his colour is changed? It would not surprise me at all if he did not recover."

In the meanwhile the under footman had gone up stairs to the young baronet's room, and Captain Donovan walked leisurely towards the stable-yard to mount there. He had got one foot in the stirrup, when the man who had gone out, came running up, exclaiming, "For heaven's sake, stop, sir. Sir Theodore is very ill."

"What is the matter?" demanded Donovan, pausing instantly, "What ails him?"

"I don't know, sir," replied the man, "he's all gasping and heaving and foaming at the mouth."

"An epileptic fit, I suppose," said Captain Donovan, turning towards the house. "You, Thomas, mount the horse, and gallop off for the doctor;" and without further pause he returned, and ran up stairs.

There were two women-servants in the young baronet's room, called by the footman in his first alarm; and they exclaimed, as Donovan entered,

"Oh, sir! the stuff Thomas gave him out of the bottle has killed him."

Donovan ran hastily to the side of the bed; but there was now nothing but a corpse before him. The eye-lids moved a little, and there was a convulsive movement of the chest; but the spirit had departed.

"Let me see the bottle," cried Donovan, and taking it from the maid's hand, he instantly recognised the smell of laurel water. A cold, chilly, death-like feeling seized him. All his calmness and firmness forsook him in a moment. How could it have been given to him? Who could have given it? Could he himself have done it in his sleep? A thousand such mad questions suggested themselves to his mind in a moment. Conscious of what he had meditated, terror took possession of him entirely. All presence of mind was lost, he snatched both bottles from the maid who had taken them up again, hurried with them to the basin, tasted the contents of one, and washed them both out with his own hands.

More than enough, with the antecedents in the captain's career, his previous suspicious conduct, and the act of distillation, to hang a man; and if this version had been the correct one, and the intention was there, a sad conclusion to a career of crime, not altogether unmerited.

RIFLEMAN HARRIS.*

THERE is a great charm in personal reminiscences connected with war. We freely acknowledge that we never tire of such books; there is always something fresh and interesting in them. The innocence of Rifleman Harris's early life—a simple shepherd on the downs of Blandford—is quite a pastoral introduction to the sanguinary scenes in which his after-life was spent. The eventful portion of the rifleman's career, commences with the advance of the army from Mondego Bay to Vimiero. The rifles in the front in advance, and in rear in the retreat, see more than those who are attached to the body of the army. The soldiers appear to have been borne down at the onset by the weight they had to carry. They came up with the enemy fatigued and exhausted at Roliça. As to Harris's part in the engagement that ensued, he says, he threw himself down behind a small bank, where he lay so secure that although the Frenchman's bullets fell pretty thickly around, he was enabled to knock several over without being dislodged; in fact, he fired away every round he had in his pouch whilst lying at that spot.

Joseph Cochran was by my side loading and firing very industriously about this period of the day. Thirsting with heat and action, he lifted his canteen to his mouth; "here's to you, old boy," he said, as he took a pull at its contents. As he did so a bullet went through the canteen, and perforating his brain, killed him in a moment.

There is an affecting episode connected with this Cochran, who left behind him an affectionate well-behaved widow, whom Harris would willingly have married, but she said she had received too great a shock on the occasion of her husband's death ever to think of another soldier. One of the first men hit at Vimiero was a corporal of the rifles, who had a presentiment of his death, a circumstance which our author says he has observed once or twice happen with the bravest men.

The first cannon-shot I saw fired I remember was a miss. The artilleryman made a sad blunder, and the ball went wide of the mark. We were all looking anxiously to see the effect of this shot; and another of the gunners (a red-haired man) rushed at the fellow who had fired, and, in the excitement of the moment, knocked him head over heels with his fist. "D— you for a fool," he said, "what sort of a shot do you call that? Let me take the gun." He accordingly fired the next shot himself as soon as the gun was loaded, and so truly did he point it at the French column on the hill side, that we saw the fatal effect of the destructive missile, by the lane it made and the confusion it caused. Our riflemen (who at the moment were amongst the guns), upon seeing this, set up a tremendous shout of delight, and the battle commencing immediately, we were all soon hard at work.

These extracts will suffice to give some idea of Harris's personal recollections. On reading Grant's "Highlanders," we left off quite convinced that those kilted heroes decided by their bravery every Peninsular conflict in which they were engaged; so we are now, in like manner, convinced that the old ninety-fifth were the men that did it, and that Rifleman Harris was the greatest of all the Peninsular heroes. The conclusion, however, as is mostly the case with a soldier's life, is lugubrious. We sincerely hope that this publication may be of use to a brave old Englishman.

* Recollections of Rifleman Harris (old 95th), with Anecdotes of his Officers and his Comrades. Edited by Henry Curling, Esq. One vol. H. Hurst.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PHILIP AND HIS POODLE.

I would have as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed to be, as it were, a dog at all things.—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

CHAPTER I.

WHEN old Delpini, the clown, unable to obtain payment of his salary from Sheridan, applied some very uncourteous terms to him, the latter indignantly exclaimed, "Sir, you forget yourself; you do not know the difference between us."

"Oh, yes, I do," was the reply. "In birth, parentage, and education you are superior to me. In life, character, and behaviour I am superior to you."

Not less striking was the contrast between the different destinations of "The Finish" tavern in Soho, which having been reared in all the respectability of red brick and stone mouldings, in the Duke of Monmouth's days, and generally occupied by artists and other decent people, had now become a haunt to which an inferior class of revellers resorted after the places of public entertainment were closed, for the purpose of winding up the night, an object generally effected in a manner, by no means flattering to their "life, character, and behaviour."

Hey, presto, pass! We are in a small room of this tenement, the panelled walls of which are hung with engravings of celebrated racers, of the almost forgotten boxing-match between Cribb and Black Molyneux, and of opera dancers in such variety of indecorous costume and attitude that the very tobacco smoke seemed to be ashamed, and did its best to throw a veil over them. Beside a small table supporting rummers, a cigar case, and a fuming can which emitted a strong odour of aniseed, forming an unsavoury combination with that of the tobacco, sat two figures, one dressed as a clown in a pantomime, with a fool's cap and bells, the other wearing the garb of a Cordelier monk, with a cowl drawn closely round his head. Spite of the white and red patches with which the face of the former was smeared, an observer would have surmised from the form and expression of his features that he was sensual, good-natured, and not very strong-minded, while from the dark and sinister look of his companion, and his narrow compressed lips, it would have been difficult to resist the conviction that he was covetous, crafty, and selfish. A conjunction so strange, in a locality so incongruous, might well have puzzled a spectator until he listened to their conversation, when the mystery would have been quickly solved.

"Come, Peter Crawley," said the clown, emitting a whiff of smoke, "it's your turn now, I spoke last. You're not acting the monk now, you blinking owl! Needn't be stupid here: bad enough at the masquerade, never saw a worse. No larking, no rollicking, nothing spicy. How

dismally we all tried to be funny, and what a set of dreary spoons we all looked like !”

“My dear Phil.,” replied the monk, as he replenished his glass, “you know I am always jolly and happy in your company, for every body says that Phil. Pemberton is the pleasantest fellow in the world. You can’t expect me to be such a trump card as you are.”

“Well, I don’t know; you might have made a better knave, I suspect, not a bad one at the odd trick, hey ?”

“Now, for my part,” resumed the monk, who did not appear to relish these innuendoes, “I think it was a very fair masquerade. Some of the characters were capitally supported, but none so well as yours.”

“Oh ! no wonder, for practice makes perfect, and I have been playing the fool all my life. And you were quite at home in the monk, Peter, for nothing was requisite but to look solemn and sly, but there was a defect in your costume.”

“In what respect, pr’ythee ?”

“May I be as frank with you as the Irishman was with the Yankee ?”

“Yes, but I don’t know the story.”

“It’s old enough, too. Why they were riding together, and came in sight of a gallows, whereupon says the Yankee, pointing towards it, thinking to jeer his companion, ‘Paddy, if every man had his deserts, where would you be at this moment ?’ ‘Sure, I’d be riding *alone*,’ was the reply.”

“Capital ! capital ! he ! ha ! But what has this to do with my dress as a Cordelier ?”

“Nothing further, my dear Peter, than to suggest to me, that if every man had his deserts, the rope that is now round your waist would occupy a higher position.”

“Ah, ha, capital ! What a wag you are ! you *will* crack your jokes even upon your best friends.”

“Aye, and sometimes upon my worst. We both of us supported our characters well enough, and I don’t think any one would have suspected that we were a couple of lawyer’s clerks. If old Evans, our worthy employer, had himself been present, he would hardly have recognised my face, bedizened as it was with red ochre and white paint.”

“I recommended you to wear a mask, as I did. I never run any unnecessary risk.”

“Hang it ! I hate a mask ! there’s something cowardly in it.”

“Pasteboard can’t be worse than the flesh and blood mask that every body wears. Look at the long-faced fellows in a mourning-coach, trying to seem miserable, while some of them are laughing in their hearts.”

“What, old Truepenny ! can you quote Latin ? I have pretty well forgotten mine, and yet methinks I recollect whence you stole your idea. Isn’t it Persius who says ‘*Heredis fletus sub persona risus est*,’ the weeping of an heir is laughter under a mask.”

“I never heard of Persius, and I don’t know a word of Latin, except those that are employed in our law proceedings. There, as in every thing else, you have a prodigious advantage over me. My father, a poor bookbinder, could not afford to give me such a good education as you have received.”

“But you *had* a father, while I may almost call myself an orphan from my birth, for my mother, as I am told, died when I was an infant, and

though I have reason to suspect that I have a father living, aye, and in good circumstances, too, I have never seen him. A good education do you call it? What! to be continually left at school during the holidays, never to have had a home, never to have known relations or friends, to have my head crammed and my heart left empty, my faculties forced and my affection uncultivated, and in this unprepared state to be dropped in a lawyer's office, in the middle of London, without guide or adviser, and so left to sink or swim, as the Fates, or rather my own passions and follies might decide; do you call this half tuition and whole abandonment a good education? I don't see how a young fellow could well have a worse."

"What! is this the merry and fast-going Phil. Pemberton? It's well you have taken off your cap and bells, for you're getting wise and sentimental. I know you have talents enough to talk in any style, but I never thought to hear you preach a sermon, at the Finish too, and after a masquerade, and over such prime liquor."

The speaker filled his own rummer to the brim, and then pushed the empty can to his companion, who resumed,

"Lookye, Peter, I can be as devil-may-careish in general as the most rollicking cove in London, but it makes me serious, in spite of myself, when I think of the heartless way in which I have been treated, and the lonesome condition in which I am left. If I drink, and rake, and run into debt, 'tis to drown care, and run away from myself. I must be dissipated or desolate, and I prefer the former."

"Come, come, Phil, this is hardly doing justice to your situation, for you have a good salary, besides the large tips you get now and then from your mysterious friend, old Kirby."

"Mysterious indeed, for I can neither ferret out of him whence they come, nor why they are given to me, though I cannot help surmising that I have a father somewhere, who does not choose to recognise me, though he sends me this occasional assistance."

"You're as unlike that yellow old weazle as a handsome chap could wish to be, but is it not possible that—"

"Aburd! he's a regular skin-flint; besides, he hates me because I pester him with questions, and has often said, that if it depended upon him, I shouldn't have a farthing beyond my salary."

"Didn't he bring you fifty pounds five weeks ago?"

"Yes; but he hadn't been near me before for eight months, so it was pretty well bespoken beforehand."

"Not all, not all, surely you've some left."

"Five or six sovereigns, perhaps."

"That's lucky, for I want to borrow three for a very particular purpose, and knowing your kindness to your friends, I depended upon your assistance."

"Well, there they are, my good fellow. Mind you add them to the old score—not the tickets and supper at the masquerade; I agreed to stand treat for that—but I'm a poor accountant, except in adding to my debts and deducting from my income."

"A thousand thanks, my dear Phil, you really are a capital fellow; every one says so; and you may depend on my repaying you this little loan in some shape or other."

"If it makes no difference to you, I should like to have it as much as

possible in the shape of three sovereigns. Ha ! the can's empty, I see, and there goes my last cigar, so we may as well be fogging, or I shall get another scolding for being after my time at the office. I tried Charles Lamb's joke upon old Evans by telling him I made up for being so late in the morning by going away so much earlier at night ; but the old brute has no soul for humour, except ill-humour, and threatened to discharge me if I didn't keep better hours."

"I am always five or ten minutes before the time."

"Aye, you're a regular sly old dodger ; you needn't tell me that ; but I'll make a wager with you nevertheless. I'll bet you half-a-sovereign you won't object to my paying the bill."

"I never lay bets ; besides what signifies between friends. I can pay next time, you know. Indeed, I would do so now, only you said you would clear all scores, and you're so punctilious about keeping your word."

"And well I may, for I can't take yours ; know you well. Come, come, old dodger, no more humbug ; I understand you. Waiter ! there's the damage. Now we'll be off."

"Stop a moment, Phil., till I have fastened this loose cowl. You know I am always catching cold in my head."

"No wonder, for you are always going out without any thing in it."

"Ha, ha ! an old joke, but capital, though it was made at my expense."

"Any thing at your expense must be a new joke to me ; dance where we may, I generally have to pay the piper."

"You like to do so, dear Phil., or I shouldn't allow it."

A cab had been called, and the Merry Andrew and the Cordelier were driven to their respective lodgings just as St. Andrew's clock was striking four.

CHAPTER II.

THOUGH weak-minded in resisting any temptation to pleasant indulgence, and far from wise in his general conduct, Philip Pemberton was no fool. He spoke truly when he told Crawley that he understood him ; and if he suffered the fellow to impose upon him in various ways, he was never deceived as to his mean and sordid motives ; nor was he blind to his penurious habits, and intense selfishness. It may seem strange that he should form an intimacy with a man whom he did not scruple to designate as a miser and a humbug ; but Philip had no relations, no home, no evening occupations, except in such places of entertainment as his dissipated turn required, and his moderate means could command. True, he belonged to a club called "The Owls," consisting mostly of fellow clerks, who assembled once a fortnight to wind up the night at the Finish ; but his habits at these symposia only rendered Crawley the more necessary to him as a hanger-on. Over such an assemblage, most of whom wished to be outrageously jocular, but none of whom knew how, it was not difficult for a merry and well-educated man like Philip to obtain ascendancy, and become a Triton among the minnows. Always ready to sing a comic song, or relate a droll anecdote, enriched by a happy talent for mimicry, he was installed as the recognised wag of the party, and successfully exerted himself to preserve

the reputation he had acquired. But this mental dram-drinking had its reaction, and like more distinguished wits who, after setting the table in a roar, have crawled to their homes to mope and be miserable, he found that he constantly needed some fresh excitement to prevent the recurrence of desponding thoughts. To a certain extent Crawley supplied the desideratum by becoming his ready comrade whenever he wanted to indulge in any low dissipation, and a butt at which he might safely launch his poor jokes and his unsparing ridicule, useful exercises as so many rehearsals for the club. There was even a pleasure in paying for this sorry gratification, as he invariably did, for as he had a vague but hitherto unsupported impression that he was better born than his companions—as he knew himself to be better educated, and to possess a less narrow income than the majority—he thought it incumbent upon him to enact the gentleman, even in the humble sphere we have been describing, though his means were far from warranting the smallest extravagance.

Naturally of a domestic turn, for his dissipated habits were the result of circumstances rather than of disposition, he endeavoured to impart to his humble lodging the appearance of a home, by furnishing it with expensive comforts, and even luxuries, which frequently involved him in pecuniary difficulties; while for his unclaimed affections he found a recipient in a large poodle-dog, to which he was singularly attached. As this animal had an important influence on the ultimate fate of his master, we shall take permission to state that he was not only one of the largest, but one of the most sagacious of his class, a fact which any phrenologist would have surmised from his unusually elevated forehead, and intelligent look. Stationing himself at the open window when his owner was expected home, he seemed to know the hour by intuition, he would nod to him familiarly as soon as he came in sight, and, scampering down stairs, would bark impatiently, till the opening of the door enabled him to leap into his arms, to be patted and fondled. Some of his almost innumerable tricks were turned to good account, for, at a certain sign, he would fly at a visitor as if he would tear him to pieces, an alarming demonstration which often cleared the room of an importunate dun. Philip himself, from being so constantly attended by his four-footed friend in his evening wanderings, obtained the flattering distinction of being known to cabmen and tavern waiters as “the gentleman that belonged to that ere clever poodle.”

From the club meetings he was never absent, and when his master was called upon for a song, he would erect himself on his hind legs, place his forepaws on the table, and look up in his face with a nod and an expression that unmistakeably said “do, there’s a good fellow.” At its conclusion he thumped the board as vehemently with his approving paw as others with their fist; sympathising with every roar of laughter, and occasioning its frequent renewal by distending his jaws and emitting canine cacklings of an almost hysterical heartiness. To this comical quadruped his owner had facetiously given the name of “Unicorn,” because he had only got one ear, the other having been cut off by a butcher’s boy, whom he had injudiciously attacked for insisting on payment of a bill.

From the reckless mode of life we have been describing, it may easily be imagined that Philip’s pecuniary embarrassments kept constantly increasing. Twice had he been arrested, and bailed out by his tailor, an

old man who had taken a fancy to him, from his light-hearted manner and waggish discourse, even though he was unable to pay him more than half his bill. Perhaps the creditor was a conscientious Snip, and deemed this a fair profit. Such, indeed, was the fascination of Philip's face, combined with his merry nonsensical rattling, that several tradesmen gave him more credit than they would have granted to a more solvent person, thus placing temptations in his way, which he wanted courage to resist.

His circumstances at length became desperate ; ruin, fresh arrests, and inevitable dismissal from the office, seemed to be hanging over his head ; and in this forlorn posture of affairs, he invited Crawley to his lodgings, that he might consult with him as to the best course to be adopted. The growl of the poodle, who could never be civil to the coming visitant, announced his approach, when Philip's melodious voice began to sing, in a jocund strain, that seemed to mock at melancholy,—

"There's a difference, I ween,
'Twixt a beggar and a queen,
And I'll tell you the reason why,
A queen cannot stagger,
Nor get drunk, like a beggar,
And that's all the difference, say I."

"In the name of wonder," said his friend, "why are you carolling this vulgar old ditty at such a time as this?"

"Because I myself am a beggar, utterly bankrupt, cleaned out, have played my last card, and yet, perhaps I am not so beggarly as some that are better off, for they want what they have, while I have only lost what I had. Honest Peter!—I beg your pardon—Peter, I mean, as you were once in a special pleader's office, you ought to know that there are differences that resemble, and resemblances that differ. For instance, an old aunt of mine once asked me the difference between a Scotch writer to the signet and an English lawyer. 'The same,' said I, 'as between a crocodile and an alligator, which, under varying designations, form the same beast of prey.' So is there a material distinction between a highwayman and a physician, though it only consists in the change of a conjunction ; for the one says, 'your money *or* your life ;' while the other says, 'your money *and* your life.' So, again, you and I are both lawyer's clerks, but we wear our rue with a difference, for you are a save-all while I am a spend-all ; you always keep——"

"Come, come, Phil.," interposed his visitant, who feared some impending sarcasm, "all this bantering and nonsense is sadly misplaced, if your plight is so desperate as you state, and I dare say it is, for I always told you that you were galloping along the road to ruin."

"You may have croaked now and then, but your Brekekekex-koax never prevented your travelling with me when there was any thing to be got by the journey. If I had ever been rich, I shouldn't mind being embarrassed, for a fortune, like a cannon-ball, will go on for some time after it is spent ; but when a paltry pittance, like mine, has been forestalled, a fellow is bowled out, stumped, finished, and that is precisely my case. Don't wag your tail, Unicorn, and shake your head, and look at me so encouragingly. I tell you the game's up."

"Your four-footed friend again shakes his head."

"Stop, Crawley ! love me, love my dog. No slander ; don't call him

my friend. Why, he never spunged upon me, never borrowed money of me, never made a convenience of me, never fawned and flattered when I had a full purse, never gave me the cold shoulder when I had an empty one."

"Nay, nay, you are too hard upon your friends. You have many who would willingly assist you if they had the means. I, for one, should never think of shutting my door against you."

"That I believe, for you have always shown yourself ready to take me in."

There must have been a derisive smile upon the speaker's face as he said this, and the poodle, who had been attentively watching him, must have observed it, for he threw back his head, opened his jaws, and delivered himself of a burst of canine laughter.

"Why not try to screw something out of old Kirby?" inquired Crawley, casting a scowling look at the dog, which was returned by a snarl of defiance. "Kirby, hang the old skin-flint, he would only quote a fragment of the graybeard's song,—

Boys will anticipate,
Lavish and dissipate,
All that your busy pate
Hoarded with care.

Besides, how am I to find him out? The sly fox always calls in the dusk, and though I have tried over and over to dog his footsteps, I have never been able to track him. I can no longer find a single respectable housekeeper that will stand bail for me, so that I have the pleasant prospect before me of an arrest to-morrow, the certain loss of my situation, and perhaps of my occasional tips through Kirby, and my retirement for an indefinite period to the cheerful interior of a prison. Peter, did you ever hear of the prudent fellow that drank up his master's ale because he foresaw that it was going to thunder, which would inevitably have turned it sour? I will be equally discreet, for I foresee that if I don't finish this wine, it will be seized by my creditors; so here goes." With these words he filled a tumbler to the brim, and swallowed it off, a draught, an addition to his previous potations which presently increased the excitement and disturbance of his mind.

"Philip, you have had enough," said Crawley, helping himself to the remainder of the bottle; after which he continued, "Well, it does seem cruel that such a jolly trump as you are should go to quod for a few pounds, while that stingy huncks, old Stone, the dentist, should be rolling in thousands that he doesn't know what to do with."

"What! do you mean the chatterbox, of whom it is said that he never stops his own tongue even when he is stopping another man's tooth? Oh, I know him; hitched him myself into an epigram—

Famed as a chatterer and a dentist, STONE
Holds every jaw in London—but his own."

"Ha! ha! ha! capital! but you are so clever. I would have given something to have written that couplet."

"I didn't know you were so liberal."

"Why, I don't make a public boast of my donations, and what I give away in private is nothing to any body."

"Thereabouts, I suspect. But what put this money-spinner into your head?"

"Why, I have just been calling upon him to receive the half-year's rent of his house, which belongs, you know, to our worthy employer, and I was struck by the wonderful resemblance of his hand-writing to yours. Really, I shouldn't know them apart, but you shall judge for yourself. Just look at this cheque—Hey—what's this? Oh, I see how it is. In his hurry-scurry, for the old gentleman never has a second to spare, he has cut off two cheques by mistake."

"Drawn a double tooth instead of a single one, eh?"

"I wish you had the filling up of this blank cheque which has come into our possession so unexpectedly. All your dangers and difficulties would vanish in an instant, for I would pledge my existence that the bankers would pay it without suspicion the moment they saw Stone's signature."

"But don't you see, you blind buzzard, that you are talking of a forgery, a felony, a case of transportation for life?"

"Only if detected, which is quite impossible. One of my friends, who is a clerk at his bankers', tells me that he never sends for his book except on quarter-day, which is nearly three months' distant, and I believe he rarely looks at it even then, for he has only just time enough after business to go to bed. Suppose now, just for argument's sake, that we draw five hundred pounds. A hundred will prevent your arrest and set things square just for the present, and my advice would be that the remainder should be invested, on our joint account, in shares of the Diddleham Junction Railway. A cousin of mine, who is secretary to the company, writes me word, in confidence, that they are about to be united to the Great North-Eastern, in which case they must inevitably run up two or three hundred per cent. We should then sell our shares, suppose we say for nine hundred pounds, five hundred of which we would pay back into Stone's bankers, to prevent the possibility of a discovery, and remainder we should very quietly put into our pockets. Nothing can be more simple or more safe."

He who runs in debt is very apt to leave his honesty behind him; and poor Richard has told us that it is difficult for an empty sack to stand upright. A spendthrift having laid a wager with his friend that he would show him the devil, opened his purse and desired him to look inside.

"I see nothing whatever in it," said the gazer.

"Well," was the reply, "and don't you call *that* the devil?"

The joke was metaphorically true in more senses than one, for an empty purse is the tempter's favourite haunt, as Philip Pemberton was doomed to know. Frightened at his impending ruin, from which he was eager to escape by any feasible expedient, always too facile and yielding to resist importunity; and now under the influence of potations which clouded his better judgment, he cried out, impatiently,

"Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, so here goes."

He placed the blank cheque before him, and had seized a pen, when he again threw it down, exclaiming,

"Do look at Unicorn; see how he shakes his head at me, and now he puts his paw upon my arm as if to prevent my writing. By Jove! there's something uncanny about that dog. Doctor Faustus saw a black mastiff just as he was about to ——"

"What nonsense, Phil! surely you're not blind beggar enough to be led by a good-for-nothing cur?"

"I rather think that I am, though," replied Philip, looking significantly at his companion, and then waving the poodle away with his hand, he exclaimed, sternly,

"Lie down, sirrah, lie down!"

Unicorn shook his head, growled, retired sullenly to the extremity of the room, and laid himself down with his back towards the table, as much as to say, gentlemen, I give you fair notice that I am no party to this transaction.

"Here's the pen," whispered Crawley, handing it to him. "But wait a minute till I move; I'm in your light here."

"No, you're not," said Philip, with a half-chuckle; "I can see through you—always have, so you needn't budge. Here goes, then, kill or cure."

"Capital, capital!" cried Crawley; "I defy any one to see the least difference between the two signatures."

The perilous and guilty deed was done! The cheque was presented at the bankers'; it was paid without a moment's hesitation.

F E A R N O T T O D I E .

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

Nur durch die dunkel Pforte
Geht man der Heimath zu.—*Salis.*

Fear not to die! though in the pride of strength,
Of youth, and power, and bloom,
Tho' long reprov'd; the blow must fall at length—
Thou canst not shun thy tomb!

Fear not to die! It may be thou art ta'en
When clouds o'erhang thy head—
And ere they burst—Lo! peaceful thou hast lain
Down in thy narrow bed!

Fear not to die! the sod that drinks the rain,
And blooms beneath the sun,
Ne'er spreads its shield 'twixt man and woe in vain;
There is no trespass done!

Fear not to die! Death yields what life denies;
A sanctuary sure,
Alone, unchanged by time and destinies,
Death and the dead endure.

Fear not to die! when life may seem most sweet;
Thou mayst outlive thy joy—
For even balanced are the scales that mete
Life's gold and life's alloy!

Fear not to die! thou leav'st not much behind—
And *that* will follow thee—
Riches and ties are scattered by the wind,
Like elements set free!—

Fear not to die! for great may be thy gain,
And small indeed thy loss!
It falls upon the grave where thou art lain,
The shadow of the Cross!

THE PALINGENESIA OF THE ALCHEMISTS.

LIGHT has been identified with life from the most remote times. In the mysteries of the Chaldeans and Assyrians it was particularly distinguished as the more divine nature of man, as it was also the essence of divinity itself. "A divine nature," says the preceptor Abammon in his answer to the epistle of Porphyry, "whether it is allotted certain parts of the universe, such as heaven, or earth, or sacred cities and regions, or certain groves, or sacred statues, externally illuminates all these, in the same manner as the sun externally irradiates all things with his rays." Again, it was part of the doctrines both of the ancient Egyptians and of the Assyrians, that the light of different natures was distinct. "The phasmata or luminous appearances of the gods," says Jamblichus, "are uniform; those of demons are various; those of angels are more simple than those of demons, but are subordinate to those of the gods; those of archangels approximate in a greater degree to divine causes; but those of archons, if these powers appear to you to be the cosmocrators who govern the sublunary elements, will be more various, but adorned in order; but if they are the powers that preside over matter, they will, indeed, be more various, and more imperfect than those of archons; and those of souls will appear to be all-various. And the phasmata, indeed, of the gods, will be seen shining with salutary light; those of archangels will be terrible, and, at the same time, mild; those of angels will be more mild; those of demons will be dreadful; those of heroes are milder than those of demons; but those of archons, if their dominion pertains to the world, produce astonishment; but if they are material, they are noxious and painful to the spectators; and those of souls are similar to the heroic phasmata, except that they are inferior to them."

Although there is much in these views that is preposterous, still it is well worth while recording that on the very first dawn of mystical dogmata, the souls of men were, in common with angelic and even divine essences, held to be of a luminous nature, and that even then that condition of being had a received expression, which the Greeks simply designated as phasmata, or appearances as contra-distinguished from bodies. The Hebrews, with whom light was, as with all the biblical nations, an object of especial interest, were still almost the only people in the East with whom that interest never degenerated into superstitious worship; yet even they spoke of light not only figuratively as "the people who sat in darkness have seen a great light," but, also, as a positive thing, as where Satan is spoken of as being transformed into an angel of light. (2 Cor. xi., 14.) The Hebrews, indeed, conceived spirits and angels to be incorporeal and invisible, but not immaterial, and supposed their essence to be a pure air, or a subtle fire. All theologians do not, however, coincide in this view of the subject. The fact that angels are sometimes spoken of as eating and drinking, as when Abraham entertained three in the plains of Mamre, has sadly puzzled the curious in these matters. Milton, who was deeply versed in "angelical" literature, treated the subject almost in a tone of derision.

So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly

The angel, nor in mist (the common gloss
Of theologians), but with keen despatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate : what redounds
Transpires through spirits with ease.

The manner, however, in which the Jews obviated the apparent discrepancy and the sense in which they understood such passages, is made obvious in the Apocryphal book of Tobit (xii., 19,) where the angel is made to say: "It seems to you, indeed, as though I did eat and drink with you; but I use invisible food which no man can see." *

The mystery which has from all times enveloped so obscure a subject as spiritual essentiality, assumed more of a poetical than of a philosophical character in the imaginative mythology of the Greeks and Romans. The worship of the several kinds of Lares is acknowledged on all hands to have had its origin in the fear of spectres, Larvæ and Lemures; and it was part of the mourning ceremony among the Romans not to light a fire, such being, as well as excessive grief, offensive to the manes or spirits of the dead. Virgil avails himself of this in his vigorous account of the defeat of the monster Cacus by Alcides.

Pallida dis invisæ; superque immane barathrum
Cernatur, trépident que inmißso lumine manes.

The poetical Hell of the ancients was, however, peopled not only with shades and forms of various kinds, but had also a variety of states and conditions for the same manes. The general notion of death among the ancients was sad and gloomy; they had scarce any thing in their philosophy of old, that successfully opposed itself to the fears of death; hence they have nothing in their poetry that will even bear quotation by the side of the well-known and incomparable "Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians;" and they never failed more than when delineating a heaven. Though the ideas of Virgil, on this subject, are somewhat preferable to those of Homer, still they are mean enough to be deserving of little or no more consideration than, as in the case of Dante's descriptions, are due to them for their sole poetical merits. Virgil's idea of Elysium appears almost to have been borrowed from the manner in which the common people at Rome used, in his time, to pass their holidays on the banks of the Tiber; and Ovid, like a boon companion that he was, superadded the luxuries of eating and drinking. • With minds so constituted, the manes were not only luminous, but they were, also, silent, pale, black, shadowy, mournful, obscure, dire, wandering, irate, hostile, terrific, miserable, or pious, happy, and blest. In Tartarus, where the most impious and guilty of mankind were punished, and which region is described as three times more gloomy than the obscurest night, the manes were apparently only either dark, or pale, or gloomy.

As the astrologers of old laid the foundations of modern astronomical science, so the alchemists of early times, although persecuted by the Cæsars (more especially by Dioclesian and Augustus, who ordered all their books to be burnt), opened the career of true chemical research. As with astrology, also, so in the case of alchemy, the objects sought to be obtained were often of so chimerical and mystical a character, as to throw discredit upon all investigations whatsoever. Every step made in positive and material discovery has an inevitable and a somewhat grievous tendency to alienate the mind from more spiritual research. Hence it is,

that at the outburst of their studies, many young medical men, for the first time irreverently handling and examining what had been an object of previous dread, imbibe the most sceptical ideas. Hence it is also, that in the progress of positive astronomical and chemical science, astrology and alchemy have been discarded as ridiculous and contemptuous fields of research. One of the most remarkable phenomena of the progress of civilisation, is its materialistic tendency. This has been constantly the case ever since Bacon supplanted the dialectic method of arriving at the knowledge of truth by the inductive. The man of pure science in the present day actually despises all that is not made cognisant to his senses by observation or experiment; but the founder of the philosophy of induction did not discard observation as a mental process as well as of the senses, and he never lost sight of the triple objects of all philosophy, "God, nature, and man." It is very doubtful whether in this great pride of the progress of a peculiarly material science, we have not lost much by the callousness which is thereby induced to all that is spiritual. By philosophers, all that does not appertain to the former is disregarded as fanciful, or despised as superstitious; he who would still indulge in thoughts of a less material nature, must shield himself with the dictum of a poet, that there are things which are not yet met with in our philosophies.

There are, however, exceptions to this, for it appears that at the meeting of naturalists, held at Stuttgart in 1834, a Swiss savant revived the subject of the Palingenesia of the alchemists, with a receipt for an experiment of that kind, extracted from a work by Oetinger, called "Thoughts on the Birth and Generation of Things." This so called Palingenesia, from *Παλιν Γενω*, to be produced again, was the art of reproducing from the ashes of an object the form which it originally possessed. M. du Chesne, a distinguished chemist of his time, relates that he was first shown by a Polish physician of Cracow certain phials containing ashes, which, when duly heated, exhibited the forms of various plants. A small obscure cloud was first observed, which gradually took in a defined form, and presented to the eye a rose, or whatever plant or flower the ashes consisted of. M. du Chesne, however, had never been able to repeat the experiment, though he had made several unsuccessful attempts to do so; but at length he succeeded, by accident, in the following manner:—having for some purpose extracted the salts from some burnt nettles, and having left the lye outside the house all night to cool, in the morning he found it frozen; and to his surprise, the form and figure of the nettles were so exactly represented on the ice, that the living plant could not be more perfect. Delighted at this discovery, he summoned M. de Luynes, parliamentary councillor, to behold this curiosity; from whence, he says, they both concluded that when a body dies, its form or figure still resides in its ashes. Kircher, Van Helmont, Digby, and others, are said to have practised this art of resuscitating the forms of plants from their ashes.

The Italians have a proverb which says, *Non ti fidare al alchemista povero o medico amalato*, and the above experiences will doubtlessly be set down by many as among those artifices and impostures which caused alchemy to be derided, as *ars sine arte, cujus principium est mentiri, medium laborare, et finis mendicare*. The experiment of Oetinger's was also the result of accident. A woman having brought to the philo-

sopher a large bunch of balm, he laid it under the tiles, which were yet warm with the summer's heat, where it dried in the shade. But, it being in the month of September, the cold soon came, and contracted the leaves without expelling the volatile salts. They lay there till the following June, when he chopped up the balm, put it into a glass retort, poured rain water upon it, and placed a receiver above. He afterwards heated it till the water boiled, and then increased the heat; whereupon there appeared, on the water, a coat of yellow oil, about the thickness of the back of a knife, and this oil shaped itself into the forms of innumerable balm-leaves, which did not run one into another, but remained perfectly distinct and defined, and exhibited all the marks that are seen in the leaves of the plant. Oetinger says he kept the fluid some time, and showed it to a number of people. At length, wishing to throw it away, he shook it, and the leaves ran into one another with the disturbance of the oil, but resumed their distinct shape again as soon as it was at rest, the fluid form retaining the perfect signature.

There is, however, an experiment which belongs to modern chemistry, which is more remarkable than what is recorded as having been observed by the Swiss naturalist. This experiment consists in putting chloride of barium upon a plate, in a dark cellar, and placing the hand beneath it, when as soon as the warmth of the hand has penetrated the plate, the form of the hand is exhibited in phosphoric delineations on the upper surface of the plate. This experiment is not always successful. It appears that certain conditions of humidity in the atmosphere are essential to perfect success, but it has so far succeeded in the hands of scientific authorities as to fully test the fact, which has nothing at all supernatural in it, and simply demonstrates what Oetinger had previously felt when he said, "the earthy husk remains in the retort, whilst the volatile essence ascends like a spirit, perfect in form, but void of substance;" only in this latter experiment the heat communicated by the hand to the chloride of barium, appears to give rise to certain luminous emanations, which seize at the same time the form of that which gave them birth. It is not more extraordinary that the light emanating from the human body should at times, or under favourable circumstances, exhibit the form from which it is derived, than that the hand should be repeated in chemical emanations taking place on the opposite side of a plate, or in the reproduction of the forms of plants from their ashes, as practised by the alchemists of old.

There are a sufficient number of these cases of re-production of the human form on record, some of them also sufficiently satisfactorily attested as to entitle them to at least a certain degree of attention and consideration. A singular occurrence which took place at Colmar, in the garden of the poet Pfeffel, has been made generally known by various writings. The following are the essential facts. The poet being blind, had employed a young clergyman, of the evangelical church, as amanuensis. Pfeffel, when he walked out, was supported and led by this young man, whose name was Billing. As they walked in the garden, at some distance from the town, Pfeffel observed that, as often as they passed over a particular spot, the arm of Billing trembled, and he betrayed uneasiness. On being questioned, the young man reluctantly confessed that, as often as he passed over that spot, certain feelings attacked him which he could not control, and which he knew well, as he always experienced the same in

passing over any place where human bodies lay buried. He added, that at night, when he came near such places, he saw supernatural appearances. Pfeffel, with the view of curing the youth of what he looked on as a fancy, went that night with him to the garden. As they approached the spot in the dark, Billing perceived a feeble light, and when still nearer, he saw a luminous ghost-like figure floating over the spot. This he described as a female form, with one arm laid across the body, the other hanging down, floating in the upright posture, but tranquil, the feet only a hand-breadth or two above the soil. Pfeffel went alone, as the young man declined to follow him, up to the place where the figure was said to be, and struck about in all directions with his stick, besides running actually through the shadow; but the figure was not more affected than a flame would have been; the luminous form, according to Billing, always returned to its original position after these experiments. Many things were tried during several months, and numerous companies of people were brought to the spot, but the latter remained the same, and the ghost-seer adhered to his serious assertion, and to the opinion founded on it, that some individual lay buried there. At last, Pfeffel had the place dug up. At a considerable depth was found a firm layer of white lime, of the length and breadth of a grave, and of considerable thickness, and when this had been broken into, there were found the bones of a human being. It was evident that some one had been buried in the place, and covered with a thick layer of quick lime, as is often done in times of pestilence. The bones were removed, the pit filled up, the lime mixed and scattered abroad, and the surface again made smooth. When Billing was now brought back to the place, the phenomena did not return, and the nocturnal spirit had for ever disappeared.

This story excited much interest in Germany, because it came from the most truthful man alive, and theologians and psychologists attempted various explanations. It appears, however, to have been a case of evolution of light after death, accompanied by palingenesia, or the reproduction of the original form. This phenomenon of luminous apparitions has given rise to a deal of thoughtless ridicule. Grose, whom Dr. Hlibert quotes with peculiar satisfaction, says, "I cannot learn that ghosts carry tapers in their hands, as they are sometimes depicted, though the room in which they appear, even when without fire or candle, is frequently said to be as light as day."

Mr. Charles Ollier, in a little work just published on the "Fallacy of Ghosts, Dreams, &c.," makes the invisibility of ghosts by daylight his fundamental argument against the existence of such. The grand phantom of Hamlet's father, he says, "faded on the crowing of the cock." "The fact is," continues Mr. Ollier, "that laughter is death to ghosts; and what but laughter would attend the appearance of one of them, at noon, in Pall-mall? Lord Byron fancied he saw a phantom of a black friar at Newstead Abbey; but to use his own language, it

Appeared,

Now in the moonlight, and now lapsed in shade.

It would be the very triumph of the world of spirits if one of them could maintain its pretensions in the eye of day. This would settle all doubt. But no; they do not dare such an issue: they know 'a trick worth two of that.'"

It is impossible to approve either the manner or the logic with which so serious a question is disposed of in the above quotation. It is true that Mr. Ollier has antecedents for the position he takes, but the argument has always been advanced in a less irreverent manner. So also Mr. Ollier has a precedent for saying that "any man must be an insufferable egotist who claims in his own case an especial and divine interposition to ward off calamities which in the vast majority of his fellow-creatures fall without warning, and without even a suspicion of their liability to them. A belief in God's superintending providence is injured by nothing more than by giving credence to so-called partial and exclusive manifestations of it." Yet Mr. Ollier has not perceived that by advocating such a doctrine he annihilates all belief in a special providence!

But to return to the case of luminous apparitions, it is surely within the experience, or at least the knowledge of most, that light of a faint description is only visible in the dark. The coal and iron works of Wednesbury, when seen at night-time, present a vast scene of illumination, while in the broad daylight even the strongest flames issuing from the chimneys are not visible. How much more so must this be the case with the delicate phosphorescent light emanating from the human body? The notion so available to those who satisfy themselves with scoffing without inquiring, that broad daylight banishes apparitions, betrays a want of familiarity with the natural laws, which the great poet, as usual, has not shown in the expressions put into Horatio's mouth. What would be thought of a philosopher who should say of the stars that fade away before the brightness of daylight, "It would be the very triumph of the world of stars if one of them could maintain its pretensions in the eye of day. But no; they do not dare such an issue: they know 'a trick worth two of that.'"

A gentleman, of the name of Dorrien, of most excellent character and amiable disposition, who was tutor in the Carolina Colleges at Brunswick, died there in 1746, and immediately previous to his death, he sent to request an interview with another tutor, of the name of Hofer, with whom he had lived on terms of friendship. Hofer obeyed the summons, but came too late; the dying man was already in the last agonies. After a short time, rumours began to circulate that Herr Dorrien had been seen by different persons about the college; but as it was with the pupils that these rumours originated, they were supposed to be mere fancies, and no attention whatever was paid to them. At length, however, one night, as Hofer was going through the college, as it was his customary duty to ascertain that all the scholars were in bed, and that nothing irregular was going on amongst them, he saw, to his great amazement, Herr Dorrien seated in one of the ante-rooms. On the following day, he related this circumstance to the professor of mathematics, Oeder, who, of course, treated the thing as a spectral illusion. He, however, consented to accompany Hofer on his rounds the ensuing night, satisfied that he should be able either to convince him it was a mere phantasm, or else a spectre of flesh and blood who was playing him a trick. They accordingly went at the usual hour; but no sooner had the professor of mathematics set his foot in the room where the apparition had been before seen, than he exclaimed, "By Heavens, it is Dorrien himself!"

Unfortunately, neither of the gentlemen, although they contemplated the

figure for some time, had the courage to address or approach it. After this the apparition visited Professor Oeder several times in his own apartment, and it was always made visible by a light that proceeded from itself. Annoyed at such a visitation, the professor burnt a light in his room, and also had some one with him every night. He gained this advantage by the light, that he saw nothing, but he heard noises that sufficiently intimated the presence of his nocturnal visitor. At length, these also diminishing, he dispensed with both light and bedfellow, when the apparition re-appeared, nor was it quieted till the professor, by studying its wishes, was enabled to satisfy the restless spirit.

In the interesting story of the apparition that appeared to the only daughter of Sir Charles Lee, previous to her death, and which is quoted by Dr. Hibbert from Beaumont's "World of Spirits," with the remark that no reasonable doubt can be placed on the authenticity of the narrative, as it was drawn up by the Bishop of Gloucester, from the recital of the young lady's father, the presence of the apparition was, in a similar manner, indicated by a light. "Whereupon the young lady, who was in bed, knocked for her maid, who presently came to her, and she asked, 'Why she left a candle burning in her room?' The maid answered that she had left none, and that there was none but what she had brought with her at that time; then she said it must be the fire; but that was quite out, adding, she believed it was only a dream, whereupon Miss Lee answered, it might be so, and composed herself again to sleep until the apparition returned."

Mrs. Crowe relates a case that came under her personal knowledge, of the servants in a country-house in Aberdeenshire, hearing the door-bell ring after their mistress was gone to bed; on coming to open it, they saw through a window that looked into the hall that it was quite light, and that their master, Mr. F., who was at the time absent from home, was there in his travelling-dress. They ran to tell their mistress what they had seen; but when they returned all was dark, and there was nothing unusual to be discovered. That night Mr. F. died at sea, on his voyage to London. In the actual state of knowledge, it is possible to understand the re-appearance at the time of death or after death, by the force of will of the palingenesia at a favourite spot, or in a wished-for presence, but it is not so easy to account for apparitions appearing habited as at the time of death, or, as sometimes occurs, in their more usual habits. Mrs. Crowe relates an incident of a more simple character. A gentleman some time ago awoke in the middle of a dark winter's night and perceived that his room was as light as if it were day. He awoke his wife and mentioned the circumstance, saying he could not help apprehending that some misfortune had occurred to his fishing-boats, which had put to sea. The boats were lost that night.

A circumstance of the same kind occurred within the writer's experience. A gentleman lost a young child in the morning. The body was taken down stairs and laid out in a front parlour, with only the blinds drawn down upon the street. In the evening the gentleman went out to register his child's death, and he took with him his eldest son, an intelligent boy of ten years of age. On their return they both observed a very bright light in the room where the body lay. They stopped and looked at it a moment. "Mamma is with little Johany," remarked the boy, thinking it must be a candle in the room. The gentleman thought so also,

although the light appeared to be of a different character, but said nothing. On entering the house, however, no one was in the room, which was in perfect darkness, nor had any one been in for some time.

Most persons have heard the story of the radiant Boy, seen by Lord Castlereagh, an apparition which the owner of the castle admitted to have been visible to many others. Dr. Kerner mentions a similar fact, wherein an advocate and his wife were awakened by a noise and a light, and saw a beautiful child enveloped by the sort of glory that is seen surrounding the heads of saints. There never was, says Mrs. Crowe, perhaps a more fearless human being than Madame Gottfried, the *empoisonneuse* of Bremen ; at least, she felt no remorse, she feared nothing but discovery ; and yet, when after years of successful crime she was at length arrested, she related, that soon after the death of her first husband, Miltenburg, whom she had poisoned, as she was standing, in the dusk of the evening, in her drawing-room, she suddenly saw a bright light hovering at no great distance above the floor, which advanced towards her bed-room door and then disappeared. This phenomenon occurred on three successive evenings. On another occasion she saw a shadowy appearance hovering near her, " Ach ! denke ich, das ist Miltenburg, seine Erscheinung ! Alas, thought I, that is the apparition of Miltenburg ! " Yet this did not withhold her murderous hand.

That apparitions, which having to depend upon their being visible to a feeble light emitted by themselves, should not be visible in daylight, is consistent with all known natural laws ; that when visible they should be seen by not one person only, but by two or more, has been evidenced in several instances just given, and which might be almost infinitely multiplied. In the case which came under our own experience, the boy knew nothing about ghosts or apparitions, nor did he apprehend such. Yet still it is certain that the receptivity of persons, that is to say, the susceptibility of their senses, to determine the presence of apparitions, varies very much, and varies even in the same individuals at different times. We particularly instanced this in the case related by Baron von Reichenbach, and recorded in an essay on the Evolution of Light from the Human Body, published in No. 75 of *Ainsworth's Magazine*. There are, it only remains for us to observe, in this well-attested fact of the evolution of light from living bodies, from bodies at the period of death and after death, as also in the facts of light playing over graves, so many circumstances that are explicable by natural laws ; so we have now also seen is the case to a great extent with the potency existing in nature to impress those lights with the form of the object itself ; and although all the phenomena accorded to have accompanied the presence of luminous apparitions will not admit of a ready explanation in the present state of the inquiry, still surely it is wiser and more philosophical to grapple with such difficulties, and to endeavour to throw the light of science and of reason upon them, than to scoff and to ridicule at what one cannot understand. The world at large will never be prepared to treat of the subject of apparitions without prejudice, till it has learnt no longer to consider them as supernatural things. There is nothing supernatural to Him who gave life and who takes it away from us.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

A SICILIAN ANECDOTE.

In the church of the Magdalen, in the Sicilian town of Girgenti, preparations were made for a great and solemn festival. As usual on such occasions, the inner walls of the edifice were draped with purple tapestry and adorned with beauteous flowers. It was the hour of noon; the workmen had temporarily abandoned their labours; silence, profound and imposing, reigned beneath the lofty roof of the Romish temple.

Up and down the long northern aisle two men slowly walked, having seemingly selected the cool, shady church as the most agreeable promenade at that sultry hour. One of these persons was about thirty years of age, tall, broad-shouldered, and strongly built, with a true Sicilian physiognomy, at once grave, passionate, and somewhat stern. This was Don Antonio Carracioli, Marquis of Arena. His companion was of a very different aspect. In the first bloom of manhood, of slender frame and delicate proportions, he turned his lively expressive face and large dark womanish eyes, from side to side of the church with the critical look of one who had a voice in its arrangement. And so he had. He was the architect charged with the preservation of the edifice and with its decoration for the approaching festival. He had lately returned from his studies at Rome, and his name was Giulio Balzetti.

In a pause of their familiar conversation, the young artist suddenly stood still.

"I will let you into a secret, Signor Marchese," he said; "a secret known, as I believe, to no mortal beside myself. You are doubtless aware," he continued, in the confidential, familiar tone one uses to an intimate friend, "that we architects are frequently startled and astonished by acoustic phenomena, occurring when least expected. By a mere chance, during one of my frequent visits to this church, I became aware that when one stands here,—here, upon this white marble flag, one hears every word, even the softest whisper, uttered yonder, in the last confessional but one, whilst to persons standing upon the line between those two points, not a syllable is audible. Place yourself here, while I go into the confessional, and you will wonder at this miracle of nature."

Balzetti hurried away; but before he had taken half-a-dozen paces, an extraordinary change occurred in the countenance of the marquis. As though smitten by the wand of a malevolent enchantress, his cheek grew ashy pale, and he stood motionless and petrified as a statue of stone, in the attitude of one shocked by some terrible and unexpected communication. He stirred not, he scarcely breathed, but his eyes rolled fearfully, the throbbings of his heart were perceptible through his silken vest, whilst his ears drank in sounds audible to himself alone. His suppressed but visible agitation had lasted but a few moments, when his young companion returned, a smile upon his handsome features.

"We cannot make the experiment now," he said; "there is somebody in the confessional, a veiled lady, as far as I could distinguish,—but, good heavens! what is the matter, Signor Marchese?"

With a gesture familiar to the people of southern Europe, the marquis laid finger upon his lip, preserving his attentive immobility. After two or three minutes, during which the architect gazed at him in astonishment, he drew a deep sigh; the statue resumed vitality, and stepped out of the magic circle.

"'Tis nothing, dear Giulio," he said, in a friendly tone; "you must not think me superstitious, if I confess to you that this singular phenomenon, and the reflections that forced themselves upon me concerning the mysterious and accountable ways of Nature, have strangely affected me. But come, let us go hence! The open air will soon dissipate the vapours that cloud my brain."

So saying, he took Balzetti's arm, led him out of the church and through the city gate to a pleasant garden, used as a public walk. There the two men walked together for a brief space, talking upon indifferent subjects, until the marquis declared that the hour of an appointment called him to his villa at a short distance from the town.

"We shall see you to-morrow," said he, "when the ceremonies of the day are over. I shall expect you as usual at the villa. Till then, farewell."

Upon the ensuing morning, at an unusually early hour, the marquis entered the ante-chamber leading to his wife's apartments. He was received by her maid, who, at his appearance, showed surprise mingled with some confusion.

"Has your lady rung?" asked the marquis.

"Not yet, excellenza!" replied the girl, bowing low and colouring high.

"Wait here till you are called!" said the marquis, opening the door of the dressing-room, beyond which was the bedchamber. In an elegant morning gown, loosely wrapped around her, as if she had just started from her bed, his young and charming wife advanced to meet him. The marquis paused at her approach, seemingly rivetted to the spot by the grace and fascination of her loveliness, and apparently not in the least remarking the effects of some inward emotion which caused the fine muslin covering her bosom to rise and fall like the waves of the sea, whilst the restless blood rushed to and from her cheek.

"Already afoot, Antonio?" said the marchioness, in a stifled voice, and with a forced and uneasy smile. "What is the motive of so early a visit?"

"Can you wonder, my charming Lauretta," replied the husband, in kind and tender tones, "if I love to visit you both early and late? But, truth to tell, dearest, my visit to-day is not intended for you. I need not tell you that this is the festival of the blessed Mary Magdalen, demanding solemn observance. I desire, in order fitly to prepare myself for devotion, to pass a short time in the contemplation of the lovely Magdalen by Titian that hangs in your bed-room. Do you grant permission?" added he, with mingled courtesy and tenderness, as he strode slowly but firmly towards the door.

"The room is in sad confusion," said the marchioness, with a hasty troubled glance through the half-open door; "but you can go in for a moment, whilst I dress myself here."

And the marquis entered the bed-room.

"Confusion like this," he said, "is more graceful than any order. These robes, so elegantly draped; those little shoes, fit for a fairy's foot; and the sweet and intoxicating perfume of the atmosphere;—there is poetry in such disorder, and your apartment, dear Lauretta, is worthy an artist's pencil."

Flattering and affectionate as these words were, there was something in their tone that grated harshly upon the senses of the marchioness. A slight shudder passed over her frame, and she gazed anxiously at the marquis, who, after a glance round the apartment, fixed his eyes upon a large sofa at one of its extremities, over which a heavy coverlid of quilted silk was loosely thrown. Beneath its folds a suspicious eye might trace the outline of a human form, stretched at full length, as if to betray its presence as little as possible.

"I will sit me down here," said the marquis, in the same bland insidious tone as before. "It is a good place whence to contemplate you beautiful and sacred master-piece."

As he spoke he took from the ground a large cushion, stuffed with down and trimmed with the richest lace, which had apparently fallen from the bed, placed it gently upon the spot where the face of the concealed person might be supposed to be, and seated himself upon it with the whole weight of his large and heavy body, whilst his right hand planted itself forcibly upon the breast of the recumbent figure. Then the silken covering heaved violently with the convulsive efforts of the person it veiled; the victim writhed and resisted with the desperation of a dying man. But the marquis took no notice; he kept his place, and gazing steadfastly at the picture of the Magdalen, spoke in a calm, firm voice.

"How perfect is yonder painting!" he exclaimed. "With what genuine chastity and exquisite grace the beautiful penitent veils her shoulders with her slender fingers and long golden hair, whilst her glance of piety and suffering, heavenwards directed, implores pardon and pity from Him who alone can grant them. One might become painter or poet at sight of such an inspired work. Unhappily, the gift of improvisation is denied me. But if I cannot extol in flowing verse the genius of Titian, I can at least tell you in plain prose an incident that occurred yesterday. Our young friend, Giulio Balzetti, accompanied me round the church of the Magdalen, and during our walk he directed my attention to a particular spot and bid me stand upon it, because there, he said, I might plainly hear each word whispered at a distant point. And he spoke truth. At that other point stood the confessional No. 6. Hardly had I placed myself in the place pointed out when I heard a soft and musical voice confiding to the priest a woman's perplexities and peccadillos. 'She had a husband,' thus ran the confession, 'whom she loved, yes, she loved him, and he loved her in return; he was very kind to her, and left her entire liberty;' in short, she allowed her husband all possible good qualities, but, nevertheless, she loved another. Unfortunately, she did not name this happy favourite, it would have amused me to have heard his name; doubtless, it is one of our handsome young nobles in the city. This other, then, she loved; she could not help it, the poor creature said, and thought, moreover, that her heart had room enough for two—for her husband, and for *him* besides. He was so noble and amiable, this other;

so handsome, and he adored her so passionately, it was impossible to refuse him any thing. In short, she had granted him a rendezvous for this very morning; she knew it was sinful, but she could not help it, and she begged for absolution in advance. And the priest, like a kind-hearted, amiable father-confessor, as he is, complied with her request, and gave her absolution for the meditated offence. How like you the tale, dearest? A strange one, is it not?"

With lingering deliberation and frequent pauses, the marquis had told his story. Before he concluded it, all motion ceased in the object upon which he rested. Now he arose from his horrible seat.

"Upon my word," he continued, in a half-jesting tone, "our good priests are somewhat too complaisant. I am sure old Don Gregorio would have taken you to task after a very different fashion, if you—"

Again he paused, slowly drew away the cushion from which he had just arisen, and pulled aside the silken counterpane. Beneath it lay the architect Giulio Balzetti; motionless, breathless—dead.

"Have you lately confessed, my Laura?" asked the marquis.

No answer followed. The question was repeated in a louder tone.

"Is it long since you confessed?"

"No," was the unhappy woman's faint reply.

"*Apropos*," said the marquis, again drawing the coverlid over the blue and distorted features of Balzetti; "we go together to the procession, do we not? At noon, precisely, it commences. I have ordered the horses to be ready in good time. It will not do to be late on so solemn an occasion."

The pitiless husband made a step into the dressing-room. His young wife had sunk into an arm-chair; her abundant black tresses streamed in wild confusion over her shoulders, her hands lay powerless in her lap, the paleness of death was upon her brow and cheek.

"What ails thee, dearest?" said the marquis, with the same lip-love and unchanging tenderness of tone; "you have risen too early to-day, my child, and have fatigued yourself by dressing unaided. Is not Pipetta there? I will ring for her."

He pulled the bell, approached his wife, imprinted a kiss upon her brow, and left the room.

That same day, before noon had chimed, and whilst the bells of the whole city pealed in joyous unison, the marquis's richly-gilt state carriage, harnessed with four gaily-caparisoned and mettlesome horses, stood beneath the arched gateway of the palace, surrounded by a crowd of laced and embroidered pages and chasseurs. The equipage and attendants had not waited long, when the marquis, in brilliant court dress, a star upon his breast, his hat in his hand, conducted his young and beautiful, but pallid wife, with affectionate gallantry down the broad marble steps. Whilst her countenance was cold and rigid as that of the statues flanking the arch, his glance, upon the contrary, beamed with unusual fire and vivacity. The officious lacqueys crowded round their master, the carriage door was thrown open, the marquis and marchioness stepped in, and the gay equipage dashed out of the palace yard, through streets, and over squares, whilst pedestrians turned their heads in envious admiration, and extolled the good fortune of the happy pair.

The architect, Giulio Balzetti, had disappeared. None suspected that

upon the day of the festival of Mary Magdalen, he lay dead, and blue, and with distorted countenance, in the dressing-room of a young and beautiful woman—upon the ground, amidst pasteboard boxes, and tiny shoes, and velvet robes, and such-like feminine friivolities. None ever knew that upon that night, an old and trusty domestic of the lady thrust the corpse into a sack, placed it upon an ass, and upon arriving at the brink of a neighbouring precipice, hurled it down into the rugged ravine below.

Heavy was the sum with which that lady endowed a convent, that masses might be said for the soul of a departed and unshriven, but nameless, sinner.

Father Gregorio, the favourite confessor of the fashionable dames of Girgenti, vanished about the same time. He pined out the rest of his life in the subterranean dungeons of a convent of Carthusians, where the interest of the Marquis of Arena had procured him a lodging. Simultaneously with the good father's removal from his duties, the confessional in which it was his wont to receive and absolve his fair penitents, disappeared from the church of the Magdalen.

Never did the marquis refer to the events of that festival-day. In society, as in his house, he treated his wife with invariable kindness and consideration ; at times, indeed, with a tenderness scarcely natural to him. But he never again entered the apartments where Giulio Balzetti had breathed his last.

TREASURE NOT THE COSTLY GEM.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

Treasure not the costly gem,
 Treasure not the thing that's rarest ;
 Queenly pearl or diadem,
 Gain no lustre from the fairest !
 Treasure things of common mould,
 All earth's humbler creature's treasure ;
 Joy cannot be bought with gold ;
 Riches change not care to pleasure !

Treasure not the voice of praise,
 Malice sometimes lurks 'mid praising ;
 If you would your fortune raise,
 Truth can better aid the raising !
 Treasure truth, its sacred bowl
 Holds a draught that's cold and bitter,—
 Honied words may glad the soul,
 Gall displease—but still be fitter !

PAQUERETTE: THE STAR OF A NIGHT.

A STORY OF PARIS LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHANTILLY," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

MELANIE BRINGS STRANGE NEWS.

"He bowed and offered me the arm which was still free; the girl hung listlessly and heavily on the other. She stretched forth her neck with a natural movement of curiosity to see to whom he could be speaking. Her gaze met mine. She started backwards, and uttered a shrill and piercing cry, while I, grown by this time more composed, murmured mournfully, as I fell sobbing upon her bosom,

"What dost thou here, and at this hour? Is this a fitting place for thee, sweet Paquerette? Oh, Paquerette de Fontenay!"

"She strained me to her bosom in a trembling, passionate embrace, while her scalding tears fell in a shower on my neck, and she exclaimed eagerly,

"Tell him not, Georgette; as thou lovest me, tell him not. I charge thee breathe not a word of to-night. Forgive me, dear Georgette. Alas! if thou lovest as I love, there would be no need for the utterance of that request."

"She uttered these few broken phrases in such piteous accents, and with such supplication in her look, that my heart melted at the sight of her distress, and now once more, as was ever the case, instead of giving way to reproach, I found myself much more occupied in soothing her agony, than with any scruples about the danger or impropriety of the step I had taken.

"It was some time, however, before she had sufficiently recovered from the surprise and agitation into which this unexpected meeting had thrown her, and I verily began to grow alarmed, such was her despair. She went home with me and stayed at my lodging that night, and I undertook to clear up whatever might appear strange or reprehensible in this proceeding in the eyes of Françoise, thus getting deeper and deeper into deception and artifice for her sake.

"I kept sedulously aloof from Françoise for some time after this adventure, for I dreaded her close questioning concerning my meeting with Paquerette on the evening of the *fête*, and above all things I dreaded any interview with Louis, and went to him no more. I was beginning to wonder, however, at the length of time which was elapsing without my hearing any thing of the little family at the loge, when one evening I was somewhat surprised by a visit from Melanie.

"I am come to carry you home with me, Georgette," said she, adjusting the ribbons of her bonnet in perfect order round her face. "You know not what has chanced since we saw you last. I would leave you to guess, only that I should fear that another would forestal me in my information ere we reached my mother's, and one loves to be the first teller of

such news. Only think, Georgette. Are you not surprised? Is not this a strange world we live in? Who would have thought it? But smooth water runs deep, and one never knows how very, very far some weak-sighted people can see. Well—but I must be brief, for I see thou art dying for my news, but fear not, 'tis so strange that 'tis well worth waiting for—what think'st thou—Why scarcely have I breath to tell thee—little Paquerette has been wooed and won, since thou camest last to see us!

"She paused with the feeling so familiar to all professed newsvendors, in order to see the effect which this announcement would have upon me, but when she found that I was silent from astonishment and dismay, she continued, taking up the thread of her discourse with even more volubility than before. 'It is to bid you to the supper that I come. We are all to be assembled, the betrothed bride and the betrothed bridegroom, a pale fair-faced youth, exactly like Jenny Walder as the page in the ballet of 'Fridolin,' long fair hair and pink cheeks, and all that, and the bridegroom's cousin, an officer in the Garde Imperiale, a very handsome, tall *militaire*, with dark curled moustaches and frizzled whiskers. A very gallant youth, attentive to all, and knowing what is due to any elegant accomplished female with whom he may chance to fall in company.'

"She cast one look of complacency at the mirror over my mantelpiece, and breathing upon the palms of her hands, smoothed down the *bandeaux* of her hair, and resumed, even better pleased with herself than before.

"'Paquerette would have hastened hither herself, to have told thee, her kindest friend, all these particulars, but my mother will not let her stir abroad, for she has some vague half-formed suspicion that there is deception somehow or somewhere, just as if it was a thing quite impossible that love should spring up thus in silence, and almost unknown even of its object.' And she again looked at the mirror, and passed her finger and thumb over her jetty eyebrows; 'but poor mamma is so very ignorant of all these things. But come, be quick, or supper will be over ere we have returned. It is a romantic tale, this same love of Paquerette, but thou wilt hear it soon enough. Who would have thought that yonder lily-faced girl should have engrossed so warm and true a love? But come, I pray, let us not loiter here, Paquerette will be so anxious to apprise thee of all that has befallen her.'

"My perplexities seemed to increase with each step; I dared not breathe a word of the share which I had hitherto taken in the encouragement and concealment of this very love, for I knew not what had been her account to Françoise of the birth and progress of her attachment, and I felt that by a single misplaced word I might cause a doubt or suspicion of the maiden's truth to arise in the mind of one whom I felt had not deserved this want of confidence on my part.

"I felt embarrassed, as I entered the little loge where the family was assembled. I had so long been accustomed to use precaution and concealment in my communications between the lovers, that the secret had become mine own, and I seemed to myself as guilty as if I had been one of the principal. I was greatly relieved, however, by the freedom with which Françoise, attired in all her best, came forward to meet me. She kissed me on either cheek, and led me forward to where Paquerette was seated at the board by the side of her lover. She introduced me with many a warm expression of friendship to the latter, and as my eye sought

in vain to meet the averted gaze of Louis Girardot I felt my soul die away within me at the duplicity of the part I was compelled to play. There was a stranger seated with the little group. His back was towards me as I entered, but by the costume, the dark blue coat and white facings of the Imperial Guard which he wore, I guessed that it must be the cousin of whom Melanie had spoken. He rose as I advanced to offer me the seat he had been occupying, and as he raised his eyes to my face, you can judge of the feeling of dismay with which I recognised in an instant the young officer who had so kindly protected Paquerette and myself on that memorable evening in the Champs Elysées. There was a droll expression in the smile with which he greeted me, but I succeeded so well in commanding the emotion I felt, that I felt convinced that he ever remained in doubt whether he himself was not deceived. It was he who undertook rather eagerly, I thought, to explain the circumstances which had led to the abrupt adoption of the young painter in the family. Of course, the account given was far from the truth, a story of long and ardent love, from seeing her in her daily walks to and from the Conservatoire, and of dread lest his suit should be rejected by reason of his poverty; this would still have been the case, he added, had he not had the good fortune to greet his cousin, who had returned from battle, full of honour, decorated by the emperor's own hands, and on the high road to wealth and glory. This altered the case completely, and, therefore, he had now lost no time in making himself known with this same cousin's assistance, for, when the sex was in the case, there were none who possessed such facility in the smoothing of difficulties like the Imperial Guard.

"All this was spoken hurriedly, and with glances full of meaning, which I could not fail to understand, and remained a mute listener to his discourse. I gave one single glance towards Paquerette. An irrepressible feeling of sadness stole over me, her lip was pale and quivering, and her cheeks crimson, while her downcast eye bespoke the shame she felt at being thus forced into this deception. The embarrassment of Louis betrayed itself not less perceptibly, but in a different manner, by a hurry and flutter of spirits, and by a boisterous gaiety, so evidently forced, that it was painful to behold. He, too, in imitation of his cousin, conversed in a loud tone, and with vehement gesture; nevertheless, he would shrink with involuntary disgust at the rude soldier-like oaths which, from time to time, would escape from among the *propos joyeux*, or the dainty compliments of his cousin, and yet did he seem to devour with greedy ears all the long tale of the young officer's adventures, from the feeling of restraint he had experienced on his entering the army to the enthusiasm which had seized him on the march to his first combat—of the delight, the excitement, the glory of a soldier's life—the varied march—the gay garrison town—the love, the admiration of the women the envy of the men. I knew well enough, by the sparkling eye and heightened colour of Louis, that his mind was busy comparing this life with his own. Poverty and bitterness, obscurity and solitude, had been his portion, while his cousin had risen to fame and distinction, had tasted of all that life is worth, and known the value of each moment. He had been pining away his hours in his solitary *mansarde*, wasting in vain efforts his youthful energies, and impairing his strength by toil and privation, in the hopeless dream of success at some future day; while the soldier had jumped at a bound to the goal which he had been striving so

laboriously and with such patience to gain. I fear that Paquerette could read what was passing in his mind, as well as myself; for his countenance, at that time, could not deceive, and when, after gazing at him for some time, she raised her eyes to bid me good night, it was with a movement so slow and languid, that it seemed as if they were heavy with unshed tears.

"It was but a short,—alas! a very short time after this interview, that the disappointment and misery which I had from the very first dreaded for Paquerette, burst with violence upon her stricken soul. Louis still loved; ay, and loved even with a more glowing fervour, for he seldom left her side; but the romance, the secret of her love, which to a sensitive mind like Paquerette's, must have constituted its greatest charm, was gone for ever. The mystery which had bound their hearts was broken. Much of this feeling was evidently shared by Louis himself. His attention, if not his heart, was no longer solely engrossed by the love which had till so lately been all in all. Much of the enthusiasm, too, which he had before lavished on his art, was now expended in admiration of his cousin's bold independence and love of enterprise. He would sometimes sit for hours, forgetful of all, while he leaned upon his easel, and suffered the pencil to drop from his hand, as with flashing eyes and heightened colour he would listen to the strange adventures, the hair-breadth escapes, and desperate chances which had befallen the young lieutenant during his campaign. These stories, not perhaps always told with the strictest regard to truth, were always followed by many a *Vive l'Empereur!* and many a hope that the war would break out again ere long, and many an expression of contempt and pity for any young man who could sit and mope at his own hearth, or sigh away his days for love of a pretty face, when the road to fame and distinction lay open to all; and then he would twirl the ribbon at his button-hole with the prettiest cox-combical air imaginable. During these narrations, I observed that Paquerette would fix her large melancholy eyes, with an indefinable expression, almost of compassion, upon Louis, and then would turn them slowly away, and resume her work with an ardour I had never before witnessed in her. I knew not what was passing in her mind, for she told her thoughts to no one; but I could see that she was working herself with feverish energy to some high resolves, which she did not communicate even to me."

CHAPTER X.

THE CANVASS BAG.

HERE the bouquetière paused. She was evidently struggling with some strange emotion, to which the memory of these scenes had given rise. Some minutes elapsed ere she spoke again, and then, looking up, while the tear which stood in her eye contrasted sweetly with the half arch smile which played around her mouth, and the cheerful tones of her voice were mixed with a shade of sadness, she said:—

"Now do I feel that I have come to the part of my story, which, to tell you a truth, so grieves me to relate, that I scarce know how to proceed. How I wish that I had not begun it! Come, will you have pity on me, and spare me the rest?"

She had used her most bewitching tone, and the sweet smile of her youth, which is yet celebrated for its extraordinary expression and beauty; but we were hardened by curiosity against all her blandishments, and resisted most vigorously this attempt on her part to cheat us of what we

now considered to be our due ; so, after much pressing on our side, and some little reluctance on hers, she at length proceeded :—

“ It was not long after this change had taken place in the prospects of Louis Girardot, that a rumour of a new war, in which the emperor was about to embark, spread throughout the metropolis, and while many a young heart beat joyously at the news, many a fair young cheek grew paler. Louis had grown more restless in his manner of late ; more of his time was spent with his gay young cousin, and when he sought our society he was more silent and abstracted than even Paquerette herself ; and it was evident to all that there was something in his mind, which he was anxious to conceal.

“ It was about the middle of winter when the final announcement of the approaching war was made public. It was one very cold morning, I remember well, and we were all comfortably gathered round the poêle in Françoise’s little lodge. The good woman had brought the journal and was spelling the news from it, and when she had concluded, Melanie turned to Paquerette, who was copying music at the window, and said that it was a fortunate thing for her that he was not in the army, for it would no doubt be a hard campaign. And how many would depart who could never hope to return.

“ I gazed at Paquerette as these words were uttered, and saw that her hand trembled violently. I had fancied that there was something bitter in the tone in which Melanie spoke, and I said to her laughingly,

“ ‘ Have a care, the war may reap better men than he. What need of Louis when there is his gallant cousin ? ’

“ Paquerette dropped the pen she held, and clasping her hands while she looked at me mournfully, exclaimed aloud, evidently forgetting that she was not alone,

“ ‘ His cousin, his cousin ! would to God he had never seen him ! ’

“ I could scarcely conjecture at that moment, what could be the meaning of this bitter ejaculation, and was gazing on her as she sat silent and abstracted, wondering at the cause of her aversion to the handsome young soldier, when a shadow darkened the door of the lodge, and the young lieutenant himself stood before us. His eye fell upon Paquerette as he entered—she looked full into his face, and slowly arose. Her love was prophetic. His eye quailed beneath that glance, and his cheek grew crimson. He did not speak, but bowed to all around, and Paquerette was the only one who moved ; she advanced towards him, and took, without uttering a single word, the arm which he extended at her approach. As he led her down the steps, I could see a shade of sadness steal over his open brow while looking down upon that pale face, and those upturned eyes gazing so meekly into his—I felt that the hour of bitter grief was nigh at hand.

“ We were surprised at this sudden intrusion, and this still more sudden exit from the lodge, and we all crowded to the doorway to watch them. Round and round that court-yard did they slowly turn, and we could see each time they passed that Paquerette still preserved silence, and that the young man was pouring forth in a low tone torrent of words, accompanied by vehement gesticulation, for which he was so remarkable.

“ He re-entered alone, and seemingly cheerful and contented, as if a heavy load had been taken off his mind. Paquerette had gone up instantly to her chamber. Of course we were not tardy in our inquiries

respecting the subject of his business. He seemed almost overpowered as he replied,

" 'Paquerette is a generous noble-hearted maiden. I did not think so much courage could be contained in so frail and delicate a form. It was but with a sorry heart that I undertook this mission.'

" 'What mission?' exclaimed I, in breathless alarm.

" 'Only the announcement of my cousin Louis's determination to become a man at last, and to listen to the promptings he has long felt stir within him; but he feared the effect which the sorrow of Paquerette might have upon his resolution, and, therefore, deputed me to the task of breaking to her the unwelcome tidings. But he knew her not, however; she was calm to the last, she listened in silence while I delivered myself of all the well-digested arguments which Louis and I had been at so much pains to prepare together, all about his wish to rise for her alone, and such-like reasoning; and when I had ended, she looked in my face, and earnestly inquired,

" 'Does Louis himself desire this?'

" 'I was, in truth, overjoyed to be able to answer 'Yes,' for I should not have dared to have lied in answer to the searching glance by which she accompanied the words, and when I *did* reply, she merely exclaimed, in a low sad tone,

" ' 'Tis well—'tis well, then, there was no need of so much disguise.'

" 'And so our conference ended, for she had scarcely uttered these words ere she had flown up the staircase which leads to her own chamber.'

" I trembled as he spoke—none but myself knew, nor could possibly understand the depth, the grandeur of the love of Paquerette, and none, I thought, could succeed so well in affording her comfort under her misfortune, and I instantly flew to console her with the hope that she would unburden her sorrows in my bosom. She was standing at the window as I entered, gazing upon vacancy. Not a tear dimmed her eye, and she turned fiercely round as the sound of my approaching step fell upon her ear. She started and drew back, when I advanced, and stared for a moment in utter unconsciousness upon my countenance. I took her by the arm, and led her gently to the bed—that snow-white bed whereon we were seated when she had told me the story of her love. Once more were we seated there side by side, but with, oh, what widely different feelings! I laid her head upon my bosom, and warmed her ice-cold hands in mine, and presently she yawned and stretched forth her arms like one awaking from slumber, and said, in a low, hoarse tone,

" 'Louis is about to depart, Georgette; he has other visions of wealth and honour than those produced by his profession; my love, which, once, was all things to his soul, is now discarded for idle dreams of glory and of riches. His cousin says that 'tis for *me* that he longs to grow wealthy; for *me*, dost hear? for *me*, Paquerette, who would have given all the riches beneath the sun but to have recalled, for a short space, those days when we used to meet together unknown to all the world—when his words could reach my very soul, even when they were spoken from that dizzy parapet!'

" She hid her face upon my shoulder, and sobbed aloud, while my own tears fell thick and fast upon her beautiful head, and I could only press her more fondly than ever to my heart, while I exclaimed:

" 'Thou must take courage, dearest Paquerette. All young and ardent

souls pant for glory at a time like this. Louis will return. His love has made him ambitious; fear not, his love will make him bold, and he will come back to us covered with honour and glory.'

"She laid her hand upon my arm, and answered, solemnly,

"'Deceive not thyself, dear Georgette, he will return no more. 'Twas all a dream then, and it is gone for ever—I shall see him no more. Knowst thou 'tis as if he were already gone? Dost thou remember the day when the dark-blue dove—the golden-eyed azurine—flew from my hand through the open window; we saw her yet for a long time as she moved among the house-tops, we knew that she was there, but she was our own no longer. She had dreams of her old liberty, and cared not to return. Thou canst not have forgotten how she tried her wing, timidly at first and with precaution, and then, when grown more bold, how she soared to the sky, and was lost to sight.'

"I used my utmost endeavours to restore her faith in Louis, but nothing could root out this persuasion from her mind. She saw him make all preparations for his departure; she witnessed the tumult of his hope—the wild ambition which had taken place in his bosom of all other feelings, with so much calmness and resignation, that I began almost to doubt if I had not exaggerated the power of her attachment.

"The day of his departure arrived. I had sat with him till very late on the previous evening, long after Paquerette had sighed forth her last farewell, and was up again with the sun to see him depart. How I remember the cold gray morning, and the desolate feelings I experienced, as I shivered along to the guard-house. The dripping eaves, the cold mist of the dawn, seemed to encompass me around like the icy breath of the grave; and I was so sad that I felt as if I were in reality about to bid an eternal farewell to Louis. He advanced to meet me with tearful and with a gasping welcome. I did not feel surprised at his sadness, for my own heart was like lead within my bosom. He was so overcome by grief, perhaps mingled also with self-reproach, at the step which he had taken, that he had grown more expansive than usual in his manner towards me, for he pressed my hand warmly to his lips, and exclaimed—

"'Dear and kind Georgette, ever good and generous, how shall I ever be able to repay thee? Watch over *her*, Georgette, when I am gone, as thou didst once, and with such fond care, watch over me, and if——'

"Emotion choked his utterance, and, pausing to brush the tears away, he resumed—

"'Tis strange—the hope—the buoyant courage, which my cousin has instilled into me are now deserting me when I most require them. I feel not as I should do at this hour, I am unnerved, and my thoughts all turn backward to the past, when they should be busy with the future. But then I have been all night long a prey to feverish visions, enough in truth to make a man superstitious who is about to depart he knows not whither, and to return he knows not when. I had paced my chamber in my restlessness and had opened my casement in the thirst for fresh air, ere I yielded to the necessity I felt of taking some repose, but had scarcely sunk into a troubled slumber, when I was awakened by the fancy that the face of the sweet angel Paquerette was bending over me, as I slept, and thought while I yet gazed in terror, that the vision faded into air. I arose then, for I could sleep no longer, and it was not till then—'

"The first roll of the drum interrupted his speech, and it was not till

the stunning din had ceased that he resumed, but hastily, for a moment was a treasure.

"I found upon the window-sill what thou didst so kindly leave with me last night, or I should have given it thee back again, believe me. Thinking I should not again see thee before my departure, I gave it into the hands of my cousin, who will return it to thee, for 'tis not seemly thou shouldst despoil thyself. I have kept but this token, which is of far more value to me than aught beside."

"As he spoke he drew from his bosom a bunch of the scarlet geranium which I knew so well; the blossoms were tied together with a long silken mesh of jet black hair, and he kissed it with fervour.

"I had not time to speak nor to deny, save by signs, any participation in the gift, for the drum again beat, and the conscripts were marshalled into marching order. He waved his hand once more, holding the bunch of flowers. His look of anguish I have never forgotten when he thrust the glowing blossoms into his bosom and seized his gun. I gazed into his face—a secret voice seemed to whisper that I was looking my last farewell. . . . I was right in my presentiment, for that same Louis Girardot—the painter—the poet—the pure-hearted—the gentle-minded, I never beheld again!

"I withdrew slowly and in sadness from the spot. As I passed through the arch of the Tuileries, I was accosted by the lieutenant, who came running at full speed, and arrived panting and breathless before me:

"'I have been looking for you this hour and more,' exclaimed he, 'on the part of that greenhorn, Louis. He has sent me to return a trifle you left on his window-sill last evening, along with a bunch of red flowers which, forsooth, he *keeps*! But he is fool enough to declare that he will not avail himself of this, and my opinion, I may say it to you, for you are a true and gallant girl, that he is doubly fool to refuse what is so generously given, so kindly withal, and with such good intent. He departs with scarce a single sous, and he knows not what a sorry life he will have to lead. Mon Dieu, better be the dog of the regiment than the *guez*.'

"He drew forth the object of which he was speaking, and hurriedly sought to place it in my hand. It was a bag of coarse, dark canvass, heavy with the coin of which it was full. 'It is not mine,' exclaimed I, faintly, 'indeed 'twas not I who placed it there. It never has been mine. I have nought to do with the gift.'

"'Mille tonnerres!' shouted he, 'this is no time for fine sentiments, there is the last signal—the clarions are ringing—thou'lt give me the rest of all thy fine phrases when the campaign is over. Farewell, my girl, thou wilt better learn the value ere long of what thou seemest to despise. 'Tis well I am the only man among ye, and have some thought for the puling *péquin*.'

"The clarions rang once more—the lieutenant coloured to the very temples, and shouldering his sabre, ran with the speed of lightning to join the troop, and was in another moment lost to sight.

"For me, I remained rooted to the spot, nor heeded the jeers and gibes of the passengers, who took me for I know not what. The truth flashed across my mind. The secret of the dream of Louis—the vision which he had fancied to be some supernatural warning—that coarse canvass bag—belonged to Paquerette de Fontenay!"

T I C K ;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD ETON BOY.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT, AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE COLONIES; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF AN EMIGRANT."

CHAPTER XIX.

NOTWITHSTANDING my usual impetuosity, I walked my horse down to the ford slowly; for the recent conversation of which I had been the unpremeditated auditor had given rise to new and pleasing hopes; and I felt a desire for leisure and quiet to analyse my feelings. Even the interruption of leaping over one or two hedges and ditches discomposed me; and I experienced a sort of irritation which is apt to beset one when any obstacle intervenes to disturb one's musings.

Various conflicting thoughts assailed me. I felt a glow of vague delight as I dwelt on the words uttered by the beautiful "Lavinia;" and at the same time I was dissatisfied with myself for having come to the knowledge of them as a listener—unintentional as it was—in a way that might be considered mean and surreptitious. Then I began to speculate on who "Lavinia" was? Was she the daughter of the old gentleman in the brown wig, against whom my father had conceived so violent a prejudice at the sale? Moreover, the brown wig had positively outbid him, and bought the land as it were from under his very nose; and the indignation which so signal an affront excited still festered in my father's breast, and he felt more mortified than he cared to express at having been thwarted in a favourite project by a stranger of seemingly no pretensions—except a strength of purse which my father heartily despised.

Besides, some instinctive feeling told me that the characters of my father and him of the brown wig were diametrically opposed to each other; the latter priding himself not only on his possession of an abundance of those much-coveted representatives of wealth bearing the signature of "Henry Hase," but also on his custom of paying ready-money for what he bought—a practice which was altogether opposed to my worthy father's habits and predilections.—Altogether I by no means felt confident of the smoothness with which the parties concerned very naturally desire should accompany affairs in which the heart is engaged; and I began to be tormented with the doubts and fears which are the usual concomitants of a nascent passion.—As I revolved these thoughts—having passed through the stream at the ford almost without being conscious that the water rose as high as my legs—I found myself opposite the green bank which had been the witness of my morning's adventure.

There was no creature in sight; so silent and still was all around me that the garden and the country about seemed to be absolutely uninhabited; and I experienced a strange feeling of loneliness as I passed slowly on by the side of the river.—I did not like to stop lest it should look particular, and as if I had some design in taking that course, which, as I

said to myself, I certainly had not ; why might I not ride that way as well as any other ?—I naturally turned my head however in the direction of the garden ; and indeed the house or rather cottage—that is to say a house in the cottage style—was a picturesque object enough. As I looked, I thought I heard cries which resembled a pack of hounds, and I pulled up, rather surprised, to listen ; for it was not the hunting season, and I could not understand what was the reason of it. Presently the sounds came louder to my ears ; and then I distinguished the shouts of men and boys on the opposite side of the stream to my right, and at the same time a female form came suddenly into view as if attracted by curiosity to learn the cause of the unusual tumult.

I had hardly time to recognise the form of her whom I most longed to see, when, on a sudden, a large dog of suspicious aspect and foaming at the mouth scrambled through the hedge and made its way into the garden pursued at a little distance by a crowd of country people who kept on shouting with all their might “ Mad dog ! ” “ Mad dog ! ” to the extreme terror of the hunted animal ; for certainly the violent vociferations of the pursuers were enough to drive mad and make furious either man or beast of the sanest and most pacific disposition. To my horror I beheld the dog which bore all the signs of fury and madness, rush on towards the terror-struck Lavinia who stood directly in its path ! Stimulated by the desire to save her from a dreadful death, and disregarding the danger of attempting to pass on horseback through a stream of great depth and with precipitous banks on both sides, I gave the spur to my horse and dashed into the water.

To be over head and ears in love, it is said, is a most disastrous plight ; but let me be allowed to say, that to be over head and ears in deep water is no joke neither. This reflection I made afterwards, for at the moment the consciousness of Lavinia's danger took away all sense of my own, and I thought of nothing but of mounting the opposite bank in time to prevent the terrible catastrophe which now I could see was imminent. A few seconds sufficed to cross the stream, but when I reached the opposite side I became aware of the impossibility of surmounting the steepness of a bank which it was impracticable for my horse to climb from the water. By a desperate effort, however, he got his fore-legs on the firm grass of the margin, and made violent struggles to raise himself up ; but it was a feat not possible to be accomplished. His efforts and struggles were in vain. He snorted and groaned, and it was with difficulty that I could sit on his back, and all the while I was in an agony at the sight of the dog rushing on the poor girl, whom fright rendered motionless and helpless, when my struggling horse making a last desperate effort to gain the bank, turned over backwards into the river.

All this which takes some time in the narration occupied only a few seconds in its action. I remember only a fearful shriek which struck my ears with terrible import as I was immersed in the water ; I made a frantic effort to disengage one of my feet from the stirrup, when I felt myself overwhelmed by a tumultuous rushing of waters about my ears, and then all was a blank ; I was senseless.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN my consciousness returned, I found myself lying on a bed in a strange place ; but it was some time before I could make out what had happened to me :—my predominant sensation was a strong taste in my mouth of gin and peppermint. It seems that I had been stripped and placed between warm blankets, and that all the means within the knowledge of the inhabitants of the house had been had recourse to for my resuscitation without effect. The only surgeon near had been sent for, but he was absent in a distant part of the county ; I was lying, therefore, as one presumed to be dead, or at least waiting to be pronounced so by competent medical authority ; and as my recovery was unknown to those who had placed me where I was, I became for a second time an unintentional auditor not only of some posthumous comments on myself as “the deceased,” but of a dialogue that put me in possession of some family secrets both curious and interesting.

The curtains of the bed on which I lay, were closed ; but I presently became sensible, from a suppressed whispering, that others were in the room who, I guessed, had been sent to watch my corpse ; and my conjecture was confirmed as the voices became gradually raised, by the following characteristic conversation :—

“You’re sure he’s dead ?” said a voice which seemed to me to proceed from some elderly female.

“Trust to me for that,” replied a second ; “I tried him only just now when you left the room to fetch the glass. If there’s life left, there’s nothing like a drop of gin or such-like—for the gentry I use brandy when they give it—to rouse it up. For it stands to reason, as I always say, if there’s any of the vital spark in ’em, the spirit will make it flare up—only with them as is drowned I give a little more because of the water which in course, weakens it in proportion ; and if so be as there’s life left then, as I say, the corpse can’t but swallow it—that’s my test.”

This was said in a snuffling tone of voice, indicative of the vocation of the speaker ; and it seemed from a gurgling sound which followed, and the gentle clink of a glass, that my attendants were not unprovided with the usual requisites calculated to cheer the spirits on such occasions.

There was a gentle smacking of lips after this, and then the voice of the last speaker was heard again.

“And so you don’t know who the poor young gentleman is ?—Well—to be sure ! And how unfortunate that your master isn’t at home ! Oh ! deeree me ! Well—as you say, it’s very shocking ! and so young, too ! I declare, I never felt so downhearted and faint before—and the many corpses, too—and some of them lovely ones—that I have sat and watched by !”

“Take another glass,” said the other, who seemed on this occasion to be the patroness and dispenser of the cordial ; “there’s nothing more harmful, as I’ve heard say, than the smell of a dead corpse ; you needn’t be afraid of the drink, Mrs. Fogrum (who, I presumed, manifested some coyness at the invitation) it’s as mild as milk, and it’s out of missus’s own cupboard.”

“What ! does Miss Livy keep a private store, and so young as she is ! Well ! I never should have thought it !”

“Miss Livy ? No ! I mean Miss McDragon ; she’s master’s sister—

that is, his late wife's sister; it's she who keeps every thing in order! It's not Miss Livy that is my missus yet, although I am her nurse, that is, was—for she is too big now to be nursed except by a husband; and between you and me, Mrs. Fogrum, that's what she wouldn't be disinclined to; but poor thing! it's little of that she's thinking of now! But as to the cordial, it's out of her aunt's own cupboard."

"Well, to be sure! I must say that the old lady is a judge of what's good—a shade too much of the mint, perhaps—it covers the taste for the gentry—but it's very comforting!"

"She takes it for the qualms—as she says;—but lord love ye, Mrs. Fogrum, take care not to call her 'old' lady; it's her tenderest point; and people are apt to turn rusty a bit when you tread on their corns, you know."

"Trust me for that; I never give offence, not I, to the living nor dead.—Only half a glass more, if you please, ma'am:—Well—never mind, as you've filled it up, it would be a sin to waste it. So—Miss Livy takes on, does she?"

"Desperate!" replied her nurse and confidant; "nothing can be like it! Such crying and sobbing I never did see before! And Miss Livy is not one of the crying sort, neither, not by no means, but all full of fun and frolic, and laughing at every thing. But now she talks of nothing but dying for grief—although she never saw the young gentleman before, to my knowledge. He was a good-looking young man though—and girls, you know, Mrs. Fogrum, will be girls."

Mrs. Fogrum acquiesced by an affirmative grunt. . . .

"And to be sure, if it hadn't been for Miss Livy he never would have been brought in here, for the aunt wanted him to be taken into the stable, seeing that he was all so wet and covered with mud too; but Miss Livy insisted, and would have her way this time, and all that's been done almost has been by her directions; you wouldn't have thought so young a thing had so much sense, only to be sure it was I that brought her up, as I may say; and it has been as much as ever I could do to keep her away out of the room, only as I told her it wasn't proper, which to be sure she couldn't but feel; but we were obliged to tell her every minute what was doing; and when I told her that it was all over, and that the poor young gentleman was gone for certain, she fainted right away, and I feared almost that she was gone too. But she came to herself again after a bit, and there she is lying on her bed in her own room, and a-crying and a-sorrowing so, that it makes one's heart bleed to see."

"Well to be sure it's very shocking for them as isn't used to it:—but what a mercy that the dog didn't bite her!"

"No thanks to him that lies there," rejoined the nurse;—"you see I had it from the gardener, who was told it by the man that was digging, and he was just resting a-bit on his spade and saw the whole of it."

"And how did it all happen, pray? I heard say, as I came along that the poor young lady was shockingly bit all over, and was raving-mad already; and that she barked dreadful."

"Not mad," replied the nurse, "but only overcome-like, as needs was seeing that she might have been devoured by the horrid animal before any one came to help her:—but you see it was this way, as the gardener told me. The dog came running at her all mad and covered with froth, with his mouth wide open, and poor Miss Livy shrieked out, 'Save me!

save me !' but he—there—instead of saving her was frightened himself, and tried to save his own life, and he made his horse jump into the water and so he was drowned !”

“ Well to be sure ! But I thought the young gentleman was riding on the other side of the river ?”

“ That couldn't be ; because for why ? He galloped into the river to save himself from the dog, as the gardener says, and you know mad things are always afraid of the water.”

“ True,” said the watcher of corpses.

“ And there,” resumed the nurse, “ I suppose he thought he should be safe : but poor mortals as we be we never know what is best for us ! And so the gentleman as I say was drowned !”

“ Drowned he is sure enough, poor young gentleman,” ejaculated the other with a sigh.—“ And I must say who ought to know it and have watched so many, that he makes a beautiful corpse ! And don't you know who he is and who he belongs to ?”

“ That's what missus wanted to know. But there's no name in his pockets nor on his linen—only his 'nitals L. C.”

“ L. C. ? What does that stand for ? But the coroner's inquest will find out all that of course, as their duty is. Will the doctor be here do you think soon ?—Who knows ? perhaps he might bring him to life again ! Those doctors do such things now-a-days ! Not that I should be agin it, though it would interfere with my business ; but, as I say, I'm sure I wish the poor young gentleman could be alive ; only he's dead, that's certain ; and I hope, ma'am, that you will put in a good word for me that is a lone woman, for I came at a minute's notice and neglected every individual thing that I had to do at home for the sake of doing a pleasure to your missus and Miss Livy, and a body must live, let other people die ever so But it's a shocking thing, and as I say I never did feel so faint at heart in all my life before.”

“ Take another glass, Mrs. Fogrum : it's always allowed to refresh oneself a little in a sick room let alone a dead one as we may say ; help yourself ; it makes me quite melancholy to see you ~~look~~ so sad and out of spirits.”

“ There's no more in the bottle,” replied that respectable functionary in a dolorous voice, occasioned doubtless by the grievous nature of her occupation in watching the spiritless condition of the bottle as well as of the defunct ; “ but don't fetch any more for me ; I am quite ashamed that you should have the trouble ; besides I don't want any more ; I don't indeed ; but if you will, could you oblige me so far as to let me have a lump or two of sugar, and ever so little hot water—boiling if you please ma'am ; unless it quite boils it don't take the cold out of one's heart ! and sure mine is cold enough as is natural, for it's weary work, that it is, to sit watching dead corpses all one's life—that is when one is lucky enough to get a job—for business seems to me to get worse and worse every day”

Here her voice dropped, as her associate retired to seek for further consolation from her missus's cupboard, and she fell into a low maundering in which “ business” and “ corpses” were indistinctly audible ; and in a little time, wearied, as it seemed, with watching for the return of the considerate nurse, a heavy breathing succeeded by a loud snoring, which it struck me at the time was a most imprudent act of giving way to her

feelings, for it was enough to wake the dead as the saying is, announced that my guardian was asleep.

I raised myself up and peeped cautiously through the closed curtains. With one arm resting on the table; the fingers of the recumbent hand still affectionately encircling the pedestal of the wine-glass, the much-enduring Mrs. Fogrum, overcome by her feelings, was buried in profound repose. Saving the measured sounds which proceeded from that most expansive and professionally ruby nose, all was still in the room and in the house.—I debated with myself for a brief space what to do under circumstances that were novel and embarrassing; for I was in the unsophisticated condition, between the blankets, of Adam before the fall;—and I could not see my clothes anywhere about; altogether it was a position that furnished matter for serious contemplation.

The room, I observed, was darkened by the shutters being partially closed, as was decorous and proper; but there was light enough for me to ascertain, from the appearance of a dressing-gown hanging from a peg near the door, and a boot-jack standing conveniently at hand, that I was in a gentleman's apartment. I had hardly made this brief survey before the door gently opened, and a slight rustling of a female dress gave me notice of the approach of a new visitor; for my acute senses informed me that the light tread which was hardly audible on the floor was not that of the portly nurse whose return I was expecting. The light tread, however, was closely followed by that of another which evidently proceeded from one of a heavier person, and the two slowly approached the bed.

"See," whispered a voice which I instantly recognised as that of Lavinia, and who I guessed was pointing to my professional attendant—"this is the way these people keep their watch!"

"What's the odds, miss?" replied her companion, speaking in a louder whisper; "the poor young gentleman is gone; and whether the poor woman wakes or whether she sleeps can make no difference to him!"

"Oh! nurse! I cannot believe that he is dead! Would to God that the surgeon would come!"

"It would be of no use, miss; the poor gentleman is gone; quite dead; and I'll be bound, cold by this time; and that's why Mrs. Fogrum thought to get a bit of sleep before watching him at night, which of course she will have to do—and I have promised to sit up with her; for it's lonesome, as she says, sitting by oneself in a dead man's room!"

"Dead! nurse—dead! Oh no! do not say that!—we must not give up all hope! Are you sure that every thing has been done that it is possible to have done to restore his life! And he lost it in his generous endeavour to save mine! Oh! nurse! I shall never—never—be happy again!"

"You had better go back, miss, you had indeed. It's not quite proper for a young lady to come into a young gentleman's room—although to be sure, his being dead, as one may say, makes a difference."

"Nurse," said the young girl, in a solemn tone, and with a decision which was evident even in her whispered accents—"I *will* be sure that there has been no neglect. There is no medical man to protect him; my father is away; my aunt will not see him; it was to save my life that he risked his own; and I say, I *will* be sure that there is no mistake in that woman's supposing him to be dead when help might save him!"

"Be convinced, then, miss," said the nurse drawing aside the curtain of the bed; "you can see that the poor young gentleman is really gone, and then your mind will be at rest."

"No, nurse; not at rest; I never again shall be at rest; but I *will* see!"

It may easily be imagined that I never could forget such a scene as this; it is still present to my mind as if it was yesterday.—In my heart I admired the courage of the girl in her visit to the dead; and my first impulse was to raise my voice and assure her that I was alive!—But I know not what feeling restrained me; it was a mixture of feelings. Perhaps I had not time to make up my mind suddenly to appear alive again; and seeing that every one insisted that I was dead, I thought it behoved me not to contradict in an unexpected manner such a weight of evidence, but to lie still as was becoming a decent and well-behaved corpse and resign myself to what might come next. Perhaps, curiosity also was a powerful motive for my acquiescence.—I was lying as I have said between the blankets over which a sheet had been spread which I had pulled over my face; but as my covering after all was more adapted to a dead than a living person, I had already begun to feel cold; besides my recent immersion was calculated rather to blanch me than otherwise; so that I considered I might pass muster, provided the examination was not too particular, for that which the two old women had so positively pronounced me. Added to this,—for I will confess all,—despite the solemnity of the occasion and the feeling of veneration with which the conduct of the courageous and high-minded girl inspired me,—I was possessed with a certain feeling of fun which irresistibly beset me at the thought of the droll point of view in which the scene might be regarded;—in short I don't very well know what I thought; and in the meantime the nurse drawing down the sheet disclosed to the poor girl the seemingly inanimate features of her hero of the fish-hook.

"It is!" she exclaimed in a low and earnest tone of voice, and although my eyes were closed, I *felt* that she clasped her hands and gazed on me sadly; "it is the same! I knew it was!—And it was for me that he died! Oh! this is sad indeed! But here I swear that as his life was sacrificed for mine so shall my future life be devoted to his memory! No man shall ever call me his—there lies my husband! and all my earthly love shall be buried with him in his grave!"

"La! miss," said her nurse, "don't say any thing so dreadful! There are plenty more husbands to be had—not but this was a likely youth enough, and Mrs. Fogrum who has had great experience, says . . ."

"No! nurse! you do not know all! This is my only husband, and now I must bid him farewell." Saying this she bent over my face and removing the sheet which her nurse had dropped over my head again during the expression of Lavinia's rash vow of celibacy, she imprinted a mortuary kiss on my cold forehead.

By what superhuman power of muscle I was enabled to keep my countenance at the reception of this valedictory tribute of gratitude and devotion is utterly incomprehensible to me!—But in truth, the incident was rather of a grave complexion in this particular; it was like the performance, on her part, of a religious duty; but I will not disguise in these confessions, that on my part the sensation of that kiss was so exquisitely delicious, that I would willingly have been drowned a dozen

times to receive an equal number of such remunerations. It was from the hope perhaps, that the ceremony might be repeated, that I was enabled, as I say, to remain perfectly still during the operation ; although I felt my heart bump so under the blanket, that my wonder was how its beating escaped observation.—I was powerfully tempted too as the warm breath of the young girl fell on my forehead to return the kiss which she so devotionally bestowed.

And here it strikes me that if a novel or romance-writer had to deal with this extraordinary scene, he would have manufactured from such materials an abundant quantity of dramatic and startling effects. In such hands I can imagine that the ingenious writer would describe the kiss as having been surprisingly returned ! And then the sudden shock ! with exclamations to match (Oh ! Heavens ! &c.,) and the piercing scream of the heroine (the candle is to go out of course) would have a very fine effect ! The restoration to life of the inanimate corpse (by the way, why do all writers say “inanimate corpse ?”—who ever heard of an animate one ?) the restoration of the “inanimate corpse” as I say, would be ascribed to the soul awakening thrill of that kiss of reanimating love &c., &c., &c. !!! And then, the starting up of the defunct, and the ensuing embrace (of course) and the Ah’s ! and the Oh’s ! and the fainting away of the lady, (always the best thing they can do under such circumstances, as it relieves them from all responsibility as to the consequences)—all this, I say, would have produced an accumulation of pathos quite overwhelming !

Really, I regret that I cannot indulge in such a romantic description ; but the plain fact of the matter is that nothing of the sort occurred. I remained, as I have said, quite still ; and the poor girl, after having uttered a deep sigh and let fall a tear on my face which ought to have affected me as a holy relic, but which, in truth, tickled me so that I could hardly refrain from putting my hand up to rub the place, retired with the same noiseless step with which she had entered, closing the door softly behind her.

I was now again alone ; that is, with the exception of the undisturbable Mrs. Fogrum, who having no sympathy with the touching scene which I have endeavoured faithfully to describe, had remorselessly snored through it all. But I was not inclined to remain any longer a passive victim to that awful infliction. Besides I felt an excessive longing to assuage the sorrow of the beautiful Lavinia, and to assure her of my ardent desire to deserve as a living man a repetition of the tenderness which she had bestowed on one whom she had deemed unconscious of her act of devotional gratitude. But I was puzzled to know what to do for clothes ; and the light was failing ; indeed it was now dusk, and the figure of my sleeping guardian loomed fantastically like a bundle of dirty clothes through the obscurity from the other end of the room. It was plain, however, that her senses were so completely steeped in forgetfulness and gin that there was no fear of interruption from that quarter ; so that I was at liberty to do as I pleased unchecked and unobserved. Wrapping my sheet around me I got softly out of bed. The first thing that I did was to lock the door ; then I looked about me, as well as the increasing obscurity permitted, in order to have a better understanding of the locality ; and especially to see if there were any articles of apparel

at hand of which I could avail myself to make a decent and respectable appearance as a resuscitated corpse.

No one came to the door to interrupt me. The old nurse snored on. For a while I stood in the middle of the room with my sheet wrapped around me like a North American chief with his blanket, or an ancient Roman in his toga ; but I found that style of dress, however picturesque, most insufficient, for I felt very chilly, and I looked about anxiously for some warmer covering. I could see no clothes of any sort ; and in my desperation I was at one time inclined to despoil the old nurse of some of her upper garments and sally forth in that guise ; but presently, I spied a door in a dark corner of the room which I guessed formed the entrance to a cupboard. I stepped cautiously to the spot, and opened the door gently ; there were various garments as I could dimly distinguish, hanging on pegs inside. This was just what I wanted ; I took down an armful at a venture, and brought them into the light, which was barely sufficient, however, to enable me to see.

To my extreme relief the first article that I examined proved to be a pair of—the most indispensable portion of a gentleman's dress ; but, as I perceived partly by sight and partly by feeling, of a fashion of the olden time ; that is to say made to reach no lower than the knee. Moreover, I ascertained on trial, that they were by no means a good fit, for me at least, being intended as I surmised, for some gentleman who was short and stout, whereas I was tall and thin. However, such as they were it was better to have them than nothing ; so I put them on, though I had a notion that I cut rather a queer figure. The next article that I lighted on was a gaiter, and I quickly found another to match. As they were of the sort known by the name of “long” they obviated the necessity of stockings, which was lucky. I thrust my feet into a pair of carpet slippers which stood handy, and immediately proceeded to button the gaiters up my legs ; they were rather baggy, but by fastening them to the knees of their fellow inexpressibles I managed to preserve the connexion pretty well. A waistcoat which I found, next, and which happily was very long as well as very wide, prevented any unseemly hiatus between itself and the nether garment ; and now I began to feel warmer and more confident.

I did not know what to do for a shirt ; but as it was not an article of strick necessity although in deference to public opinion never dispensed with when obtainable, I was forced to do as the King of Prussia did when he had no bread—namely—“go without.” But, in compensation, I found a roomy coat—too short in the sleeves—but that didn't much matter—but most capacious in the skirts ; the colour was ambiguous. I now wanted nothing but a cravat to complete my toilette. There were some towels hanging over a chair ; I tied one of them round my throat. As my head felt rather cold, and no wonder, after my cold bath—I groped in the cupboard for a hat ; I couldn't find one ; but I felt something stiff and hairy which on examination I found to be a wig of the species, if I am not mistaken, called a “Bob.” As there was no time for ceremony, and as this covering was better than nothing, I pulled it on ; and then being full-dressed I bethought myself how I should best announce myself to the family of the house, to return thanks for the hospitality which I had received, and to take measures for returning home, or for informing my parents of the events that had taken place by letter, according to circum-

stances, and the nature of the reception and invitation which I might meet with from the amiable Lavinia, and the formidable Miss McDragon. —I had not calculated however on the effect which my appearance in my new character was calculated to produce among the natives.

There is one reflection which I must not omit to record in this place as it is in conformity with the general tenour of these memoirs ; and that is that I was now about to appear, for the second time on my re-entrance to life, in borrowed clothes. I had not leisure to dwell on the idea as other matters pressed upon me ; but I remember that it struck me forcibly at the time ; and I was almost inclined, wearied as my spirits were with all that had happened to regard the matter with a sort of superstitious fear—for it seemed that the Demon of “Tick” still held me under his dominion.

These thoughts were put to flight by a restlessness on the part of my guardian, who at this moment exhibited signs of an inclination to rouse herself up ; but it seems that the cordial in which she had indulged was of a nature too potent to allow of more than a partial restoration of her waking faculties. She muttered some unintelligible words about “lone woman” and “not drunk,” and then, as I take it, supposing that she was at home, and yielding to the predominant desire to assume a recumbent posture, she tottered with her eyes half-open to the bed which I had quitted, and tumbling down on it with a crash that made the wood-work creak, in a few seconds she proclaimed, by the trumpet-toned notes of her nasal organ, that she was again fast asleep. Leaving her there without troubling myself with speculating on the surprise which the change of occupants might occasion to any inquirer, I unlocked the bed-room door, opened it, and issued forth into the passage.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was almost dark ; but there was still light enough for me to see my way. I proceeded to the end of the passage and descended the stairs. I observed no lights, and I met no one ; the house appeared as if uninhabited, or deserted. I traversed slowly and silently all the rooms on the ground-floor, all the doors of which were open, and still I met with no one. The silence and solitude of the house was positively chilling. Had I been of a timorous disposition I really should have felt nervous—especially after the late occurrences—at the dismal and dreary aspect of the place. It seemed as if every one had left the corpse by itself. I began to wonder if there really was any living creature on the premises besides myself.

As I thus stood, a little perplexed at the oddness of my situation, I heard, as I thought, voices at a distance. I followed the sound to the point where the servants’ offices were situated, by a passage, which the obscurity of the evening had prevented me before from observing. A certain steamy and not unfragrant odour made me aware that the sounds proceeded from the kitchen, which I was now approaching, feeling my way along the passage ; the low hum of several voices in a suppressed tone now increased, and I determined to make my way to what seemed the place of general assemblage.

Stretching my hands out before me, for the spot which I had now reached was quite dark, I encountered the door, against which their per-

cussion made a slight shake. The only word which I had heard pronounced within was "ghost!" but at the little bump on the door which my hands made, the sound of voices suddenly ceased. I now felt about for the handle; and the sort of scratching which this search gave rise to, produced a shuddering sensation within, which was sensible to me on the outside; and I heard a rustling of dresses and a scraping of feet, with a sort of scrambling noise, as if every one was pushing to get closest into the corner and furthest away from the door, in dread, as I learnt afterwards, of the "awful visitant!" But when I opened the kitchen-door, and stood revealed to the sight of those who dared to look on me, such a pushing into the corner, and such a burst of shrieks and bellowings met my eyes and ears as I never saw nor heard before nor since!

Among the terrified lot the cook-maid alone was able to find her tongue:—

"Help! help! it's the drowned gentleman! it's master! it's the dead corpse as has dressed itself in master's clothes and we shall all be dragged down to our graves! Speak to it, nurse, do; you have been sitting by it and you know the ways of 'em—do pray it to go back, again and be buried quietly. Oh! murder! mercy! it's coming nearer and nearer. Oh! Mister Ghost,—oh! good young gentleman! You know you are dead,—and oughtn't to be going about to frighten live people this way; oh! say a prayer some of you, do! 'As pants the hart for cooling streams!' It's looking at me, it is! I can't stand it, I'm falling into a fit! For mercy's sake, young gentleman, do fly away up the chimney! The creature's going to catch hold of me—murder! fire! help!"

Uttering these, and other incoherent exclamations, with which her absorbing fear inspired her, her fellows keeping up a chorus of shrieks the whole time which almost drowned her voice, the frantic cook-maid gathering momentary force from her despair, made a desperate plunge round the other side of the table, and was followed by the whole bevy, who scampered off with loud cries to the upper apartments, leaving me master of the field.

Although this was by no means the reception on which I had calculated, I could not, on brief reflection, be surprised; as, certainly, my appearance was as unexpected at the moment as my personal habiliments were extraordinary and equivocal; and such as could not fail to strike with terror and amazement the senses of the company prepared, as they had been to receive terror into their souls by their previous conversation on graves and ghosts and other earthly and unearthly subjects. But leaving things to take their course, and not doubting that the hubbub would have the effect of rousing into activity the superior inhabitants of the mansion, to whom I should be better able to explain the circumstances that had occasioned the household tumult, I turned my attention to the bacon and eggs which were spread on the kitchen-table; and feeling intolerably hungry, which reminded me that I had not yet dined, and that I had drunk nothing but cold water since breakfast, I sat down without ceremony, and shaving off a prodigious slice from the loaf, I matched it with a corresponding portion of the bacon, and proceeded to enjoy myself with great satisfaction.

I was not allowed, however, to conclude my unghostly proceeding undisturbed; for after a few minutes I became aware, from the sound of approaching footsteps, that people were approaching; and I guessed from

the tones of a male voice which were now distinguishable; that the troop of females had received a reinforcement from the stronger sex, and were probably advancing to reconnoitre the premises. The correctness of this surmise was presently proved by the following disjointed scraps of a discussion which reached my ears from the hesitating party :—

"Ghost? eh? What do you mean? A pack of fools! Ghost, indeed! Go on, cook. Where's the gardener?"

"Here's gardener; come forward,—gardener; gardener, why don't you come: where's your pitchfork?"

"Here I be; but a potato-fork is not of much use against a ghost, I'm thinking; this is parsons' work to talk to such-like—it's not in my line at all!"

"Not in your line? eh? The man's a coward! Where's nurse? Nurse—didn't you say you saw the body lying on the bed, as before?"

"I did, ma'am, as sure as eyes is eyes; there it is now, for I've seen it not a moment ago, but Mrs. Fegrum was gone. . . ."

"Then she's been flowed away with, poor old soul," said the cook; "that's for certain! But if the dead young gentleman is there he can't be here, for nobody can be in two places at once."

"But a ghost may," said one of the maids, through her chattering teeth :—all shuddered.

"I declare," exclaimed the gardener, who, stimulated by the aunt, had advanced sufficiently to get a sight of the apparition,—"*I declare, if the ghost isn't tucking in the victuals, or may I never dig another spadeful! Dang it, I never heard tell of a ghost that eat eggs and bacon before!*"

"And it's drinking, too," said the cook, who had edged herself forward under the protection of the pitchfork, so as to get a view; "*as sure as fat is fat, the ghost is a drinking ale out of the black-jack! He might have taken the horn-mug, if it was only for look's sake. Well—for a ghost, I must say he makes a long drink of it!*"

I did make a long drink of it, indeed, for the ale was home-brewed, and I think I never enjoyed a draught so much before, although it was out of the black-jack to the shock of the cook's notious of a ghost's gentility. And now having eaten and drunk, homely as was the fare, and having refreshed the inner man, I felt much revived in every respect, and prepared to confront even the formidable Miss McDragon, who at this point issued the most peremptory orders to her troops to advance and attack the intruder.

Wishing to cut the matter short, I rose from my seat and made a few steps towards the door of the kitchen which opened into the passage in which the group was packed in a very retrograding humour; but at this demonstration the whole party with one accord turned tail, and as each struggled to get out first, in their jostling they got wedged in the narrow space, and then ensued another scene of uncontrollable fright, the maids screaming, the aunt scolding them all, and the old gardener bellowing louder than all the rest. As each supposed that the other had seen something more dreadful than had appeared to himself, the panic that possessed them was general and irresistible. How they contrived to extricate themselves from the strait in which they were jammed by their own unthinking endeavours to get out I do not know; the gardener being in the rear, and rather unsteady in his gait, fell down, and I seized

him by one of his legs with the purpose of securing him and of making him my messenger to the rest ; but the awful howl that he set up at this aggression on the ghost's part so startled me, that I let it go, and he scrambled off on all-fours before I could recover presence of mind to detain him ; and his cry of mortal fear lending impetus to the flight of those who had gone before, they all rushed out into the front garden, and making their way through the gate never stopped till they met with the doctor on the road, to whom they explained, as well as they could, (all speaking at the same time), the nature of the horrible occurrence which had driven them from the haunted mansion !

In the meantime, furnishing myself with the candle, I sallied forth from the kitchen, with the hope of meeting with "Lavinia," who, I trusted, would have more sense or more courage than the rest of the inmates whom my apparition had scared away. With this intent I made my way back to the superior apartments, and as all the doors were open as before, and no one obstructed my progress, I quickly found myself in the drawing-room, leading from which was a smaller room, forming what is known by the name of a "boudoir."

There was a light in that inner room which I remembered was not there when I had passed through the drawing-room before. Thoughtlessly, and wrongly as I now see that it was, I passed it without pausing, and as I entered it, I perceived her, of whom I was in search, standing in an attitude of breathless suspense, with her hands clasped together, and her eyeballs strained towards the unknown object, whose almost noiseless approach she tremblingly awaited. As she caught sight of my figure, she uttered an hysterical scream, and would have fallen to the ground, but I sprang forward and caught her in my arms. She remained in them without sense or motion, and then I perceived that she had fainted.

CHAPTER XXII.

OF all things in the world, a woman fainting in one's arms (to a modest man like myself) is one of the most embarrassing, particularly if it happens to be another man's wife, for in such cases it is sometimes difficult to give a satisfactory explanation of the accident.—As it was, I felt the affair was awkward enough ; for if any one should happen to come in, I was aware that the position of the lady might be considered equivocal, and that my own share in the matter would be open to question. Besides I began to feel alarmed at the long continuance of the faint, and there was no cold water nor bottle of smelling-salts at hand ; so that I was in no slight perplexity.

I stretched out one arm, still holding the lady with the other, for somehow I did not like to relinquish the burden, and gave repeated and violent pulls at a bell-rope, which made noise enough to bring assistance, if any one was within hearing, and even to wake up the old body-watcher herself, if any thing could rouse her from her drunken slumbers. But no one responded to the summons.

Seeing the urgency of the case, and remembering the soul-stirring effect which had been produced on myself by the solemn kiss which the innocent Lavinia had bestowed on my supposed inanimate forehead, it struck me that a similar application might be efficacious in the present

case of suspended animation. I applied the remedy accordingly ; first on the forehead, then on the cheek, and lastly (to give it every chance) on the lips ; repeating the latter several times, with an energy and perseverance which could not have failed to be convincing, to a casual spectator, of my interest and sincerity in the matter.

Happily I found myself on this occasion an excellent physician ; for whether it was that my remedy was really effectual in its vivifying effect ; or that the faint came to a natural conclusion, in a short time she opened her eyes, but encountering mine, instantly closed them again, and relapsed or seemed to relapse into a state of insensibility. I was immediately about to re-commence the application of my remedy, and had pressed her form more closely as a preliminary, when, by a gentle movement, she partially disengaged herself from my arms, and opening her eyes again, with a wondering and terrified expression exclaimed,

"Oh, Heavens ! are you alive !"

"I am indeed," I replied, and I was about to convince her of the fact, by a repetition of the remedy which I had recently applied with so much success ; and, to tell the truth, I found this physical restorative (which I make known for the benefit of the public, as it is not to be found in the pharmacopeia) so pleasing a prescription to administer, that I was almost content to bargain for the anxiety of another faint on the part of the lady, for the sake of the opportunity of putting my medical skill in practice a second time. Thus absorbed in the desire of its further application, I failed to hear the advancing footsteps of the crowd that was drawing hear till I was startled by the piercing voice of Miss Mc Dragon :—

"Here ! Doctor ! Help ! Gardener—where's your pitchfork ? Ghost ! Ye pack of fools ! It's a villain ! A robber ! a ravisher ! A . . ."

"Murder !" cried the cook ; "all the fat's in the fire. The ghost has got hold of poor young missus, and he's devouring her like a cannibal !"

"It was only a kissing of her—if it is a ghost ?"—observed the housemaid, hesitatingly ; "La ! it can't mean her any harm if it's only that."

"It didn't kiss her much like a ghost," exclaimed the gardener ; "and ghosts don't go about eating eggs and bacon and kissing gals ! * I'm thinking it's summut else !"

"It's the identical young gentleman that was drowned that I'll declare," said the nurse ; "but how he has come to life again without the doctor's help, and has dressed himself up in master's clothes that way..."

"It's my corpse," cried out my body watcher, making her way through the crowd still half asleep and more than half drunk ; "it's my corpse ! and it's a dirty trick it's playing me—so it is—to go about this way as if it was alive ; but it's no more alive than a red herring. Leave me alone to deal with it ; I warrant I'll soon have it back again in it's coffin safe enough."

"Corpse ! Ghost ! Nonsense !" said the doctor, coming forward with evident surprise in his looks at my figure, but directing his attention to the lady. "What is the meaning of all this ? Fainted ? But she is recovering. Here some of you women come and take her."

At this moment Lavinia opened her eyes, but again encountering mine she closed them blushing. This was not unobserved by the doctor, who pardonably had his own suspicions that there was something more in all

this than appeared on the surface. For my own part now that my fear was removed of Lavinia being in any danger, I began to view the scene with some amusement. There was a slight struggle as I thought on the part of the young lady to free herself from my arms ; but as this only made me press her more closely, it seemed to me that either from the fright which had not yet left her, or from some other motive she acquiesced in the present arrangement and gave no further signs of motion ; but I felt her heart fluttering under my hand.

While I stood thus there was a violent ringing at the outer gate bell, and as some of the spectators of the scene were rather shaken in their nerves by the recent events and had not yet recovered their self-possession, there was a slight tremor visible among them at this fresh summons, as they could by no means be sure that the next ghostly visitation might not arise from without instead of from within. While they gaped in wondering suspense at what was to come next, Miss McDragon having relinquished her scrutiny of my person to turn her head in the direction of the door, to the partial dismay of the company, measured footsteps were heard approaching ; they stopped ; were resumed ; then they approached again ; and presently amidst the breathless silence of all present, including the doctor who was at a loss to know what all the matter was about, in stalked the master of the mansion my old friend of the brown wig.

At first the domestics were evidently inclined to regard his identity as apocryphal ; his coming at such a time, under such circumstances, in a manner so unexpected, and at a moment so critical, invested his appearance with a something of the supernatural. As he advanced, all made way ; even Miss McDragon I observed was struck with astonishment ; nor perhaps was he less surprised at the appearance of the group, and at their silent looks of wonder and amazement. The doctor said nothing, but continued his hold of the lady's wrist as if he had forgotten to let go of it ; I held her in my arms, not quite clear whether I was most pleased or embarrassed with my burden, but as no one volunteered to take her from me, I might have held her there to this day, for any thing that I know to the contrary, if the spectre in the brown wig had not broken the spell which seemed to entrance the whole assemblage :—

“Lavinia ! sister ! what is the meaning of all this confusion ! And pray, sir,” said he to me, “what are you doing with my daughter ?”

“And pray, sir,” chimed in Miss McDragon, recovering at once her confidence and her tongue, “what have you been doing with my niece ?”

At these two questions, like a volley from a double-barrelled gun, the daughter and niece suddenly sprang up and uttered a faint scream, accompanied by a stifled sob, and a general quivering of her frame, showing that she was still under the influence of hysterical emotions ; and her limbs refusing to support her, she would have sunk back into my arms again, but at a sign from her father, her nurse received her and placed her in a chair.

While this was taking place the old gentleman, with a coolness that was remarkable, looked first at one and then at another, as if seeking to ascertain from their individual aspects what all this gathering of the household meant ; lastly, he concentrated his regards on me, and then it was he seemed struck with the singularity of my personal appearance ; and to his extreme astonishment perceived that I was dressed up in familiar garments, which he recognised as his own.

"My coat!" he exclaimed.

All the company turned their eyes on the borrowed coat with which I was enveloped, and as their fears had now subsided in respect to my incorporeal condition, they were open to the impression which the incongruity of the article with my personal dimensions was calculated to produce on an unthinking populace; their sensations were manifested by a general titter, especially from the female portion, subdued however, by their consciousness of their master's presence.

"My waistcoat! and my breeches! and my gaiters!" continued the old gentleman.

The company gazed at the waistcoat, the breeches, and the gaiters, and the tittering increased. I looked at them too, unconsciously doing as others did, and my eye at the same time catching a glance of Lavinia's countenance, I fancied I saw at the corners of her mouth, notwithstanding her apparent insensibility, a lurking smile:—I began to feel very awkward.

"And by all that's sacred," cried out the old gentleman, growing almost excited,—*"by the Bank of England! my wig!"*

I clapped my hand to my head at this exclamation, for really I had forgotten that I had it on, and hastily snatching off the accusing article, held it at arm's length by a little tail which was attached to it behind and formed a convenient handle, as if inviting its owner to resume possession of it. But the removal of that disguise revealing my features more fully to view and making my youthfulness evident, the angry old gentleman whose suspicions were now fairly roused, putting his hands into his breeches-pockets as was his wont when he intended to be particularly energetic, at the same time rising up on tiptoe with both feet and setting his heels down again with a strong shock indicative of firm determination, made a step in advance towards me; and in slow and measured tones concentrating in their expression all the authority with which he was invested as master of the house, of the wig, and of the young lady, he asked me that question which is sometimes so inconvenient to be answered:

"Who the devil are you!"

But here the doctor, who was the most considerate of the company (as doctors usually are), interposed professionally; and observed that the first thing to be done was to attend to the young lady; adding, as I thought a little maliciously, that although her faint seemed to continue, her pulse fluttered in a manner that was most extraordinary!

"Take her to her own room," said the old gentleman in a tone smacking of some severity:—"I don't like borrowing of clothes any more than I like borrowing of money, and least of all do I like borrowing of daughters," said he, casting at me a suspicious glance; "there is something in all this that I don't at all understand!"

"But I think I do understand it all," broke out Miss McDragon with a fierce air; "it's all a plot!" But here the insinuations of the duenna were cut short by another loud peal at the outer bell which was kept up vigorously by some impatient applicant who, it seemed desired instant admittance.

"Well!" exclaimed the old gardener, as he retired potato-fork in hand to attend the summons, "here's more ghosts, or visitors, or summut;

Memoirs of an Old Eton Boy.

the house seems turned topsy turvy this night with one thing and another—Miss Livy and all! It seems that some folk have come to pick fruit from other folk's garden without leave! And it's just like 'em.—they're sure to pick the best!—now if it had been the old one”

“I am waiting,” repeated the old gentleman, to me, “for an answer to my question;—what business have you in my house, young gentleman? What business have you in my clothes? And pray, sir, if you have a name, if you are not ashamed to give it, what is it?”

“Leander! Leander!” exclaimed a voice, which I instantly recognised as my mother's, who now rushed in with eagerness, followed by my father, with visible concern in his looks; “Leander—oh—my dear boy! what I have suffered!”

“Leander! then this young gentleman's name is Leander,” said the old gentleman, “and it's sure is your son.”

“Leander,” replied my father; “yes: Leander Castleton; my name is Castleton, and this young man is my son, sir.—But in the name of all that's silly, Leander, what have you been about? and what is the meaning of all this story that we have heard? We were told that you were drowned (here my mother embraced me again)—and I don't know what! Your horse found its way home with its saddle off and plastered with mud; and in the name of all that's unaccountable what makes you wear that droll dress? and why do you hold that wig in your hand in that odd way? Tell me all the story at once.”

“If there's a story to tell,” said the old gentleman, with more politeness than I was inclined to give him credit for, “he can tell it to us at supper.—I am aware,” he added, addressing my father, “that you reside six or seven miles from this place, and that you possess a large estate in the county; so, as this is your son, why he is neither a poacher nor a robber:—but still the affair requires explanation; and, as I say, he can tell us all about it at supper; and the sooner we have it the better, for I am just come from town, and I am quite famished; I never eat on the road—only a waste of a half-crown—for they never give you time to get your money's worth!”

This suggestive harangue cleared the room of the domestics, and after some mutual compliments and felicitations on all sides, we were summoned to the supper, which had been prepared in another room, the old gentleman handing in my mother, and my father gallanting Miss McDragon, while I followed modestly by the side of Lavinia, but not daring to take her hand, nor did she seem able to lift her eyes from the ground. This bashfulness on both sides a lady of great experience has since informed me, is one of the surest symptoms of the disease, for, as she explains the matter, “true love is always timid.” This is too important a point, however, to be discussed at the end of a chapter; besides the justice of the proverb will be best explained by the sequel.

A FEW MONTHS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL E. NAPIER.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAMP OF THE FIRST DIVISION.

On the banks of Chumie water, when summer time did fall,
 Was Macomo's lovely daughter; darkest of them all.
 For his bride a soldier sought her,—a winning tongue had he ;
 On the banks of Chumie water, none so dark as she.

It was during the still-quiet of evening, succeeding a day of intense heat, about the beginning of November, 1846, that after a wearisome ride of some forty or fifty miles, Colonel M— and myself at last reached our destination, the camp of the first division of the army in Kaffirland, which lay about fifteen miles to the eastward of Fort Beaufort, in a picturesque nook, on the wooded banks of a small stream called the Chumie, near the missionary station and former residence of the political agent at Block Drift.

The spot selected for this permanent encampment, was situated in what in colonial phraseology is termed a “hoek,” or basin, formed by the re-entering gorge in a branch of the Winterberg range of hills, through which gently meandered the clear waters of the Chumie, whose opposite banks were here crowned by a spur from the Amatola mountains, and their dark-wooded heights boldly towered above the eastern horizon.

Block Drift had, in the previous month of April, been the scene of a hard-fought engagement with the Kaffirs, when, after the loss of our waggons at Burn's Hill, we retreated here with a quantity of captured cattle, but closely followed by our barbarous foe. It had, however, now for a long period been undisturbed by the war-cry of the savage, and as we approached over a neighbouring height, on surveying the well-ordered regularity of the canvass city beneath us, apparently—as seen from a distance—ensconced amidst the bright verdure of a wilderness of mimosas, backed by the commanding hills in its rear, partly encircled by the gleaming waters of the Chumie, and the whole scene glowing under the last rays of the evening summer sun, it required but little stretch of fancy to personify this “tented field” as the reposing image of Bellona, overshadowed by the emblems of peace, and quietly slumbering in the arms of the African dryads and nàids of the sylvan scene.

Nor did a closer approach to the camp belie its more distant appearance, but only more clearly showed the military master-spirit which pervaded throughout.

All evinced the regularity attendant on the strictest order and discipline ; but though the British soldier stood here as erect on his post, though his arms glittered as brightly, and though he trod as proudly as if pacing in front of St. James's Palace,—in person, dress, and general appearance, he evinced unequivocal tokens of the many hardships and privations of a protracted and harassing campaign. His grim visage now shadowed by moustache and beard, weather-beaten by rain and

wind—by sun and dew—had assumed the appearance, and apparently the consistence, of old and well-seasoned oak ;—the once bright scarlet of Britain's blood-red garb, was sadly sobered down to a dark and dingy maroon—whilst, the nether garments, well patched and strapped with leather, bore evidence to the hard service they had undergone, and showed but few signs of the materials of which they had been originally fashioned.

Beneath all this disguise, amidst all the privations of this unsatisfactory warfare, the bold bearing and undaunted look stamped these hardy veterans, as of that same fearless race which had fought and conquered at Cressy and Agincourt, at Victoria* and Waterloo—and more recently on the banks of the Sutlej and Indus,—whilst led on by a Gough, a Napier, and a Harry Smith,—had caused the far east to resound with the loud fame of their gallant and immortal deeds !

The insertion of the following extract from a letter written at Block Drift during the period above alluded to, may not perhaps, here be deemed quite out of place :—

“After the toils of a burning hot day, the camp, in the quiet stillness of the evening, presented a beautiful sight as it suddenly appeared to our view, on surmounting one of the undulating green slopes, thickly dotted with the flowering mimosa, characteristic of this part of Kaffirland. Notwithstanding the excessive heat, the country, from the effect of the late rains, is now of a beautiful emerald green, strongly contrasted with the white canvass city spread out at our feet.

“Colonel Slade, who commands the first division, has the name of being a first-rate officer, and on approaching his camp, every thing which met our sight appeared fully to corroborate this opinion, for all was in the highest state of military order and regularity. The force at present under his orders consists of a party of Royal Artillery and Sappers and Miners, some of the 7th Dragoon Guards, the 27th, 45th, and 90th regiments, part of the Cape Mounted Rifles, besides the native levies under my superintendence ; the latter amounting when assembled, to between 1600 and 2000 men of every colour, shape, and size.

“The first person I met on entering the camp was Sir Peregrine Maitland, who had lately arrived from Waterloo Bay ; he kindly invited me to dinner and introduced me to my immediate commandant, Colonel Slade, whose frank, soldier-like manner was highly prepossessing. The general had come to Block Drift for the purpose of having a conference with some of the Kaffir chiefs, the result of which is that they have been required to give up 20,000 head of (plundered) cattle, 2500 muskets, and to evacuate entirely this side of the Chumie ; fourteen days' truce has been granted them to consider of these terms, at the end of which, if they be not complied with, hostilities are to be renewed.

“Macomo, Sandilla's half-brother, says he has had enough fighting, and is so anxious to resume his old habits of daily getting drunk at the canteen of Fort Beaufort, that he is delivering up as many arms and cattle as (so he says) he can possibly collect.

“Yesterday evening he made his appearance in camp, having brought

* Not Post Victoria, in Kaffirland.

in a few dozen rusty firelocks, and I seized the opportunity of being introduced to this renowned warrior, who, during the last war of 1834, committed such depredations on the colony. To my surprise, instead of finding him in all the beauty of unadorned nature, or merely enveloped in his leopard-skin kaross, I beheld a mean-looking old man, evidently the worse for liquor, with a bare and closely-shaved head, a most villainous expression of countenance, as black as my boot, and rigged out in a blue diplomatic uniform, plentifully bedizened with gold lace, and said to have been a present from Lord Glenelg!

"I commenced the conversation by telling him, through an interpreter, that his fame having reached the remotest limits of the world, I had come from England purposely to behold so renowned a hero, and hoped I saw him in the full enjoyment of health. His swarthy majesty, after listening with royal condescension to this eloquent and appropriate address, widely opened an enormous mouth and displayed a most capital set of teeth, but remained so long in this unaccountable and ludicrous posture, that at last, losing all patience, I in a most uncourtier like manner turned on my heel, and proceeded to examine his brother 'Ned,' and a chief counsellor, or Pakati, whose name has escaped my memory. Both these illustrious individuals were in the primitive Kaffir costume, consisting merely of a sort of Etruscan mantle of ox-hide, cast over the shoulder, much in the same fashion as Hercules is depicted with the Nemean spoils. However, the *Illustrated London News* has so faithfully portrayed these 'gentlemen in black,' that I shall waste no more time on the subject.

"On the arrival of my baggage-waggon with tent, &c., this will be my head-quarters, from whence I shall be able successively to visit the different posts, occupied by the various native levies under my charge, and widely scattered over every part of the country; however, nothing in the fighting way can be done until the expiration of the present truce, and although Sandilla shows some disposition to be saucy, it is generally imagined that the war is at an end, in which case we shall have had the trouble of coming here for nothing.

"This morning at daylight, I had a delightful bathe in the Chumie, enjoying, under a beautiful clear cascade, all the luxury of a shower-bath, canopied with dark foliage, from whence was suspended the oblong matted nest of a pretty little bird, resembling the baya of India, which, as you may recollect, builds its waving habitation in the same manner over the tanks and bowries.

"After breakfasting at the mess tent of the 90th, I paraded one of my Fingoe corps, and Falstaff's regiment was verily a joke to it; some of these sable warriors being armed with assegais, others with clubs, a few with rusty firelocks of most approved 'Brummagem' pattern, some classically habited in check shirts of uncommonly scanty dimensions, enjoying *al fresco* the absence of inexpressibles; whilst others, who possessed such superfluous articles of dress, were innocent of shirt, jacket, or any other covering. Their manœuvring fully corresponded with so soldier-like an appearance, and I would give a trifle to have them paraded for cockney edification in Hyde Park, alongside of the Household troops!

"The heat in the small canvass bell-tents, with which government provides the troops in this colony, and in one of which I am now writing, passes all belief; the thermometer at this early hour of the forenoon is

standing at 113 deg.* Yet spite of all this grilling—with the exception of my eyes being affected by the glare—I never felt better in my life ; but the tents are complete furnaces, enough to fry a salamander ; and after concluding my epistle, I shall stroll down to the banks of the Chumie, in hopes of finding shade, and some degree of coolness beneath the thick foliage of its overhanging trees.

"Nov. 7th, 1846.—After concocting the above, I was fairly driven out by the suffocating heat of the tent, and taking my old double-barrelled gun, I wandered along the edge of the river, in hopes of getting a few shots at quail, which at this season are very plentiful, or falling in with some of the numerous little black-faced monkeys often seen gambolling here amidst the branches overhead ; but coolness was the chief object of my research ; and wearied with the pursuit of this phantom, I at last lay down under a shady bush, and what with the excessive sultriness of the atmosphere, and the gentle murmur of the stream, soon found myself in the land of Nod. I was aroused from my slumbers by a rustling in the thick underwood on the opposite side of the brook, when my attention being drawn to the spot, I saw an animal in the act of drinking, then crept down another, and a third. There was something peculiar in the movements of these unknown creatures, which caused me to pause ere I let drive both barrels amongst them—when, ere I pulled the trigger, one of them, after drinking, suddenly rose on its hind legs, and to my astonishment they proved to be neither more or less than Kaffir women, who, closely wrapped in their garments of hairy skins, looked so like the beasts of the chase, that I was within an ace of being guilty of woman slaughter ! Had such an accident occurred, and Mr. Pringle† been still in this world to record it, what a strong case would he not have made of the barbarous transaction !"

At the period of our arrival at Block Drift, the state of affairs *seemed* to prognosticate a speedy termination of the war. Macomo, weary of fighting, and longing for his accustomed carousals at Fort Beaufort, was bringing in arms and cattle by dribblets, and negotiating for the surrender of himself and family ; whilst Sandilla with his followers, bivouacked on the other side of the Chumie, had obtained a further cessation of hostilities, under pretence of *considering* the terms of peace proposed to him.

When these terms were first named to Sandilla, it was intimated that Sir Peregrine Maitland would be glad to have a personal conference with him at his (the general's) tent. Sandilla demurred. "In my country," said the officer who held the parly, "it is customary for the young to come to the old ;" "and in my country," replied the son of Gaika, "we conclude peace on the field of battle, not in camp ; let your general come here."

There was a cutting sarcasm in this allusion to the "field of battle," whither the exulting Kaffirs had so lately followed our troops after their reverses in the Amatola ; but the insolence of the barbarian was at the time passed over, apparently unheeded, or deemed unworthy of notice ;

* As the summer advanced the average height of the glass in these tents was 120 deg. and upwards.

† This adventurer, I believe a broken down schoolmaster, is, in his writings, one of the greatest detractors of his fellow countrymen ; and shooting Kaffir women and children, is a charge he frequently brings against not only the colonists, but even against British troops.

however, as regards this said interview, the mountain being unwilling to go to Mahomet—Mahomet was fain to go to the mountain.

The 'apparent result of this conference was, further delays, and prolonged truces, in order—as Sandilla now said—to give him time to collect the arms and cattle required; during all this negotiation, a force of nearly 10,000 effective men was lying idle, though in perfect readiness, and straining in the slips to be at their barbarous foe!

But the object of the wily Kaffir was evidently to procrastinate and gain time, until the grass should wither under the summer heats, and with it he foresaw, must also cease our means of transport, and consequently all hostile operations for the ensuing year.

Block Drift being now likely, for a most indefinite period, to form my head-quarters, I resolved, whenever duty allowed me to be there, to make myself as comfortable as 120 deg. of Fahrenheit would admit of. Accordingly, on the arrival of my baggage-waggon, it was duly inserted into the line of defence, composed of those vehicles which ran "Africander" fashion round the precincts of the camp; the horses were securely fastened to its wheels, and whilst it served as a snug habitation for my attendants, I pitched a large marquee for my own residence, and was admitted, through the kindness of Colonel Slade and the officers of the 90th, a member of their excellent mess, where I soon found myself quite at home; nor can I omit this opportunity of testifying the obligations I was ever under to that splendid corps, whilst serving under their gallant chief, who always afforded me every assistance and support in the execution of my several duties.

Time, meanwhile, wore on apace, day followed day, and week was added to week, all passed in a succession of interviews and palavers with Kaffir chiefs, consultations with missionaries, truces constantly renewed, the occasional delivery of a few rusty firelocks, starved oxen and lame ponies; in short, in most able negotiations on the part of Sandilla and his coadjutors for the evident purpose of obtaining delay.

The excessive heat to which we were exposed at this idle period, is not to be conceived; whether it were owing to the situation of the camp, surrounded by hills, and placed in a sort of basin, which concentrated as in a common focus the fiery particles of heat, or to the inadequate means of shelter afforded by the small, single walled bell tents, it is certain that, in the course of a long experience of life passed under canvass in India, I never felt such inconvenience in this respect, as during my occasional and temporary residence at Block Drift.

The delights of so enviable a state of existence were enhanced by clouds of dust, sometimes raised by a sharp south-easterly wind, at others by the burning breath of the north, which, sweeping over the great Karroos, came like blasts from the infernal regions to fry our eyes out of their sockets, to shrivel up our parched frames, and with the assistance of the now vertical sun, to blister the delicate hands, cheeks, and nose of some, whilst on others it produced the equally unpleasant effect of causing deep bloody fissures on the lips; a source of cruel martyrdom whenever the mouth was brought into play, either for the purpose of eating, speaking, or having a hearty laugh, for such we oft-times indulged in, spite of our manifold discomforts.

The inconveniences above alluded to were particularly felt by the pos-

sessors of lily white skins and flaxen locks; these poor fellows' hands and face were frequently, spite of grease and pomatum, an entire mass of blister and sores: and one unfortunate wight I remember, whose disfigured countenance ever recalled to mind a well basted rich plum-pudding!

Nor were the swarthiest and most weather-hardened amongst us, entirely proof against these united attacks of the scorching Phœbus and fiery Æolus of the south; and never did I more strongly advocate against "repeal" than after the first regular peeling my face experienced at their hands, for instead of the usual blistering process, it used in large flakes to slough off its outward covering, and then, snake-like, shine forth in all the blooming freshness of a new garment.

In addition to this excessive heat, we were moreover sometimes exposed to the opposite extremes of wet and cold. Occasionally, after experiencing whirlwinds of simoon-like blasts, dense masses of clouds would gradually congregate along the summits of the surrounding hills; then would follow a perfect calm, a death-like stillness, as if exhausted nature were at her last dying gasp; the most unaccountable feeling of heaviness, lassitude, and languor appeared at once to pervade man and beast; the horses despondingly hung their heads, the lowing of the oxen had in it a low, plaintive, and melancholy sound—all Nature, animate and inanimate, appeared as in a trance, when suddenly, during this dreamy stillness, forked vivid lightning would dart from the electric charged vapours, the thunder crashed overhead in deafening peals—

—— Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
Winterberg answers through her misty shroud,
Back to the *Amatola*, who call on her aloud!

Next came down—not torrents of rain—but very sheets of water, deluging in an instant the camp, over which then often swept a furious chilling blast, uprooting many a frail canvass tenement, and obliging their now drenched and shivering inmates to seek refuge wherever they could, creeping for warmth under blankets, sheep skins, horse cloths, or other covering, which might be at hand.

Ye grumblers at the mutability of our English climate, be reconciled to your fate, when reflecting on these weather-cock propensities of a South African summer—for in the course of a few short hours I have often here seen the thermometer sink from 120 deg. in the shade, to within a few degrees of the freezing point!

Such, however, is the unaccountable salubrity of this distant part of the world, that—in spite of these great and sudden variations of temperature, together with exposure to its utmost influence, added to a life of inactivity (with the soldier a frequent cause of sickness), there was little or no serious illness among the troops; but the intolerable glare, combined perhaps with the above causes, occasioned many cases of ophthalmia, and most feelingly could I, as a fellow-sufferer, sympathise with the martyrs to that painful and distressing disease.

The nature of my duties, as I before observed, obliged me to be more frequently on horseback than within the precincts of the camp. I kept six horses in constant work, one set, consisting of three (for myself, attendant, and a sumpter animal), relieving the other, which during my absence enjoyed a short period of rest, and recruited their strength with

such food as the neighbourhood of the camp afforded, rather with a scanty supply of barley or Indian corn; ~~for~~ owing to the insufficiency and inefficiency of the means of transport, and the distance of land carriage,* there was always some screw loose in the commissariat department, by which the army was often but indifferently supplied both with provisions and dry forage.

This sort of Bedouin life, passed in the open air, was preferable—even during the hottest weather—to the sweltering closeness under canvass at Block Drift, in those furnace-like tents, to escape from whose smothering influence, I frequently mounted my horse and galloped forth in quest of fresh air.

Yet the inmates of that camp, confined as they were for so many weeks to its limits or their immediate vicinity, still managed somehow to dissipate ennui, and kill time to the best advantage.

At the early hour of "reveille," whilst the young morn was still in "russet clad," parties might be seen strolling down, with camp-stool and towels in hand, to the wooded banks of the Chumie, for the purpose of performing their matutinal ablutions.

The stream, at the distance of a stone's throw from the camp, leapt in a mimic cascade over opposing rocks into a deep, clear, and transparent pool, overshadowed by a magnificent tree, the character of whose dark foliage bore a close resemblance to that of the northern yew, whilst its gigantic arms extending like those of the Italian pine,† overcanopied bright walls of blossoming verdure, from whose waving boughs gracefully depended an aerial city of hanging nests, thickly peopled by the Indian baya bird; which reflected in the waters below, often seemed to rest on the hard, smooth, sandy flooring beneath their transparent surface.

In a more shady spot,
More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,
Pan or Sylvanus never bathed, nor Nymph
Nor Faunus hunted

At the gray dawn of day, this embowered spot was as silent and secluded as could have been desired, even by the Nais and Dryads of the surrounding scene; untenanted then by aught save the chirping tenants of the waving nests—some staid rakish monkey, returning maybe from a nocturnal revel—or the dusky attenuated forms of a few Kaffir women, bearing on their heads, towards the camp, heavy burdens of grass and firewood, who picking their way across the stream over the slippery fragments of rock, would, for a second, pause to scan the white forms of the Amaglesi (English), and then, with noiseless tread, pursue their course silently.

Far different as day advanced, became the scene at this now frequented spot, to which the soldiers and camp followers all eagerly crowded, as well for the purpose of the bath, as for that most unromantic one of cleansing their soiled clothes.

The human form divine, in shades of every hue: white, black, brown, and yellow, might now be viewed in nature's most unadorned simplicity of garb, as Englishmen, Fingoes, Mulattoes, and Hottentots rushed promiscuously into the stream, whose heretofore pure crystal waters, now

* This might have been easily obviated by disembarking the stores at the mouth of the Buffalo River instead of at Algoa Bay.

† Probably the "geel hout," or yellow wood tree of the colonists.

troubled and defiled, seemed angrily to frown on such unprecedented intrusion.

Gentle Chumie ! beneficent Naid ! thy kindness was, spite of such casual frowns, universally bestowed alike on all ; and without thy cooling, shadowy, and reviving influence, sad indeed would have been the fate of yon sun-stricken, heat-blasted camp !

The early morning bath was, therefore, generally speaking, the first move of the idlers of the camp ; then followed, maybe, a lounge to the cattle kraal, to examine and descant on the merits of the horses either freshly captured from, or given up by the Kaffirs. After breakfast some would stroll down to the former residence of the political agent for the part of Kaffirland, where Macomo (who had now surrendered) was with his numerous wives and children, comfortably located in a sort of shed or outhouse—to him a princely palace !

The Kaffir chief, here to his heart's content, revelled in beef and brandy—the former in government rations, the latter the gift of his many visitors from the camp, who, to the importunities of his queens for “*nāzélah*,” were equally profuse in gifts of tobacco ; in short, never was there a more complete set of beggars than the whole of this said royal family, and even the eldest princess : the fascinating Miss Macomo—amidst the deepest flirtations with her many admirers amongst our young officers—would ever solicit, in the most engaging and irresistible manner, their “*sixpences*,” as a token of affection.

Others amongst the numerous worshippers of *dolce far niente*, might be seen lounging listlessly about, throwing the assegai, or bartering with Kaffir women for brass armlets, beaded ornaments, or bundles of grass ; till at last the excessive heat would drive all hands for shelter, either under the waggons, to some arbours rudely fashioned of boughs and reeds, or else to the banks of the Chumie, with its cool, clear waters and refreshing shades.

Then the sporting characters of the force got up races and steeple-chases ; but the education of the Kaffir ponies in the important point of “*fencing*” had been sadly neglected, and consequently many were the “*purls*” over hurdles, and “*spills*” into ditches wherewith they indulged their venturous riders ; two or three broken heads and dislocated shoulders being the sad consequence of this want of civilisation amongst Amakosa equine species.

Still, spite of broken heads, these sporting performances proved a welcome occupation and amusement, both to officers and men ; they used all to flock down to the race-course, and at the conclusion of the equestrian performances, purses would be made for foot-races amongst the soldiers, which were frequently contested with the greatest spirit ; in short, every thing was done by our considerate and able commander, Colonel Slade, to make all as happy and comfortable as the circumstances of the case would admit of. Although a strict disciplinarian and an acknowledged good “*drill*,” neither men or officers under his command were harassed with useless parades or wearying field-days ; and why should they ?

Whilst the “*Regulars*” were thus allowed to rest on their arms, some of the native levies occasionally afforded us a little amusement as well as instruction, by “*playing at soldiers*” after their own fashion.

I had been authorised to form a body of “*irregular cavalry*,” and

accordingly mounted a portion of the Fingoe levy on horses, or rather half-starved ponies, captured from or surrendered by the enemy; to identify them if stolen from the Camp Kraal, or being otherwise not forthcoming, they were all neatly "hogged" and "docked." The General would take upon himself to grant neither saddles nor bridles for the use of my embryo corps, and as the gallant horsemen were likewise mostly unprovided with trousers—that very requisite part of equestrian equipment—and in some cases equally guiltless of shirts and jackets, it must be acknowledged, though with pain I make the admission, that they scarcely equalled in appearance the 7th Dragoons, and that my "Blacks," if brigaded with the Household troops, *might* possibly have been thrown somewhat in the shade by the better appointed "Blues."

Still, though I say it who should not, the "Irregular Horse" was certainly a most striking and imposing looking corps, and those African "sans culotte" "Black Guards" thus served up *au naturel*, always reminded me—such is the force of early associations—of what I had in school-boy days, read of the Numidian cavalry of Hannibal, or Jugurtha!

These ebony "death and glory boys" were headed by an ensign of the 90th Light Infantry, who became thereby suddenly exalted (though without the pay) into a Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry, whose staff consisted: the adjutant, of a late serjeant-major of cavalry, a drunken old fellow, long since discharged from the service; whilst the post of quarter-master was filled by an ancient pensioner of infantry. With such tools and such materials to work on, it will not be matter of surprise if the Fingoe irregulars—spite of bare backs (both in men and horses), soon by their brilliant performances elicited universal admiration, and "wished the wondering camp with noble horsemanship."

Although, as I have remarked, the 1st division was little troubled with unnecessary drills, brigade field days and other—in this case—useless exhibitions of pipe-clay and martinetism; the gallant native levies were occasionally called upon to display their own peculiar mode of bush fighting, and to initiate their European companions in the elaborate mysteries of African warfare, and the levying of "black mail."

For this purpose the services of the cattle kraal were greatly in requisition, the oxen being taken to some neighbouring pasture under the guardianship of one portion of the native troops, whilst another body enacted the part of assailants, and endeavoured forcibly to carry off the herd.

This attack and defence of what is held most precious in life by the natives of Southern Africa, soon brought into play all their characteristic attributes of savage warfare, the plunder of cattle being ever the chief object of hostilities in this part of the world; and both parties forgetting the mimic nature of the contest, and carried away by the impulse of the moment, frequently engaged in this guerilla fight with such earnestness and good will, as to render the whole scene one of considerable interest and excitement.

The wily ambush, the sudden rush on their prey, the savage war-cry, the shrill whistle with which, as if by a charmed power, the Kaffir urges forward and controls the most numerous and refractory herd—all was enacted to the very life, amidst a well-sustained fire of musketry; and if no lives were lost during this animated rehearsal, it was certainly not

owing to the spirit of forbearance displayed by the respective combatants, but rather thanks to the blank cartridges with which their pouches were filled.

The chief sufferers in the fray were the unfortunate oxen, who in the course of these sham fights underwent all the painful vicissitudes of actual and real warfare. They were captured and re-captured, seized, and liberated a dozen times during the day; and what with firing, shouting, whistling, and blows, the poor devils were, on the conclusion of the fight, well nigh scared out of their seven senses, driven nearly to madness, and completely so off their legs.

Captain Hogg's native levy was particularly well trained in such "cattle lifting" warfare. It consisted of about 600 Hottentots, whom this active and able officer had brought into an admirable state of efficiency, and they had during the course of the campaign rendered the most valuable services, a great portion of the roughest work (where there was so much roughing) having devolved on them and the Cape Mounted Rifles.

Whenever a hard day's fag was required, either to escort convoys, to take charge of captured cattle, or dislodge a formidable body of Kaffirs from the fastnesses of the bush, Captain Hogg's corps was sure to be called upon, and both commander and men were admirably adapted for enduring the hardships of this sort of rough guerilla warfare.

Active, enduring, and wiry,—unimpeded by aught save their musket and cartouche belt, without the encumbrances of tents or commissariat, equipped in the easy and serviceable dress of a broad brimmed "Jem Crow" hat, a fustian jacket, leather "crackers," and shod with light "veldt-schoon,"—these hardy, willing fellows, would at a moment's notice, at any time of the day or night, at any season or in any weather, start off whenever required; and with their indefatigable leader somewhat similarly attired, and "footing" it along at their head (for he made a point of sharing all their fatigues and privations), frequently accomplished the most astonishing marches, both as to time and distance—marches which would have utterly crippled any European troops of the army.

Such had been, since nearly the commencement of the campaign, the life led by this active partisan leader and his tawny guerillas; from that period they had been constantly engaged with the enemy, had captured and conveyed back to the colony great numbers of cattle, ever acted as skirmishers and pioneers to the army, in short, in every way rendering the most efficient services.

Captain Hogg has lately returned to England, to reap,—it is to be hoped,—the due reward for his indefatigable exertions during the last Kaffir war.

THE ADVENTURES OF MADAME DU BARRI.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO, ESQ.

PART I.

Her Birth—Her Arrival in Paris—The Rue de la Feronnierie—The Diamond Ring—Jean Du Barri—Lebel—The Supper—Her Conquest of the King—Her Empire over him—Her Marriage—Hatred of the Choiseuls—Court Intrigues—Her Presentation.

VAUCOULEURS, in Lorraine, has been destined on two different occasions to give birth to women who have exercised a remarkable influence over the fortunes of France—the first to exalt them when they were at the lowest ebb—the last to degrade them in their fullest splendour. At the commencement of the fifteenth century, Joan of Arc was born, and when barely twenty years of age had rescued her country from the yoke of England, and firmly established Charles VII. on the throne; her name has come down to us bright with glory, unsullied in maiden fame, and the only regret that her memory awakens is the cruel manner of her death. In the same village, nearly four centuries and a half later, while the career of monarchy in France was yet unchecked, another Joan was born, who, in her twenty-fourth year, became absolute mistress of a king, the vilest France had ever known, whose vices powerfully aided that impulse which swept his successor from the throne of Charles VII., and deluged the country in blood; her name also has reached us, but with no halo of glory around it; with no reputation save that of personal beauty, and regretted only because the circumstances attendant on her death were equally public and nearly as cruel.

Jeanne Vaubernier—in after years the celebrated Madame du Barri—first saw the light at Vaucouleurs, on the Meuse, in the year 1744. All that is known of her family is, that her father, Gomart Vaubernier, was an obscure official in the farmer-general's department; a position which enabled him to induce a rich contractor named Billard Dumonceau, who happened to be passing through Vaucouleurs, to hold his infant daughter at the baptismal font. Fifteen years pass away, in the course of which Gomart appears to have died leaving his widow and daughter in such poor circumstances that they were fain to abandon their native place and seek an existence in that city which is in France the haven of every one's wishes, the arena in which the battle of life is fought with the greatest prospect of success. At the period of which we speak, Jeanne Vaubernier and her mother set out for Paris, with no money, it is true, but not without hope, for the young have it implanted in their nature, and what mother ever gazed on the beauty of her daughter without predicting a future brilliant as hope could paint it.

It never entered, however, into her wildest dream to imagine the dazzling height to which that daughter would one day be raised, nor is it on record that she ever witnessed the first lapse from the path of virtue which led to the bad eminence the fallen one eventually achieved. For the mother's sake, let us hope she died while poverty was still her daughter's only crime!

Neither could Jeanne Vaubernier, as she traversed the streets of Paris in the rude wicker-work waggon which bore her from the country, with its long team, and heavy creaking wheels, have pictured to herself that the time might come, when her own magnificence should eclipse the splendour of all the gay equipages which now bespattered her humble vehicle, of all the grand hotels at which she now gazed with so much astonishment, and of all the luxury of lace, and diamonds, and rich liveries which now met her eyes at every turn ! She, who had nothing but the beauty which her mother so fondly cherished !

But beauty had, long before her time, wrought wondrous miracles. A little turned-up nose had nearly subverted an empire, and—rustic as she was—hers was not a mind to be insensible to the uses to which charms such as she possessed might be turned. It would seem by the sequel, whatever were the anticipations she formed, she did not fail to profit by her natural advantages.

Arrived in Paris, Madame Vaubernier addressed herself to the only person who could render her any assistance. This was Jeanne's rich godfather, now M. Dumonceau, who acquitted himself to a certain extent of the obligations he had assumed by sending his god-child to be educated at the convent of Sainte Aure and by affording some trifling aid to her mother. Henceforward, we hear nothing more either of her who claimed the closest affinity in blood to Jeanne, or of him who had vicariously undertaken a parent's duty. Even when a king's mistress and revelling in all the delights that power and wealth could give, her heart was never hardened towards her kind, and it may be justly assumed that she would not have neglected her mother, had she lived to witness the change in her fortunes—nor altogether have abandoned the rich contractor whose vocation must of necessity have made him a court suitor, when her word had become law. Her only grief in the midst of the dissipated life she led, may have been the loss of her mother—a prominent regret that death had prevented any demonstration of gratitude towards the man who had shown her kindness in her earliest need.

Her stay at the convent must have been a brief one, for at the age of sixteen we find her apprenticed to a Madame Labille, *marchande des modes*, in the Rue de la Feronnerie ; but, in adopting this new calling, which was not held in the highest esteem, perhaps from a sentiment of respect for her family, she changed her patronymic to Lançon, under which name she was for some time known.

Before we speak of her career in the Rue de la Feronnerie, and we shall do so with discreet brevity, it may be desirable to describe what nature of street it was and what its attractions for the *roués* of Paris who haunted it.

The Rue de la Feronnerie, in which the best king who ever reigned in France was assassinated, was one of the oldest streets of old Paris, and, in the middle of the eighteenth century wore an aspect which in spite of the changes effected by a sanguinary and destructive revolution, and the improvements of the empire and the restoration, still speaks of the past. Built against the antique church of the Innocents and covering one of its four sides, it looked in one direction on all that was most sombre, on the other on all that was most gay—on the gloom of death and on the glitter of life. On one side was the cemetery, on the other the market place. The old church of the Holy Innocents with its octagonal tower and the black crosses of the cemetery, occupied the space which is now the

market ; and the high tombs, the pillory, which stood on the site of the present *Halle aux Draps*, and the grated galleries which formed three sides of the cemetery and were filled with skeletons, with lofts above them, containing countless skulls—what was called, in short, the *Charnier des Innocens*—all these objects cast a gloomy shadow on the neighbouring houses at whose feet thousands of market-women set out their daily produce, and where numberless public writers drove their busy trade.

The Rue de la Feronnerie consisted altogether of dressmakers' shops, which were celebrated throughout Europe, and shone resplendent with their bright wares, and gaudily painted signs, and were remarkable for their widely projecting pent-house roofs, beneath which all that could please the eye for brilliancy of colour and beauty of form, was displayed. And the crowds who thronged thither were as remarkable as the street itself. Mousquetaires, red, black, and gray, "with all their *tromperie*," unfledged abbés, amorous clerks, sated marquises, aged councillors, knights of industry, gallant swindlers, gulls of all descriptions, and lovers of pleasure of every kind, filled the shops, and lounged over the counters from morning till night, talking soft nonsense or whispering insidious proposals to the pretty grisettes, whose lively tongues, and mocking laughter, offered no impediment to the full employment of their busy fingers. The atmosphere of the street had also a character of its own ; delicate perfumes mingled their odours with those of the vegetables set out on the pavement—and musk and *meréchale* contended for the palm with thyme and celery.

On one hand might be seen servants with baskets on their arms, dictating love-letters and farewells to dirty half-starved public writers in ruffles ; on the other, gorgeous carriages covered with armorial bearings filed beneath the cemetery walls, while every breath of air set in motion the signs of the shops, which bore, in letters of gold on azure or vermillion ground, inscriptions such as these : — A la Poupée de la Rue Saint-Honoré, au Secret de plaire, à la Toilette de Lesbie, au Miroir des Graces, or, à la Ceinture de Vénus. In short, the Rue de la Feronnerie was an epitome of Paris in the eighteenth century.

It was in one of the shops in this street that Jeanne Vaubernier, or Mademoiselle Lançon, took her first lessons in the science of coquetry, and acquired the art of dressing and decorating herself with the taste which led to many subsequent triumphs. Her enemies often disdainfully reproached her with this, her early career, which she never, however, attempted to deny, but always admitted with the utmost frankness. There is no end to the number of lovers she is said to have had while in this condition ; they are enumerated without reserve in the *Gazetier Cuirassé*, and the *Gazette Noire*, works which were got up to disparage her at the instance of the Duke de Choiseul, but which are filled with a thousand impossible lies. Still, although these statements are false, there is no doubt that the career of Mademoiselle Lançon was as little respectable as can well be imagined, for it was not long before she fell into the hands of the infamous Madame Gourdan, whose name has become inseparable, in the scandalous chronicles of the time, from that of her *protégée*.

Madame Gourdan, whose profession is characterised in Spanish comedies as that of the *veiled lady*—a term which needs no further explanation—was the mistress of a house which had two entrances—one in the Rue St. Sauveur, and the other in that of the Rue des Deux Portes—two

streets which still form a right angle with each other. Those who cared nothing for public opinion, entered by the latter approach—the timid, or the hypocritical, by the former, which wore the appearance of a picture gallery, kept by an Auvergnat, named Ouradou, who ostensibly dealt in the works of the Flemish masters.

Pretending to examine the collection, the *soi-disant* amateur would stroll negligently to the end of the gallery, where, unobserved, he might disappear by a door which closed of itself behind him, and admitted him into a dressing-room of large dimensions. Once there, he could transform himself as he pleased; if a citizen, he could put on the costume of a dragoon or a *procureur*; or from a grave counsellor become a dashing-looking sailor; cover one eye with a patch, mount a pair of moustaches, or put on a president's wig. The disguise effected, he tried another door, and thus, without having been suspected, he had passed from the Rue St. Sauveur into the Rue des Deux Portes. When it suited his convenience to return, he resumed his proper dress, and sauntered again through the establishment of the apocryphal picture-dealer, who gained large sums of money in this trade without selling a single picture. He might lose his own soul, but never a single Fleming.

Into this double house, which was so extensive that none ever met on its private staircases, or in its retired cabinets and saloons, Madame Gourdan attracted the pretty and not inexorable *modiste* of the Rue de la Feronnerie, and to one of Mademoiselle Lançon's disposition, it needed no very great outlay of eloquent appeal to induce her to adopt a course of life which promised ease and splendour for the mere sacrifice of her good name. She was easily won by the picture set before her eyes of fine dresses and rich ornaments, with a dazzling perspective of luxury and magnificence, and made no difficulty of resigning her quasi-virtuous position as a *modiste*, and her undoubtedly uncomfortable quarters in the Rue de la Feronnerie; exchanging her cold, cheerless garret, for a couch of down, and her days of toil for a life of pleasure.

It was under the roof of Madame Gourdan, that Jeanne Vaubernier, or Lançon, first met the Count Jean Du Barri, the brother of the man whom she afterwards married. He was one of the greatest *roués* of his time, and found no place so congenial to his vices as the house of Madame Gourdan, who, besides the ordinary lures of her profession, added to them the attraction of high play, and drew together not only all the libertines but the greatest gamblers in Paris.

The sort of life that Mademoiselle Lançon led may be readily imagined without appealing to the pages of the *Gazette Noire*; one adventure that befel her is, however, too characteristic of the laxity of the morals of Louis the Fifteenth's nobility to be omitted.

Amongst the most noted of the gamblers who haunted the saloons of Madame Gourdan was the Marquis de Baudron, a *petit-maitre* of first-rate elegance, who wore the richest lace and the finest diamonds of any man in Paris. He had laid a wager with a knot of his dissolute companions that he would obtain the favours of Mademoiselle Lançon without having occasion to untie the strings of his purse. It was a hazardous adventure, for La Gourdan was not one whom it was easy to get the better of; however, M. de Baudron remained true to his purpose.

One evening he made his appearance in the saloon, wearing a magnificent diamond ring. Madame Gourdan was seated at lansquenet,

with Mademoiselle Lançon at her side, and surrounded by a number of young noblemen, more or less dissipated. As he drew near the table, the apartment was absolutely illuminated by the splendour of the jewel, which he displayed in an easy, careless way.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Lançon, "what a superb diamond you have on your finger!"

"It is yours, mademoiselle," replied De Baudron, with the magnificent air of Louis the Fourteenth; "pray accept it as a *souvenir*; only, allow me myself to deposit it to-morrow morning on your *nécessaire* at the hour of your toilet."

La Gourdan made a sign to her young protégée, who gave no reply, but it was answer enough for the marquis, who knew the ways of the house too well to be surprised at the quiet reception of his proposition. Appearing however suddenly to recollect himself, and returning to the terms of the negotiation already so far advanced, he requested Mademoiselle Lançon would permit him to put off till the day after the honour of the visit which he had promised himself for the morrow. He was in despair, but had just remembered that on the following day he was obliged to attend the court at Fontainebleau. On Thursday, at the hour of her toilette, he would present himself; till then he begged her to believe him her devoted servant. The Marquis de Baudron then sat down to play, and the evening passed off as usual. The next morning he went the first thing to a jeweller's on the Pont-au-Change, and ordered him to make him immediately a paste ring exactly similar in shape, in size, and in brilliancy to that which he wore. The jeweller followed his instructions, and in a few hours returned him a duplicate of his famous diamond.

Thursday came, and M. de Baudron was admitted without difficulty to the toilette of Mademoiselle Lançon. When he left her cabinet he no longer wore his splendid ring. He was scarcely out of the house before Madame Gourdan called in a dealer in precious stones to value for her the marquis's diamond, which she estimated at not less than 200 louis. At the first glance the jeweller said it was a false one, and not worth 200 sous. The rage of the deceived matron was beyond expression; she formed a thousand plans for being revenged, but could fix on none for fear of giving publicity to the trick that had been played her. She resolved, therefore to hold her peace. The same evening there was play again in the saloon at Madame Gourdan's and the marquis had the audacity to make his appearance there. The first person he saluted was Mademoiselle Lançon who, hastily restoring his ring, said in a tone of indignation: "It is as false as yourself!"

A few minutes after this scene, which had passed almost in dumb show, the marquis quietly slipped the paste ring into his pocket and substituted the brilliant on his finger, which was again admired by the players, who were ravished at the incomparable beauty of the diamond.

"You joke," said the marquis, "this diamond is false; it has been declared to be so in this house, where they know what they say."

"False!" cried a connoisseur, "I'll bet fifty—a hundred pistoles that the diamond is one of the finest water."

The bet was taken—some of the first jewellers in Paris were called in, who all declared that the diamond was worth 200 louis! The confusion and shame of Madame Gourdan and Mademoiselle Lançon were extreme.

They did not know how sufficiently to express their regret. The marquis took compassion on them.

"To-morrow," said he, "you shall have the ring back again. Shall it be at the same hour as before?"

This proposal was readily accepted; and on the following day Mademoiselle Lançon for the second time was made a present of the false diamond. The Marquis de Baudron won his wager twice over, for he had twice deceived La Gourdan and her pupil.

To return to the connexion of Mademoiselle Lançon with Count Jean du Barri.—The *roué* soon fell in love with her, and she, it appears, returned his passion sincerely; the proof adduced is that he used often to beat her, and she never ran away from him. The truth is, with all his brutality he exercised an unbounded influence over her mind and was able to make her the willing agent of all his schemes, for he was as inventive as he was coarse and dissipated. He was not content that she should merely love himself, but resolved to make her the instrument to advance his fortunes, and he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. He was one of those few whom neither the excitement of gaming, the attractions of the table, or the thralls of love could keep from the consideration of his own interests. Constantly at the ear of his mistress, whose name, immediately she came to live with him, he changed from Lançon to L'Ange, he breathed his own nature into her soul; he compelled her to think and act only through him, and walk in his footsteps, and in this manner made her a stepping-stone by whose means he reached the foot of the throne itself without becoming giddy with the height or faltering for one single instant.

In the year 1768, Lebel, the first valet-de-chambre of the king, accidentally met with Jean du Barri. Lebel was the confidant of all the king's amours, and to him the infamy is due of having founded the Parc-aux-Corfs at Versailles. Louis XV. was growing old, and had become difficult to please. He yearned for the unknown, and Lebel exerted all the faculties of his invention to discover it for him. He related his anxiety to Jean du Barri, and the astute Gascon at once conceived an idea worthy of his character. He invited the valet-de-chambre to a dinner, at which his docile mistress was present, decorated for the nonce with the title of Countess du Barri, though, as he was already married, she could not be his wife, and had not yet seen his brother, whose name she was really destined to take; but Count Jean was skilfully preparing the future. The word *impossible* found no place in his vocabulary. What he foresaw, took place; Lebel, though *blasé*, like his master, was in raptures of admiration, and gave free utterance to his unbounded praises of the beauty, the inexperienced youth, and the charming gaiety of the Countess du Barri. He at once decided in his own mind that the treasure he had long been seeking was now found, and before he quitted Jean du Barri that day the affair was settled between them.

The picture which Lebel drew for the king of the marvel he had discovered was such as at once to induce Louis to desire to see her, himself unseen the while. It was agreed upon, therefore, between Lebel and Jean du Barri, that at a supper of *roués* to be given by the latter, the king, concealed behind some tapestry, should gaze his fill on the *soi-disant* countess of whom the valet-de-chambre spoke with much respect, and

whose education it, consequently, became necessary to hasten. The two preceptors, therefore, counselled her to speak only with extreme reserve throughout this mysterious supper, to forget entirely the tone of the Rue de la Feronnerie and the Rue des Deux Portes, not to burst into fits of laughter, scarcely even to smile, to use very moderate gestures, to jest but little, and above all things to avoid a certain free description of speaking, very picturesque in itself, but rarely heard in high society—in short, to appear dignified and reserved, and behave exactly like a real countess, to which character she might lay claim without sacrificing one jot of grace, wit, or *abandon*.

This, no doubt, was very sage counsel, but if it had been implicitly followed, the annals of France might have been unstained by the name of Du Barri ; it, however, happened otherwise, a sudden thought coming into the head of Mademoiselle Langon that determined her fate. It was one of those rapid resolves which give the colour to a whole existence. In the midst of the supper, throwing the advice of Lebel and Jean du Barri to the winds, she abandoned herself to her natural disposition, without giving a moment's heed to the thought that the king was hidden behind the tapestry ; she cast aside all ideas of modesty and reserve, and plunged headlong into the dissipation of the scene, rivalling the wildest present in the enjoyment of the moment. Jean du Barri and Lebel thought every thing was lost by her imprudence. "What," said they, "would the king think of her ?" The monarch was ravished, transported, he burnt to throw down the barrier that separated him from one so singularly new to him ; he had discovered a new world in the language and gestures which she made use of. Hitherto he had known only vice—now he had a glimpse of something beyond it, and it added a zest to sated pleasure.

On that very evening Jeanne Vaubernier took the place of Madame de Pompadour in the history of France. It is said, that the Duke de Richelieu was no stranger to this negotiation ; but his participation is, to say the least, doubtful. He took the ball at the bound, but he did not set it in motion ; and what proves the fact is, that the Duke de Choiseul, his implacable rival and enemy, never once accused him of having got up an intrigue which he accused him of turning so much to his account. It is true that the Duke de Richelieu was the first to profit by the Du Barri affair, but he was not the instigator of it.

The first appearance of her who was shortly to be known as Madame du Barri, took place on the occasion of the king's journey to Compiègne. Her greatness dates from that event, which was not without importance.

The movements of the king were always closely observed ; the court and the *noblesse de service*, or, as we should say, the lords and ladies in waiting, followed him at all times ; and Madame du Barri did not hesitate to make her appearance at Compiègne with a brilliant but showy equipage and establishment ; her enemies, however, admit that this did not excite much scandal, but they say that, if she kept within bounds, the merit was less on her part than on that of the king, who was at the time in deep mourning for the queen, and conducted his intimacy with the favourite with some appearance of reserve. The only person that took fright at perceiving the king's attachment, which he had meant only to minister to a momentary caprice, was Lebel ; he threw himself at the feet of his master, and confessed all he knew to him of the past life of Jeanne Vaubernier. The king turned a deaf ear to his explanations ; Lebel repeated his assertions, wept, and

entreated, and entering into a full disclosure respecting the Rues des Deux Portes and de la Feronnerie, adding,

"Sire, I have deceived you ; she is not even married !"

"So much the worse," replied the king ; "let her be married at once, lest I commit an act of folly."

A short time after this scene, Lebel died, and, it is said, of poison. But this seems very unlikely, for what motive was there for getting rid of him ? It could not be the fear of any revelations he might make, for it was equally in the power of Jeanne du Barri, and the *roués* of the supper party to have made the same disclosure. Besides, at the moment when Lebel died, the elevation of Madame du Barri was still a fact to be accomplished, and as the witty French biographer, from whom we partially derive our account, says, he died because scoundrels have no greater privilege than honest men in choosing the precise time of their death.

But however dissolute the court might have been, and in spite of the king's contempt for public opinion, neither the one nor the other dared to acknowledge a favourite who had near her no father, brother, or husband to throw over her conduct the shadow of protection or responsibility. The situation was unexampled. It was necessary that the favourite should have a husband. Jean du Barri, himself, could not marry her, having a wife already ; but he had a brother, Guillaume, and him he proposed. This brother made his conditions. He was a spendthrift, a libertine, and a gambler, but without the capacity of Jean du Barri. He was offered as large a sum as he chose to name to accept the purely honorary title of husband ; he accepted the terms, and the marriage took place in the church of Saint Laurent, in the Faubourg Saint Martin at Paris, on the 1st of September, 1768 ; the notary who drew up the articles, for no formality was omitted, was named Le Pot d'Auteuil.

Henceforward, the king might, without scandal, become the possessor of Madame du Barri, since she was now the legitimate wife of another, and court morality was fully satisfied. As to the nominal husband, of whom it is scarcely necessary to speak, he returned to Toulouse after having exchanged a commodity which had never been his—for a heap of gold, which was not long to remain in his possession. Those who are curious to know any thing further in connexion with him, may be satisfied by learning that a natural son of the husband of Madame du Barri served with distinction under the empire, and that at the present day there are still members of his family resident at Toulouse and Pompignan.

But the actual supremacy of Madame du Barri was far from dating from the day on which she became the mistress of Louis XV. In spite of what the poet has said, that

When Fortune gives, she gives with both hands full,

she usually leaves something to crown the happiness of her favourites which she reserves for a time. This was the case in the present instance. There was one—a woman, a rival, an *intrigante*, restless, jealous, witty—in a word the sister of the Duke de Choiseul, the minister of Louis XV., who had the boldness to protest against the election of the new favourite. She was one of those peculiarly delicate personages who think not that it is improper for a king to have a mistress—on the contrary, they look upon that as quite a natural proceeding—but that his mistress ought to be chosen from amongst the ranks of the nobility. The Duchess de Gram-

mont, the sister of the most influential minister who had ever served the king, believed herself powerful enough to raise the standard of revolt, and looked upon her victory as certain. The king was much attached to M. de Choiseul, for the minister possessed the art of disguising business under the aspect of pleasure ; he spoke of the most serious and difficult affairs in a light and easy manner, never touching upon them save at a ball, a hunting party, or a supper ; he just skimmed the surface, incidentally adverted to them in the course of conversation, and dismissed them with some witty, epigrammatic remark. A *bon mot* softened the disagreeable impression caused by bad tidings, a madrigal was the precursor of a new tax. His policy coquetted in rouge and patches, but neither prevented him from getting rid of the Jesuits.

The Du Barri party tried to make advances to the Choiseuls ; the latter bristled up at the familiarity. What, said they, did people such as these want with them ? The Duchess de Grammont did not content herself, like her brother, by repelling them with contempt ; she became bitterly indignant, burst forth into a violent rage and rushed like a fury from *château* to *château*, from hotel to hotel, from door to door, to rally the *ban* and *arrière-ban* of the nobility against this impudent, unrecognised, nameless woman, a creature sprung from the *pavés* of Paris, between a market and a charnel house. She proclaimed all she knew of her history, and more, tore off every shred of respectability that veiled her, calumniated, turned her into ridicule, exposed her real position in every society, paid journalists to abuse her in the daily papers, and every ephemeral publication, and finally by dint of her influence over M. de Sartines, the lieutenant-general of police, obtained his consent, express or tacitly implied, to publish an infamous song against Madame du Barri which, sung to the air of *La Bourbonnaise*, soon became popular not only in Paris, but throughout France. The nature of this song is such as to admit only of our quoting the following verse :

En maison bonne
Elle a pris des leçons ;
Elle a pris des leçons
En maison bonne,
Chez Gourdan, chez Brisson ;
Elle en sait long.

It was a cunning trick thus to make use of the popular voice to direct attacks against the monarch who forgot every thing in the arms of a detested favourite ; the people were the waves, the Choiseuls the wind ; the wind raised the tempest, but remained invisible. What means had Madame du Barri to defend herself against this general outburst ? In the first place, by her youth and beauty, and Madame de Grammont was no longer young, and what beauty she once had was gone ; in the next by the Chancellor, M. de Maupeou, as a set-off against M. de Choiseul. The minister who supported Madame de Grammont was a duke, Madame du Barri had hers also ; there were even two enlisted on her side, the Duke d'Aiguillon and the Duke de Richelieu. The nobility were for Madame de Grammont ; on the part of Madame du Barri were the literary men, the poets, the artists, and almost all the philosophers. France sided with Madame de Grammont, the king with her rival. War was declared between the two parties, a long, a terrible, and an envenomed war, such as is the war of women, an imprudent war, for every blow aimed at the

favourite fell on Louis XV., whose faults were so fatally expiated by his successor. The unexampled and formidable execration which the Choiseuls raised against Madame du Barri, has been held to be not amongst the slightest of the causes which developed the germ of the French Revolution. The grave and decorous old age of Louis XIV. had caused the errors of his youth to be completely forgotten; the corrupt old age of Louis XV. had a contrary effect—it recalled into one broad view all the vices of royalty. Madame de Maintenon had by the excessive severity of her morals obtained the pardon of almost all the favourites; the conduct of Madame du Barri revived the recollection of all the royal courtesans. The result was a condensation of all past hatreds on Louis XV.; the iniquities of former reigns were all turned against him.

But formidable as was the array against Madame du Barri, and violent the opposition she had to encounter, not only did she bravely bear up against it, but in the teeth of the greatest difficulties, had the hardihood to attempt to overcome one that had hitherto been looked upon as insurmountable. She resolved to ask a favour of the king, of so extravagant a nature, that had it been merely hinted at fifty years before, the speaker would have been condemned to perpetual exile.

However abandoned the morals of the court had become since the regency, there had never been the slightest deviation from the most rigid etiquette. Nothing in that respect had changed since the reign of Louis XIV.; the nobility, it is true, degraded themselves to the level of the *canaille*, but the *canaille* did not become noble. Amongst the greatest distinctions conferred at court during the last three centuries, the chiefest was that of being *presented*. In that little word was summed up all that was thought worth living for by those who only lived to bask in the rays of royalty.

Madame du Barri yearned to be presented. It was Jean du Barri, the man who stuck at nothing, who counselled her to make the bold request. "To be thus" was "nothing," unless she could be "safely thus"—and this conventional safety consisted in being placed on an equal footing with the princes and princesses of the blood, the great lords and ladies of the court, by being recognised in the public presence of the king. At first, the young and beautiful countess only hinted at her wish, and Louis merely smiled. In a short time she repeated her request, and the king gaily turned it off; again she renewed her instances, and on every occasion the monarch's opposition became less formidable. She recalled to his memory, tenderly, but not without an accent of reproach, that she enjoyed nothing but the favour—precious, no doubt, but precarious—of accompanying him on his excursions and occupying an obscure apartment in some corner of his châteaux; she did not sit with him in his carriages, she did not eat at his table, nor was admitted to play with him; no prince, no ambassador, no dignitary, came to present his respects to her. Finally, she said, that with more love for him than had ever been felt by the Demoiselles de Nesle, or by Madame de Pompadour, she enjoyed none of the advantages which they had possessed. Why was this difference made? What was the cause of this injustice? The king began to find himself in a strait; he knew not what answer to make. The Du Barris attacked him on another side; they also enlisted the newspapers in their favour, and caused to be inserted such paragraphs as the following:

"Madame du Barri continues to merit the attention both of the court

and of the town. There is a talk of her being presented. At Versailles bets are openly made for and against the fact. One thing is certain, if she attains this honour, there will be great changes in the ministry. The aversion which M. de Choiseul has shown towards her will not admit of his retaining his place. She is supported by MM. Bertin, de Saint Florentin, the Duke d'Aiguillon, the Duke de Richelieu, and all the *dévots*, who will look upon it as a good work, if they succeed, no matter how, in ousting M. de Choiseul."

A few days after, the same papers (well paid for doing so), stated the fact as more and more positive:

"The rumour at Versailles is, that Madame du Barri will be presented on the 3rd of next month."

Assailed on every hand, the old king endeavoured at last, merely to break his fall, by compromising the matter, which he thought to do by giving to Madame du Barri the apartments which Madame de Pompadour had occupied at Versailles. This, he thought, would be installation, but not presentation; the court would murmur but little, and the countess, partly satisfied, would be patient for a time. He reckoned without his host. The countess was not satisfied, and moreover, M. de Noailles, who was the governor of the château, raised his voice against it. The latter was silenced without much difficulty, but the king was obliged to give his consent to the presentation, which was fixed for the 25th of January, 1769.

It is useless to remark, as the facts speak for themselves, that the king grew daily fonder of Madame du Barri. It was a complete fascination which took possession of every faculty, and rendered him deaf and insensible to all the prayers and solicitations of those nearest to him, who sought to deter him from the scandal of this presentation. He was impenetrable alike to satire as to grave requests, and the former was not wanting, for Voltaire himself, from his retreat at Fernay, wrote some satirical verses on the amours of his sovereign and constant enemy; this gibing humour, however, was not of long duration, for the cunning old fox soon discovered in what quarter the wind lay, and, changing his tone, speedily denied the verses, and prepared his most polished prose to compliment her who not only knew how to pardon, but how not to remember.

The presentation was accordingly resolved on, and Madame de Bearn was selected as the god-mother of the *débutante*—the person, that is, upon whom devolved the necessary task of presenting. It was a lucky thing for Madame de Bearn that the function, disdainfully refused by all the other ladies of quality, fell to her lot. Her debts were paid, her son received a valuable appointment, and other members of her family were not forgotten. Still, however, the presentation was delayed, the princesses having been instigated by the Choiseuls to oppose it. The king made another move: he gave the apartments occupied by the late dauphiness to his mistress, whom he thus advanced one step, until he was able to grant her the highest; in his eyes the apartments of Madame de Pompadour were no longer good enough for her. Meantime, the animosity against the favourite continued to increase, while she, always gay and charming, amused herself, under the gilded roofs of Versailles, by tossing oranges about the rooms, exclaiming with every jerk,

“Saute, Choiseul! Saute, Praslin!”

M. de Praslin (the ancestor of the unhappy man whose tragic acts have not been effaced even by the great events in France, which still occupy the public mind), was the cousin of the Duke de Choiseul, and had been appointed by him Minister for Foreign Affairs, when the latter assumed the direction of the ministries of the war and naval departments. They entertained the same views, shared the same successes, and partook of the same reverses, for when the Duke de Choiseul was exiled to Chanteloup, the Duke de Praslin was sent to Vaux.

As it was to be feared that the king becoming sated with the charms of the countess might become more difficult as to the presentation, it became necessary to carry the question, no matter at what price. Jean du Barri again came forward as the grand adviser. After a few days of lassitude and sadness, Madame du Barri threw herself at the feet of the king and earnestly entreated of him to shield her from the calumnies of her enemies by consenting to her being presented. This mark of esteem would make them silent, without it she should die of shame and grief. Perhaps in speaking thus, she may have been sincere, for there is no origin, however humble, which enables a young and beautiful woman to endure the insults of those whose enmity she has provoked by no injustice on her own part. A few days afterwards the following appeared in the papers:—

“On Friday evening the 24th, the king on his return from hunting announced a presentation for the following day, it was to be unique and one that had been under consideration for some time; his majesty finally declared that it was to be that of Madame du Barri. On the same evening a jeweller waited on the countess with a *parure* valued at 100,000 francs. On the morrow the attendance at court was more numerous than that which preceded the marriage of the Duke de Chartres, so much so, indeed, that the king, astonished at the deluge of spectators, inquired if the palace were on fire.”

From far and near numbers indeed came to witness this novel coronation. The immense *place d'armes* of Versailles, and the three superb avenues which lead to it, were from dawn to mid-day filled with people on foot, in carriages, and on horseback. It was a curiosity ill required, for what could they hope to see? Madame du Barri had no distance to go; her carriage simply made the round of the royal court without any body outside being aware of it. But it was enough that she was to be presented at all, to set every body in motion for twenty leagues round. None of the rumours which spoke of slights attendant on the ceremony were realised upon the occasion. It had been said that the outraged princesses, the daughters of Louis XV. would rise and leave the court in disgust, that the Duke de Choiseul would resign his portfolio, and that the court itself would disappear *en masse*. Nothing of the kind happened. The gilded doors were thrown open; Madame du Barri, not without some emotion, made her reverence first to the king and then to the three princesses, all of whom received her most graciously. It had also been asserted that if she threw open her own apartments on the day of presentation, they would be entirely deserted. She did so, and the rooms were thronged with courtiers. Almost every great name in France was heard there—Conti, Soubise, Richelieu, d'Aiguillon, d'Ayen, all—except the immediate partisans of the Duke de Choiseul; for the neutrals, those who had to complain of the

minister and those who could not expect any thing from him, swelled the number of Madame Du Barri's adherents. It is true there were more men than women, and that of the latter there were but few to accompany her to Marly a few days after her presentation, notwithstanding the most assiduous efforts were made to gain them over. The ladies of the court affected to object to her manners and style of conversation, in which her expletives were not the most choice. Théveneau de Morande gives an instance of this in describing a card-party at Marly when seated amidst dukes and marquises, and on the point of losing the game, she exclaimed with more energy than refinement, "*Ah ! je suis frite !*" But the stories that are told of her in this particular, as in many others which tend to throw ridicule upon her, have their origin most likely in envy at her sudden greatness. Let us turn to the really bright side of her character, and there we shall find that the more she rose in favour, the more simple, amiable, modest, and kind she became. She never inflicted punishment, nor exacted vengeance, and the king was consequently in a state of perpetual astonishment. "I shall be obliged," said he often to her, "to sell the Bastille, you send nobody there !"

CHEER UP, CHEER UP AGAIN!

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

CHEER up, cheer up again,
 Whate'er may be your fate ;
 There's a morn for every night,
 A love for every hate !
 There's an hour of doubt and dread
 For all to know and feel ;
 But there never was a wound
 That time would fail to heal !
 Whatever be your fate,
 To break from sorrow's chain,
 It ne'er can be too late,
 And so—cheer up again.

Cheer up, cheer up again !
 'Tis madness to repine,
 When a struggle will do much
 Whatever grief be thine ;
 There's a place for ev'ry one,
 In this wide world, never doubt,
 If the heart be only firm,
 And resolved to find it out !
 Whatever be your fate,
 To break from sorrow's chain,
 It can never be too late
 So cheer up ! Cheer up again

EASTERN LIFE, PRESENT AND PAST.*

THE East will always find its vindicators. Frivolity and levity may cast a temporary ridicule upon the solemn and sacred past, but feelings so alien to a just appreciation of lands that cradled religion and civilisation cannot prevail long. Thoughtful minds sufficiently disciplined to sympathise with and to understand the great lessons of antiquity, will come forth ever and anon, to echo the truths of early religion, and of a primeval civilisation. Here, for example, is an author—a lady, too—but a lady trained by long habits of intellectual inquiry; upon whom the contemplation of Eastern life both present and past has had just the effect that such a contemplation ought to have. She returns from her journey her intellect crowded with new ideas, her heart full of new impressions, her whole mind chastened by a world of new associations.

Egypt (says Miss Martineau, when under the immediate influence of the ruins of a city of a hundred gates) is not the country to go to for the recreation of travel. It is too suggestive and too confounding to be met but in the spirit of study. One's powers of observation sink under the perpetual exercise of thought, and the lightest hearted voyager, who sets forth from Cairo eager for new scenes and days of frolic, comes back an antique, a citizen of the world of six thousand years ago, kindred with the mummy. Nothing but large knowledge and sound habits of thought can save him from returning perplexed and borne down;—unless indeed it be ignorance and levity. A man who goes to shoot crocodiles, and flog Arabs, and eat ostriches' eggs, looks upon the monuments as so many strange old stone heaps, and comes back "bored to death with the Nile," as we were told we should be. He turns back from Thebes, or from the first cataract, perhaps without having even seen the cataract, when within a mile of it, as in a case I know; and he pays his crew to work night and day, to get back to Cairo as fast as possible. He may return gay and unworn; so may the true philosopher, to whom no tidings of man in any age come amiss; who has no prejudices to be painfully weaned from, and an imagination too strong to be overwhelmed by mystery and the rush of a host of new ideas. But for all between the two extremes of levity and wisdom, a Nile voyage is as serious a labour as the mind and spirits can be involved in; a trial even to health and temper such as is little dreamed of on leaving home. The labour and care are well bestowed, however, for the thoughtful traveller can hardly fail of returning from Egypt a wiser, and therefore a better man.

This is the kind of traveller with whom it is pleasant to go along hand in hand. Resolute to receive the true impressions of the country, however serious and solemn they may be, and yet imaginative enough also to kindle with the fire that is breathed into the being of this day, by the philosophy of a remote antiquity; we feel that with such a companion, we are certain of instruction and equally sure of whatever delight there is in intellectual improvement.

Miss Martineau takes little note at starting of Alexandria; she hastened through the dreary city almost without a novel remark, only wondering how any one, after seeing the beauty of Cairo, and enjoying the antiquities of Upper Egypt, would come back to it, who could leave the country in any other way. But there is an anecdote told, in connexion with the Mahmoudiyah canal, which we have not yet met elsewhere.

* Eastern Life, Present and Past. By Harriet Martineau. 3 vols. Edward Moxon.

The pasha is proud of this canal, as men usually are of achievements for which they have paid extravagantly; and he still brings his despotic will to bear upon it, in defiance of nature and circumstance. I was told to-day of his transmission of Lord Hardinge by it, when Lord Hardinge and every body else believed the canal to be impassable from want of water. This want of water was duly represented to the pasha; but as he still declared that Lord Hardinge should go by that way and no meaner one, Lord Hardinge had only to wait and see how it would be managed. He went on board the steamer at Alexandria, and proceeded some way, when a bar of dry ground appeared, extending across the canal. But this little inconvenience was to be no impediment. A thousand soldiers appeared on the banks, who waded to the steamer, and fairly shouldered it, with all its passengers, and carried it over the bar. The same thing happened at the next dry place, and the next; and thus the pasha is able to say that he forwarded Lord Hardinge by his own steamer, on his own great canal.

Alas! poor old pasha—a great man with all his faults—his race is now nearly run, and, as is generally the case in the East, his canal will dry up as quickly as his bones, and for the Mahmoudiyah, we shall soon have an Abbasiyah or a Daoudiyah. Such is the history of almost all great works undertaken under a pure despotism. Being the whim of one person, instead of the offspring of combined intelligence and experience, such improvements seldom last longer than the mind that created them, and lived to keep them up.

Miss Martineau was not one of those persons who could look for the first time on the pyramids without emotion. She had been assured that she should be disappointed.

So far from being disappointed (she says), I was filled with surprise and awe; and so far was I from having anticipated what I saw, that I felt as if I had never before looked upon any thing so new as those clear and vivid masses, with their sharp blue shadows, standing firm and alone on their expanse of sand. In a few minutes they appeared to grow wonderfully larger; and they looked lustrous and most imposing in the evening light.

The party did not see much of Cairo on the first visit; their time was solely occupied with preparations for an ascent of the river. It is curious to mark how the English failing of hurry in travelling manifested itself here. There happened to be a Scotch and an American party going up at the same time, and all the energies, both of ladies and gentlemen, were devoted to the struggle as to who should be off first. The calm, contemplative mind of Miss Martineau seems for the time being to have been carried away by this peculiarly national impulse, and even the details of the first few days spent on the glorious old river are like the description of a boat-race on the Thames. It is evident that Eastern life had not yet taught its two great practical lessons of patience and repose. Another lesson of Eastern life might perhaps have been learnt to advantage before the start, and that would have been to dispense with luxuries. The list of good things, including fruit, wines, spices, chocolate, arrow-root, &c. &c., conveyed on board the dahabiyah, is quite terrific. After the native music, always in the minor key, the numerous birds that enliven the progress were the first objects that attracted attention. What Miss M. calls "the crested woodpecker" is, we suppose, the Hoopoe. The third great object was the valley of the river. Miss M. says that her attention had been previously called to the complaints of readers of Eastern travels, that after all their reading they knew no more what the Egyptian valley looked like

than if it had never been visited. This failure of description is owing to the banks being higher than the eye of the spectator on the deck of his boat, and the sinking of the land from the banks to the mountains. The remedy was of course to go ashore as often as possible, and to mount every practicable eminence.

I found this so delightful (says Miss Martineau), and every wide view that I obtained included so much that was wonderful and beautiful, that mounting eminences became an earnest pursuit with me. I carried compass and notebook, and noted down what I saw from eminence to eminence, along the whole valley, from Cairo to the second cataract. Sometimes I looked abroad from the top of Pylon, sometimes from a rock on the banks; sometimes from a green declivity of the interior; once from a mountain above Thebes, and once from the summit of the great pyramid. My conclusion is, that I differ entirely from those who complain of the sameness of the aspect of the country. The constituent features of the landscape may be more limited in number than in other tracts of a country of a thousand miles; but they are so grand and so beautiful, so strange, and brought together in such endless diversity, that I cannot conceive that any one who has really seen the country can complain of its monotony. Each panoramic survey that I made is now as distinct in my mind as the images I retain of Niagara, Iona, Salisbury Plain, the Valais, and Lake Garda.

Miss Martineau repeats the old story of the monks of the Coptic convent near Beni-sooeef, leaping and racing down the rocks and rushing into the water, struggling against the current to board them for a baksheesh. But this has been frequently denied, and it is stated by those who have carefully inquired into the matter, that it is not the monks, but certain poor Christians, dwellers around the convent, who play the part of importunate beggars on the Nile. Another observation may as well be made here, as we have adopted Miss Martineau's orthography for Beni-sooeef and baksheesh. Miss M. says in her preface, that if any English reader complains of her altering the look of familiar Egyptian names it is enough to reply that Mr. Lane knows better than any one, and that she copies from him. Now this is very good so far, and many of the names, as Asyoot for Siout, Adfou for Edfou, Aswan for Assouan, and others, are manifest improvements; but still we are not quite prepared to agree with Mr. Lane in his Anglo-Indian system of representing the long vowels by two English vowels, as the long u by two oo's and the long i by two eo's. The Arabic has in reality no e nor o, why, therefore, represent long i and u by ee's and oo's? The only reason we can see is to obviate the inconvenience, as we have not a long i and u in our language, of expressing such in printing by a superimposed mark; and as this is an important consideration, so without admitting the correctness of the system, we will follow Miss Martineau in her nomenclature.

Arrived at Asyoot, on the ascent upwards, Miss Martineau complains grievously of the misery of being stared at by all eyes. The gentlemen of her party, she says, wondered at her uneasiness and disapproved of it, but we can truly sympathise with her. The look of true Mohammedan hatred and contempt of the Christian, especially in remote places, is never to be entirely got over, and is everywhere the greatest penalty of Eastern travel. The caves at Asyoot suggest a first glance at the past:—

In the pits of these caves were the mummies lying when Cambyses was busy at Thebes, overthrowing the Colossus in the plain. And long after came

the upstart Greeks, relating here their personal adventures in India under their great Alexander, and calling the place Lycopolis, the ancient name of the place, and laid the ashes of their dead in some of the caves. And long after came the Christian anchorites, and lived a hermit life in these rock abodes. Among them was John of Lycopolis, who was consulted as an oracle by the Emperor Theodosius, as by many others, from his supposed knowledge of futurity. A favourite eunuch, Eutropius, was sent hither from Constantinople, to learn from the hermit what would be the event of the civil war. I once considered the times of the Emperor Theodosius old times. How modern do they appear on the hill-side at Asyoot!

The satisfaction experienced upon determining, with unaided eye, from the mere fact of appropriateness of situation, the site of Antæopolis—the Ombte of the Egyptians—gave rise to a fine speculative train of ideas :—

If I were to have the choice of a fairy gift, it should be like none of the many things I fixed upon in my childhood, in readiness for such an occasion. It should be for a great winnowing fan, such as would, without injury to human eyes and lungs, blow away the sand which buries the monuments of Egypt. What a scene would be laid open then! One statue and sarcophagus, brought from Memphis, was buried 180 feet below the mound surface. Who knows but that the greater part of old Memphis, and of other glorious cities, lies almost unharmed under the sand! Who can say what armies of splinxes, what sentinels of colossi, might start up on the banks of the river, or come forth from the hill sides of the interior, when the cloud of sand had been wafted away! The ruins which we now go to study might then appear occupying only eminences, while below might be ranges of pylons, miles of colonnade, temples intact, and gods and goddesses safe in their sanctuaries. What quays along the Nile, and the banks of forgotten canals! What terraces and flights of wide shallow steps! What architectural steps might we not find for 1000 miles along the river, where now the orange sands lie so smooth and light as to show the track—the clear foot-print—of every beetle that comes out to bask in the sun! But it is better as it is. If we could once blow away the sand, to discover the temples and palaces, we should next want to rend the rocks, to lay open the tombs; and Heaven knows what this would set us wishing further. It is best as it is; for the time has not come for the full discovery of the treasures of Egypt. It is best as it is.—The sand is a fine means of preservation, and the present inhabitants perpetuate enough of the names to serve for guidance when the day for explanation shall come.

Owing to the season of the year, the prevalence of the north wind favourable to the ascent, and the state of the waters, the party ascended to the cataracts with as little delay as possible, leaving the exploration of ancient sites to the return. The activity and physical energy exhibited by the natives upon the ascent of the cataract, struck Miss Martineau very strongly, and she draws a contrast from it that will force a smile from the reader :—

I felt the great peculiarity of this day to be my seeing for the first, and probably the only time of my life, the perfection of savage faculty : and truly it is an imposing sight. The quickness of movement and apprehension, the strength and suppleness of frame, and the power of experience in all concerned this day, contrasted strangely with images of the book-worm and the professional man at home, who can scarcely use their own limbs and senses, or conceive of any control over external realities.

Philoe had been passed previously, and the feelings experienced on first setting foot on the holy island, are expressed in enthusiastic language :—

What a moment it was, just before, when we first saw Philoe, as we came round the point—saw the crowd of temples looming in the mellow twilight! And what a moment it was now, when we trod the soil, as sacred to wise old races of men as Mecca now to the Mohammedan, or Jerusalem to the Christian; the huge propyla, the sculptured walls, the colonnades, the hypaethral temple, all standing in full majesty, under a flood of moonlight! The most sacred of ancient oaths was in my mind all the while, as if breathed into me from without; the awful oath, "By Him who sleeps in Philoe." Here, surrounded by the imperishable Nile, sleeping to the everlasting music of its distant cataract, and watched over by his Isis, whose temple seems made to stand for ever, was the beneficent Osiris believed to lie. There are many holy islands scattered about the seas of the world; the very name is sweet to all ears; and no one has been so long and so deeply sacred as this.

The last point attained by the travellers was Abooseer, and there on the naked rock, and there only, Miss Martineau inscribed her name by the side of that of Belzoni and other Egyptian travellers and explorers. "Our names," says Miss Martineau, "will not be found in any temple or tomb. If ever we do such a thing, may our names be publicly held up to shame, as I am disposed to publish those of the carvers and scribblers who have forfeited their right to privacy, by inscribing their names where they can never be effaced!"

On the descent commenced what Miss Martineau calls her course of study of the monuments. As this consists of an historical sketch, derived mainly from Mr. Sharpe's admirable work, and afterwards of details, the explanations of which are derived from Sir G. Wilkinson, we shall limit our notice to one or two points of general interest. In the first place, the general impression received by Miss Martineau, in regard to the architecture and sculpture, was that of beauty.

I know that it is useless to repeat it here; for I meet everywhere at home people, who think, as I did before I went, that between books, plates, and the stiff and peculiar character of Egyptian architecture and sculpture, Egyptian art may be almost as well known and conceived of in England as on the spot. I can only testify, without hope of being believed, that it is not so; that instead of ugliness, I found beauty; instead of the grotesque, I found the solemn; and where I looked for rudeness, from the primitive character of art, I found the sense of the soul more effectually reached than by works, which are the result of centuries of experience and experiment.

The consciousness of this great feature of beauty in Egyptian sculpture, appears to have first revealed itself at Isna (Esneh).

It was here, and now, that I was first taken by surprise with the *beauty*;—the beauty of every thing;—the sculptured columns, with their capitals, all of the same proportion, and the outline, though exhibiting in the same group, the lotus, the date-palm, the doum-palm, and the tobacco;—the decorations—each one, with its fulness of meaning—a delicately sculptured message to all generations, through all time;—and above all, the faces. I had fancied the faces, even the portraits, grotesque; but the type of the old Egyptian face has great beauty, though a beauty little resembling that which later ages have chosen for their type. It resembles, however, some actual modern faces. In the sweet girlish countenances of Isis and Athor, I have often observed a likeness to persons—and especially one very pretty one—at home.

The beauty of the Sphinx, of the faces of Ramases, and of the Osirides, is spoken of in the highest terms, as full "of moral grace" and of "soul." Nor is the expression of the face injured by its features

being colossal. Innocence is the prevailing expression, and sternness is absent. "The dignity of the gods and goddesses," says Miss Martineau, "is beyond all description, from this union of fixity and benevolence;" and she proceeds to deduce a philosophy from this.

The difficulty to us now is, not to account for their having been once worshipped, but to help worshipping them still. I cannot doubt their being the most abstract gods that men of old ever adored. Vigilant, serene, benign, here they sit, teaching us to inquire reverentially into the early powers and condition of that human mind which was capable of such conceptions of abstract qualities as are represented in their forms. I can imagine no experience more suggestive to the thoughtful traveller, anywhere from pole to pole, than that of looking with a clear eye and fresh mind on the ecclesiastical sculptures of Egypt, perceiving, as such an one must do, how abstract and how lofty were the first ideas of Deity known to exist in the world. If the traveller be blest with the clear eye and fresh mind, and be also enriched by comprehensive knowledge of the workings of the human intellect in its various circumstances, he cannot but be impressed, and he may be startled, by the evidence before him of the elevation and beauty of the first conceptions formed by men of the beings of the unseen world. And the more he traces downwards the history and philosophy of religious worship, the more astonished he will be to find to what an extent this early theology originated later systems of belief and adoration, and how long and how far it has transcended some of those which arose out of it.

The feelings experienced on first seeing the guardian colossi of Thebes—mighty creatures, with their massive shoulders and serene heads rising out of the ground,—were of a still more enthusiastic character,

And next appeared—and my heart stood still at the sight—the Pair. There they sat, together yet apart, in the midst of the plain, serene and vigilant, still keeping their untired watch over the lapse of ages and the eclipse of Egypt. I can never believe that any thing else so majestic as this Pair has been conceived of by the imagination of Art. Nothing even in nature certainly ever affected me so unspeakably;—no thunder-storm in my childhood, nor any aspect of Niagara, or the great lakes of America, or the Alps, or the Desert, in my late years, I saw them afterwards, daily, and many times a day, during our stay at Thebes; and the wonder and awe grew from visit to visit. Yet no impression exceeded the first; and none was like it. Happy the traveller who sees them first from afar; that is, who does not arrive at Thebes by night.

Another subject that remains to be noticed before quitting the Valley of the Nile is the importance to the old Egyptian mind of the state of the dead, and it is one of an interest paramount to all others as connected with past life. Miss Martineau's views of the matter are that these ideas were originated or modified by the structure of the country, and she expresses her ideas upon this curious subject as follows:—

As to the disposal of their dead; they could not dream of consigning their dead to the waters, which were too sacred to receive any meaner body than the incorruptible one of Osiris; nor must any other be placed within reach of its waters, or in the way of the pine production of the valley. These were the boundary rocks, with the hints afforded by their caves. These became sacred to the dead. After the accumulation of a few generation of corpses, it became clear how much more extensive was the world of the dead than that of the living; and as the proportion of the living to the dead became, before men's eyes, smaller and smaller, the state of the dead became a subject of proportionate importance to them, till their faith and practice grew into what we see them in the records of the temples and tombs,—engrossed with the idea of death, and

in preparation for it. The unseen world became all in all to them, and the visible world and present life of little more importance than as the necessary introduction to the higher and greater. The imagery before their eyes perpetually sustained these modes of thought. Everywhere they had in presence the symbols of the worlds of death and life ;—the limited scene of production, activity and change :—the valley with its verdure, its floods, and its busy multitudes, who were all incessantly passing away, to be succeeded by their like ; while, as a boundary to this scene of life, lay the region of death, to their view unlimited, and everlastingly silent to the human ear. Their imagery of death was wholly suggested by the scenery of their abode. Our exception of this is much injured by our having been familiarised with it first through the ignorance and vulgarised Greek adoption of it, in their imagery of Charon, Styx, Cerberus, and Rhadamanthus ; but if we can forget these, and look upon the older records with fresh eyes, it is inexpressibly interesting to contemplate thesymbolical representations of death by the oldest of the Egyptians, before Greek or Persian was heard of in the world ; the passage of the dead across the river or lake of the valley, attended by the conductor of souls, the god Anubis ; the formidable dog, the guardian of the mansion of Osiris (or the divine abode) ; the balance in which the heart or deeds of the deceased are weighed against the symbol of integrity ; the infant Harpocrates—the emblem of a new life, seated before the throne of the judge ; the range of assessors who are to pronounce on the life of the being come up to judgment ; and finally the judge himself, whose suspended sceptre is to give the sign of acceptance or condemnation. Here the deceased has crossed the living valley and river ; and in the caves of the death region, where the howl of the wild dog is heard by night, is this process of judgment going forward ; and none but those who have seen the contrasts of the region with their own eyes,—none who have received the idea through the borrowed imagery of the Greeks, or the traditions of any other people,—can have any adequate notion how the mortuary ideas of the primitive Egyptians, and, through them, of the civilised world at large, have been originated by the everlasting conflict of the Nile and the Desert.

We should have liked to have transferred to our pages the contemplations upon the antiquity of Thebes, but have only room to add that Miss Martineau's arguments against the possibility of the paintings in the caves of Benee Hasan being the representation of the arrival of Joseph's brethren, are, notwithstanding our strong prepossessions on the subject, too forcible to be hastily rejected.

Returned to Cairo, the past with all its mysteries had to give way to the present with all its inconsistencies. Painted tombs were exchanged for streets and bazaars, pyramids for mosques, and a nation in the abstract—a people only living in the ideas they have bequeathed to us—for actual society in Cairo. Miss Martineau's good spirits accompanied her in the change. "There are few gayer things in life," she says, "for one who chooses to be gay, than a visit to Cairo. There is nothing so wonderful and romantic in the whole social world as an Arabian city : and Cairo is the queen of Arabian cities." She was lucky also in her time, for she was present at the fête of the birth of the prophet, and witnessed the return of Mahhml. Through the kindness of Mrs. Arden, Miss Martineau was also enabled to see that great feature of Eastern life—the harem. "If we are to look for a hell on earth," says Miss Martineau, "it is where polygamy exists ;" and yet the very first thing she witnessed on examining into the working of the institution was in its favour. It was a chief lady, ill and miserable from grief, for the loss of a baby belonging to a white girl in the harem ! The impression received by both the English ladies was pretty nearly the same. Of the women met with in

this state, Mrs. Arden says pointedly enough. "Lovely mystery ! one eye ; nose, cheeks, and chin beautifully tattooed ; the countenance devoid of intelligence, coarse in expression." Again, of ladies of higher rank, the same lady, who had access to many hareems, says, "During my stay in Egypt I never saw one beautiful woman, nor even one that would attract common attention in a ball-room in England. I saw only some less ugly than others, whether Turkish, Circassian, Syrian, Arab, Nubian, or Abyssinian ; indeed the finest person altogether amongst the hundred chosen ones that I have seen was an Abyssinian ; she was black as jet, about five feet six inches in height, a most lovely figure and good face, and to complete her very striking appearance, dressed in black entirely ; the girdle above the hips only being of gold. She was very like a handsome demon wanting the tail."

We saw, I think (says Miss Martineau) about twenty more women,—some slaves, most or all young, some good-looking, but none handsome. Some few were black, and the rest very light—Nubians or Abyssinians and Circassians, no doubt. One of the best figures, as a picture, in the hareem, was a Nubian girl, in an amber-coloured watered silk, embroidered with black, looped up in festoons, and finished with a black boddice. The richness of the gay-printed cotton skirts and sleeves surprised us ; the finest shawls could hardly have looked better. One graceful girl had her pretty figure well shown by a tight-fitting black dress. Their heads were dressed much like the chief lady's. Two, who must have been sisters, if not twins, had patches between the eyes. One handmaid was barefoot, and several were without shoes. Though there were none of the whole large number who could be called particularly pretty individually, the scene was, on the whole, exceedingly striking as the realisation of what one knew before but as in a dream.

Monckton Milnes tells us in his "Palm Leaves" that even to dream of the beauty hid within a hareem is forbidden

As each Muslim his hareem
Guards even from a jealous dream ;

but English ladies would drive even the wish to dream from its haunting place—with Miss Martineau especially, all Eastern ladies were "dull, soulless, brutish, or peevish." She stigmatises polygamy as degrading and revolting, and her denunciation of this abominable conventionalism, for it is not a phase of primitive manners, is well merited.

There is one subject more before we leave Cairo. Miss Martineau saw there the oft-talked-of magician. All his experiments were failures—total and ludicrous failures, she says ;—but notwithstanding this, her opinion was (and she was well qualified by her own mesmeric susceptibility to give one) that it is an affair of mesmerism, but that this old man himself probably does not know it. "I am disposed to think," she says, "that there was originally no imposture about the matter at all ; that the magician did not then understand the causes of his success, and does not now understand the causes of his failures. If he continues to take fees without hope of success of course he is an impostor ; but if he believes that his success or failure depends on the pleasure of spirits whom he propitiates, he may be always hoping for success, and may think it wrong to refuse the chance.

"In travelling from the Nile to Mount Sinai," says Miss Martineau, "the chief interest is in following the track of the Israelites ; and the person one thinks most of is Moses." Pity, this being the case, that

travellers do not possess themselves of more accurate information regarding the ancient configuration of the country before they launch forth in wild and groundless speculations upon this important question. Miss Martineau speaks upon this point with a well-timed distrust.

I have no wish to prove that in the first instance we followed the Hebrew track. Most of our party, I believe, were convinced that we did; and among those so convinced, was the clergyman. I do not see that sufficient evidence exists to give even a preponderance of probability, and I have therefore no opinion on the subject. When once on the other side of the Gulf of Suez, the route is, for the most part, clear enough. The doubt is between two routes from the Nile to the Red Sea; that by which travellers now go straight from Cairo to Suez, and the more southerly one, called Wadec-el-Tihah, the Valley of the Wandering. This name shows which way tradition points out.

Nothing is more certain, than that in the time of the Exodus, the Red Sea had a much more northerly extent than it has at present. Hahirath, afterwards Heroopolis, was situated upon a gulf of the same name more extensive than that of Suez, and now only lake and marsh or dry land. At the same period, there existed another and an eastern arm of the Nile, which flowed through the valley of the ancient Red Sea's canal, and through the Crocodile lakes to the sea. There was further a line of cities, situated along the banks of this canal which can be identified with the recorded outward route of the Hebrew host. This line of country is remote from either of the two routes with which Miss Martineau considered the doubt to lay. How the gulf of Heroopolis came to be separated from the sea is recorded at length in Isaiah xi., 15.

Travelling in the desert, like travelling on the Nile, has undergone great changes in modern times. It forces an involuntary smile to read of a repast of which butter from Ireland, ale from England, wine from Spain, ham from Germany, bread and mutton from Cairo and Suez, cheese from Holland, and *water* from Madras, formed a part; having been indulged in among the dreary sands at the wells of Moses; and we spitefully long for when these luxuries shall be exchanged for the tender cares of the redoubtable Sheikh Hussein. Luckily, however, the party were accompanied by a Mr. G——, who so tamed the lion of the desert, that he was convinced that he (Mr. G——) was the greatest man in Europe. On the way from Sinai to Akaba, the party were enabled to follow a different route from that taken by Burckhardt, Laborde, and Dr. Robinson, and Miss Martineau speaks in ecstasies of two valleys, which they met with on this new route—Wadec-el-Ain and Wadec Weteer. Of the first she says, "We all knew Switzerland; and we all agreed that not even there had we seen any thing so magnificent as this Wadec-el-Ain—the Valley of the Spring." But these were "Alps stripped naked," while the gorge of Wadec Weteer was clothed with vegetation, chiefly tamarisks and asphodel—and the effect, the white sand underfoot, the verdure skirting the mountains, and the precipitous rocks of a rich red hue, rising so as to narrow the sky, and to lessen the glare to a pleasant light, was such as to fill the party with delight.

The description of Petra is animated, but Miss Martineau is no longer so enthusiastic as when among the monuments of Egypt. This is still more particularly the case as she advances into Palestine and Syria. It is quite evident that Syria and the Holy Land ought to be visited before the Nile. The impression communicated by the immensity of the Egypt—

tian monuments overshadows almost every thing in the East. A curious circumstance that occurred while the party were at the rock city, shows of what great importance it is to let no opportunity escape of bringing home correct copies of inscriptions. On the 22nd of March the whole of a façade near the Kashne, which contained one of the few remaining and uncopied Greek inscriptions at Petra, fell down bodily, and the far-famed work is now gone for ever. Notwithstanding the change that time is effecting, the researches of the party, which were carried on for some days, notwithstanding Sheikh Hussein's customary tricks, attest that there is still much to be done at Petra.

Miss Martineau is herself, for a moment again, at Jerusalem.

I can scarcely remember the time when I did not know familiarly all its hills, and its gates, and its temple courts, so as to read the New Testament as with a plan in my head. But I never had the slightest conception of that beauty which now at once enabled me to enter into the exultation of David, and the mourning of Nehemiah, and the generous concern of Titus, and the pride of the Saracen, and the enthusiasm of the Crusader. The mournful love of the Holy City grew from day to day, as I became familiar with its precincts ; but no single view so took me by surprise as that which we obtained in the course of our walk this first day.

There is a strange charm in the mere streets, from the picturesque character of the walls and archways. The old walls of yellow stone are so beautifully tufted with weeds, that one longs to paint every angle and projection, with its mellow colouring, and dangling and trailing garlands. And the shadowy archways, where the vaulted roofs intersect each other, till they are lost in the dazzle of the sunshine beyond, are like a noble dream.

With regard to the English mission she speaks most unfavourably, both of its progress and prospects. In the first place, none but the weak, the ignorant, or the needy and immoral are, she says, converted. In the second, as the converts become outcasts from their own people, they must be maintained by those who have converted them. When once the mission becomes an alms-house affair before the eyes of the city—a city full of Mohammedans and Jews who already regard the Protestant Christians with utter contempt—there is an end to all hope of converting any but the alms-house order of people—the needy and the lazy. “While we have millions of savages in our own island,” says Miss Martineau, “heathens without heathen gods, I cannot see why we should spend on a handful of strangers, *who have already a noble faith of their own*, the resources which would support home missions to a much greater extent. Time will show : but my own persuasion is that the Jerusalem mission cannot, from errors inherent in its very conception, long endure.” The passage in italics is not so in the original, we mark it out to leave the responsibility with its author. There are visits to Jericho and to the Dead Sea ; to Cana, Tiberias, and the Upper Valley of the Jordan, and a journey to Damascus and Baalbeck, and return by the Cedars of the Lebanon. But we have followed our intellectual guide as far as our space will permit us, and shall merely remark that, having no Mr. Lane to guide her in Syria, she has given up her previous system of nomenclature, according to which, for example, Ain Fijji should have been Ain Feejee.

THE RICHEST COMMONER IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE last chapter left Moley and the Richest Commoner at the Doocy door in Belvedere Terrace. The assiduous reader will perhaps remember that Charles Summerley was anxious to encounter his dear mother-in-law on the instant, and had only been dissuaded, and adjourned until the next morning at ten, on the strength of Moley's considerate representation that the sudden announcement of the honour he intended them might be too much for the old lady.

The real fact, however, was, that they dined at two o'clock—nay, don't blush, fair reader, and throw the book up in disgust at the idea of reading about such vulgarians; you all do much the same thing under the name of luncheon, and not repeating the farce later on in the day, was owing to old Doocy's absence in town, and the ladies substituting a good substantial tea instead. Mrs. Doocy being much troubled with some flatulent complaint, which would not yield even to Holloway's pills, all-powerful as they are, generally wound up at bed-time with a good stiff glass of something and water, the colour being that of beer, though the smell was that of brandy. That, however, is neither here nor there. The point we wish to explain to the reader is, that within ten minutes of the time of the Richest Commoner giving his stunning *rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tan* at the Doocy door, as he escorted Miss Doocy home, that fair but carnivorous young lady was to assist in an onslaught on a great piece of roast beef, before it descended to the servants. Now, as Lord Byron well said, "nobody likes to be disturbed at love or meals," and Mrs. Doocy only indulging in the former amusement as a participator in the "second degree," she was most peremptory in insisting upon not being interrupted in her enjoyment of her meals, and her orders to the young ladies were most strict not to let their men on any account interfere with the food. Indeed, she went so far as generally to establish a small milliner or dressmaker—if possible, one without a show-room—at whose door the young ladies could choke off their beaux, just as London exquisites do their country friends at clubs. "Oh, you don't belong to 'Brookes,' don't you?" or, "You're not a member of the 'Travellers'?" well, then, I'll say good-bye for the present; I hope we shall meet again soon;" with which well-told white lie (hoping quite the contrary), the clubite enters his sanctuary, and going to a window, enjoys the sight of his friend looming off in the distance, down St. James's Street or along Pall Mall. So the Miss Doocys, at the last moment, would make for the brass-plated door, "Madame Snooks, Milliner and Dressmaker, from London," and as the catch responded to the pull of the second-floor bell, would bow or shake off their acquaintances, and ascending the dark, twisting staircase, would finally disappoint the hope their presence had raised, by ordering a yard and a half of tape, or some such expensive article. Then, the coast

being clear, they would brush off home, or slip out the back way, and be no more seen.

Not that Mrs. Dooley was inhospitable; indeed, rather the contrary; at least, what London people call hospitality. She gave great dinners, "blows out" as some call them, which, like misfortunes never came singly. If she had one on the Monday, there was sure to be another on the Wednesday; or if the first was on a Tuesday, then the second would be on a Thursday. Of course different "sets" of people came for the different spreads, though a too-observing "stop-gap" might sometimes detect the side-dishes of one day doing duty on the opposite side of the table on the other, with such slight turnipitorial and carrotitorial decorations as the service of the previous one rendered necessary. This, however, is a thing of common practice and of easy regulation in London. People don't keep journals of their gastronomic transactions; and, save the ringleted ladies with the children in the attics opposite, an ordinary dinner-party creates no more sensation than was summed up in the observation of the immortal Paul Pry, when he saw the baker's boy leave a pie two days running at a house in his street: "Pie again!" said he, "I happen to know they had pie yesterday—none so rich."

"Dinner-party again!—had one on Monday—they're going it."

We said Mrs. Dooley was hospitable, and so she was, but not until the ice was properly broken. After a promising youth had been properly inducted—had undergone the establishment in full fig, seen all the plate together with the magnificent candelabras, presented to Dooley by the hop-growers of Kent for the usual meritorious service of extracting money from our old friend Public's pocket, and putting it into his and theirs, "then, but not till then," as Lord Brougham would say, Mrs. Dooley was ready to admit a suitor to her ordinary mutton—the haricot, the hashes, the cold chickens, the half shapes of jelly, and so on, that constitute an English luncheon.

To this point of course we need not say our friend the Richest Commoner had not yet arrived, and therefore though prudence said "no" and the smell of roast beef would have seconded the resolution, still Moley thought it was too important an opportunity to miss, and as the door flew open in obedience to Tom Rocket's noisy summons, she just said to our friend, "Won't you walk in?"

A man would have to be a downright fool to say "no," and accordingly our friend's heel spurs, for he had a pair of uncommonly long brass ones on, went clank, clank, clank, along the oil cloth-covered passage, and up the gaudy finery of a lodging-house stair carpet.

Mrs. Dooley being in her second best bib and tucker, with a fairish cap on, valiantly stood fire; but Amelia scuttled off at the sound of the street thunder, to assume a more becoming collar. The unwonted ring of the heel spurs mounting the stairs reminding her forcibly of the dear Woolwich balls, completely banished all idea of the Richest Commoner, and made her imagine that it was one of those divine extractions, perhaps the blooming Cornet Lumberton, or even the charming Captain Downey himself with his huzzar jacket, dangling on one side as if he hadn't had time to put it on, who having come into possession of the great fortune he expected from an uncle, had come to remove the only impediment that Mr. Dooley himself said existed to their union. So impressed was Amelia with the conviction that it was one of her men, and that their

previous acquaintance had caused the servants to admit him at the forbidden hour, that in the flutter of the moment she rang her bell to summon our friend Lucy Green, who happened to be coquetting with Monsieur de la Tour in the housekeeper's room; monsieur having so far conquered his repugnance to English habits as actually to prefer partaking of "*Ros bif*", at the "*d—d base mechanic's*," as he called Mr. Dooeey, on hearing that he was in trade, to dining at his own expense, or rather upon his own board wages at the Imperial Hotel. They too, that is to say, Lucy and monsieur, had been startled at the astonishing knock, which being followed as quickly by Miss Amelia's bell, Lucy answered it just in time to catch a glimpse of the heel spurs as they passed on the drawing-room landing about on a level with her nose as she shot up the back stairs.

"*Who can it be?*" asked Amelia, as Lucy hurried—her collar all awry, and her pink cap strings flying loose—into the room.

"I don't know I'm sure, miss," gasped Lucy; "I don't know I'm sure, miss. I *think* it's a hossifer. Can it be—?"

"Get me out my new green silk," interrupted Amelia, determined to enlarge upon her original intention of merely putting on a killing collar.

In an incredibly short space of time our friend had exchanged her prettily figured muslin for a distended rustling silk, and with palpitating heart she proceeded down stairs, her imaginative mind receiving the image of the dear captain as she first saw him in all the paraphernalia of a tight-rigged red-legged young huzzar.

Instead of that there burst upon her astonished vision our friend the Richest Commoner and Moley chirping away on a sofa, with mamma complacently sitting in the back ground consoling herself for the delay of her roast beef by the reflection that she was doing what her husband would call "*a great stroke of business*."

Poor Amelia! what a shock. Instead of the man she hoped to see, there was the dread bone of contention, lolling with the vulgar sort of ease that your true snob thinks constitutes gentility. There are few things that betray a man's want of breeding more than the way he sits on a sofa beside a woman. What a shock for Amelia, and what a triumph for Moley. The latter cast a scornful smile that almost withered Amelia, while almost at the same moment she was eyeing her companion in the mildest sweetest manner imaginable. Of course our friend could not run away the moment the sister made her appearance, though poor Mrs. Dooeey's inside gave sundry significant growls and grumbles indicative of its wants, if Mr. Rocket could but have understood them. Still he sat on, talking away of balls and polkas, and concerts and operas, and archerys, and Jenny Linds—this tune and that—every tune except the dear

• Roast-beef of Old England!

that Mrs. Dooeey so longed to realise.

At length, having thrown himself into all sorts of attitudes, crossed and recrossed his legs, stuck out his varnished boots and admired the toes, tested the guinea-like rowels of his spurs, he rose from the sofa, and with a would-be very fine low bow, and a clanging cross of his spurs to each of the ladies, he backed out of the room, without upsetting

any thing, and clanked down stairs to the infinite delight both of mistress and servants.

"Well, and I hope you think you look well in your fine new stuck out dress," sneered Moley, with a haughty air of triumph, as the street-door closed on the last clank of the spurs; "it was very kind of you to deck yourself out so smartly to receive *my* friend," added she, in a very different tone to what she had just been indulging in—one wouldn't have known it to be the same person.

Poor Amelia was doubly chagrined, for she was not only disappointed in not finding who she hoped, but saw she had lain herself open to her sister's censure, which she felt pretty certain would not be spared.

Mrs. Dooley, too, put out of her way by the long wait, was any thing but agreeable, and freely sided with Moley in repudiating Amelia's pretension to the Richest Commoner.

The most amiable of a family is not always the favourite at home.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE OVERHAULING.

WE have now to request the reader's attention to our insinuating friend Charles Sumfiterley, who, it may be remembered, Moley parted with an "engaged lady," with an invitation to come and unburden his mind to her inestimable parent on the morrow. Charles never having been overhauled—indeed, never having done any thing in the line matrimonial before, was quite overjoyed at being accepted, and concluded that every thing was settled. Innocent youth! His troubles were but beginning—troubles that would increase as he progressed. Mrs. Dooley—Dooley—and, worst of all, old Inkeyfingers, the lawyer himself. So elated and confident was he, that he stood full five minutes before Goldfringe, the clockmaking-silversmith-jeweller's, contemplating the contents of a tray full of wedding-rings, that stood most invitingly in the window. He was almost on the point of going in to buy one when he recollected he had not the size.

Maria having fixed for him to unburthen to mamma on the following morning, every thing was prepared for his *tête-à-tête* reception at ten o'clock, at which hour precisely he knocked at the door with a sort of pleasing anticipation of the agreeable interview he was going to have with the old lady, and his greenness was so great that he ascended the stairs without a twinge of suspicion crossing his mind.

"Poor young man!" ejaculated Lucy Green, as she scrutinised him through the partially-opened dining-room door as he passed. "Poor young man," repeated she, as he ascended the stairs; "I wonder what they'll do with you." Lucy had seen a good number coming to have the extinguisher put on.

Mrs. Dooley received Charles in a make-bélieve motherly way, and motioned him into an easy chair, just as a dentist does a patient. Smooth and smiling as she was, however, there was a something in her looks that Charles did not exactly like. He felt much as a youth does when presented to his schoolmaster, who, not all the oft-repeated asseverations of "schoolboy days being the happiest of man's life," can make him

exactly love. He felt he was in Mrs. Dooeys power—under her thumb as it were.

Having exhausted the weather, the railway journey, and the surrounding scenery, he was high and dry for something to say, and sat looking very like a goose. Mrs. Dooeys then essayed to lead the gallop.

Having given that dreadful prefatory hem that denotes a change from gay to grave, she parsed her motherly mouth, and fixing her crows-footy, greenish gray eyes upon the unfortunate victim, thus began:

"In course, my darter has told me the flattering compliment you 'ave paid her," said she, "which I need hardly (hem) say is most (hem) flatterin' to my (hem) feelin's, as I'm sure it will be (hem) to Mr. (hem) Dooeys, when he (hem) hears it."

"I'm sure you're extremely good," stammered Charles, plucking up courage at the favourable announcement. "Very good, indeed. I'm sure I can never be sufficiently grateful,"—and a thought crossed his mind whether he oughtn't to be kissing the old lady. Second thoughts are best on these as on most other matters, and as he contemplated her he thought he would transfer whatever might be due to her in that line to her daughter's account. He now began to breathe more freely, and sat more as if he was in a soft chair than on a bed of thorns. Still the old lady's cat-like gaze did not relax, and Charles began to think how soon decorum and the "natural love and affection" due to his new parent would allow him to leave her.

Mrs. Dooeys did not accommodate him with much time for speculation. Having worked herself round to pitching in point, she deposited her cambric handkerchief in a little black bag, and drawing the strings very tight prepared to attack him.

"It's an anxious time for a parent," observed she, getting away, without any of the prefatory hems and hesitation that had attended her former start. "It's an anxious time for a parent," said she, "parting with a beloved child, and the only consolation I can find is in the high character and honourable intentions of her intended husband."

Charles, though rather disappointed to find "it" was not all over, could not but bow to such gratuitous compliments. He could assure her that his every thought and care should be devoted to the promotion of her daughter's happiness.

"I have every confidence in what you say," replied Mrs. Dooeys—"I have every confidence in what you say," repeated she. "Indeed, if I hadn't I could never consent to your becoming the husband of my darter. I'm sure your religious principles are such as will insure her both comfort and happiness. Believe me," said she, clasping her hands as if in prayer, and turning up her eyes to a brown-holland bag that enclosed a cut-glass chandelier dangling from the ceiling—"believe me that without religion all wealth—all worldly honour and advantages are but dross—not worth havin'. Above all," said she, with a doubly-scrutinising look—"I do hope and trust you've nothin' to do with the Puseyites?"

Charles assured her, with great confidence that he had not, for in truth he didn't know what they were; a species of ignorance partaken of by many who talk very largely about them. Charles thought it was *surely* all over now, and longed to have the mahogany door between his dear

mamma and himself. Not so the old lady, who under the cloak of morality was now fast marching round to mammon.

"Money," said she, with a well-affected indifference, "I look upon as *very—very*—secondary to morals; indeed, but that without money people can't get on very well in this world, or provide for the progeny that matrimony naturally entails, I think the world would be just as well without it, not to say better, for it makes no end of mischief and contention, to say nothin' of sometimes producin' a spirit of rebellious independence among children which it is by no means desirable to promote; however," added she, "that's a subject we ladies are badly kalkilated to touch upon, and for my part, I'm always too happy to leave them to Mr. D., whose pretty well up to business, and not easily done; he will be down here on Saturday afternoon, by the fifteen past five train, and you and he can talk matters quietly over together on Sunday—not that I approve altogether of doin' business on a Sunday, but there are times when such things can't be helped—so we'll just fix it that way, and I've no doubt but Mr. D. and you'll soon come to an excellent understandin'."

"But I don't understand—I don't see—I don't know," hesitated Charles, fumbling away at his hat lining, "what I can say to Mr. Dooley, that I can't—that you can't—that we can't, I mean, talk over together." This was just what Mrs. Dooley wanted. She wanted to fathom him herself without referring him to Dooley, unless the prospect was promising.

"*Well*," replied she, after a pause, as if considering whether she could accommodate him or not; "well," repeated she, "if you wish it, and considering the relationship in which we stand together, of course I have every inclination to meet your wishes, though, as I said before, money matters, marriage settlements, and so on are things I really don't profess to understand, at least not as Mr. D. does. As far, however, as hearin' what the worldly goods you propose—in the beautiful language of the Litany—endowin' my darter with, whether herryditaments, houses, hop-grounds, or what not," added she, "even my poor comprehension will enable me to understand the natur of the—"

"I think—I'm afraid—I fear—I doubt," interrupted Charles, shifting about most uneasily in his chair, and still working away at the hat-lining, the threads of which now began to crack as the lining parted from the sewing, "I doubt that I haven't altogether—I mean to say, that we don't altogether—or rather that there is a mistake—that Maria and I haven't exactly understood each other, or rather, I should say, that we haven't got exactly as far as that, or, more correctly speaking (crack, crack) that money wasn't to be any object, provided every thing else was—was—was—(crack, crack, crack)."

"Oh, certainly not," replied Mrs. Dooley, "Maria, indeed both my darters, are far too delicate and lady-like to think of touchin' on such a topic as money—I'm sure they couldn't do it, either on them, no more could I when I was their age; but then you know somebody must do it for them, somebody must see the writins and herryditaments, somebody that's acquainted with the value of that sort of thing, whether it's ships on the sea, houses on the land, or ploughed fields themselves."

"But I didn't expect, I didn't calculate upon any thing of that sort," stammered Charles; "I have no hereditaments or houses, I've nothing to show in the way of ships."

"Well, then, you'll have money, which is very easy to count," replied the pertinacious Mrs. Dooley, determined to bring him to book.

"Why, I have money, certainly," said Charles, after a long pause, during which he sat working at the hat-lining, and wondering at the unexpected turn things were taking! "I have money, to be sure," repeated he.

"In the funds, I suppose?" observed Mrs. Dooley, adding, "I hope you've nothin' to do with railway shares; Mr. D. would never have any thing to do with a railway speculator. Hates them as I do a Puseyite."

"No," replied Charles, "my money's in Drummond's?"

"Exactly so," replied Mrs. Dooley, "I told you you'd have money; Drummond's is a good house to have it in, too—dare say it'll return you eight per cent. Is it all there?" asked she.

"Yes," replied Charles; "except what I've got in my pocket."

"Well, and how much is there at Drummond's?" inquired she, coming to the point without further circumlocution.

"Why, my quarter's allowance is just due," replied Charles, twisting and cracking away at the lining, "I suppose it will be in seventy-five pounds," added he, with a desperate wrench at the lining.

Mrs. Dooley knew all this, though Mrs. Dumps had kindly magnified the allowance into six hundred a-year.

"Then your hereditaryments, wordly goods, and so on are in expectation, not down on the nail," observed Mrs. Dooley.

"I don't know of any hereditaments, or any thing beyond my allowance," replied Charles.

"Well, but who gives you your allowance; who pays it into Drummond's?" asked Mrs. Dooley.

"My uncle,—my uncle Brown, of Craven Street," replied Charles.

"What is he?" asked Mrs. Dooley.

"Nothing that I know of," replied Charles.

"What! has he no place of business?"

"No, not that I know of," was the answer.

"No brass-plate with 'Brown' upon it, or office-bell, or nothin' of that sort on the door in Craven Street?" continued Mrs. Dooley.

"No," said Charles.

"Then he'll be rich," suggested Mrs. Dooley.

"I don't know," replied Charles, thinking he didn't look as if he was.

"Does he powder his footman?" inquired Mrs. Dooley, powder being one of her insignias of wealth.

"He has no footman to powder," was the answer.

"Just a butler, perhaps?" observed Mrs. Dooley.

"No," replied Charles, "he has no man-servant at all."

"Waited upon by a woman, is he?" said she.

"The people of the lodgings do all that he wants," replied Charles.

Had not Mrs. Dooley heard that there was something mysterious in the connexion between the uncle and nephew,—indeed, that there was something mysterious about the uncle himself; she would have closed the inquiry, but having ordered the dinner, and having nothing particular to do, she thought she might as well go on with it.

"Your uncle, in course, knows your feelins with respect to my darter?" observed Mrs. Dooley, after a pause.

"Why, no; he doesn't," stammered Charles, giving a finishing twist to the lining, which had the effect of placing it entirely in his hand.

"Oh, dear; but I wouldn't advise you to do nothin' so important without consultin' him," replied Mrs. Dooeey; "matrimony, of all engagements, is the most serious and solemn, and, in the beautiful language of the ceremony itself, should not be undertaken rashly or unadvisedly."

Charles looked blank, for Mrs. Dooeey was reversing the position he thought to occupy—was sending him to ask for a fortune, instead of going the victorious winner of one.

"I would really advise you, as a friend, to consult him before you say another word to any body; it's only what a person standin' in the situation he does by you has a right to expect."

"I will—I will," hesitated Charles; "but you know it was no use speaking to him before I knew Maria would have me."

"True," replied Mrs. Dooeey; "true,—but now that that point is settled, I wouldn't lose another moment in apprisin' him. Indeed, if I was you, I'd start off directly, and tell him all about it; make a clean breast on the subject, for, believe me, nothin' of this sort never prospers, unless there's most perfect candour and honesty on both sides."

"W—e—ll," drawled Charles, quite nonplussed.

• "And ask him, in course," continued Mrs. Dooeey, thinking, perhaps, she had not been explicit enough, "and ask him, in course, exactly how you stand with him; I means in regard to money matters, for, believe me, the matrimony is a much more expensive amusement, if I may apply a term of such levity to so honourable a state,—a *much* more expensive amusement," repeated she, with an emphasis, "than boys and girls, that's to say, young people, generally suppose; however, now I think we understand each other perfectly," continued she, as she saw the effect of the last recommendation on the silk lining of the hat, which now followed the leather.

"Well, I'll ask my uncle, certainly," stammered he,—“certainly ask my uncle—ask my uncle, certainly; but with regard to the expense—that's to say, with reference to getting married—I should suppose—it's just my own idea, of course—but I should think, that will all depend upon how it's done—I mean to say, whether we give a great deal of cake away, and all that sort of thing.”

"Oh, my dear sir!" snapped Mrs. Dooeey, vexed at having so much simplicity to contend with, "it's not the expense of the weddin' day that I'm talkin' of,—it's not the expense of the weddin' day, that's a very small matter in the bill of life; besides, no one with the slightest pretension to gentility thinks of givin' cake; it's the expense of housekeepin'—the expense of horse-keepin', carriages, hay, horses—the expenses of progeny—the education—the accomplishments—the playin' the harp—the milliner's bills, the balls, the concerts, that runs away with the money; to say nothin' of boys smokin' cigars, rowin' boats, boxin' their tutors, gallopin' races, flyin' kites; that's to say, drawin' bills of exchange, outrunnin' the constable, playin' hell and Jemmy, as Mr. D. says, when he thanks his stars he hasn't any."

"Tommy," interposed Charles, with an emphasis.

"Ay, Tommy's the term," assented Mrs. Dooeey, in the same strain, adding, with a significant nod, "I see you know all about it. Well, now," continued she, summing up, "all these things require caution,

forethought, and calculation, and must be done before, as they can't be done after. So now let me advise you to go and see your uncle, and ask him what he'll do for you—that's to say how much money he'll give you, where his herryditaments lie, and make yourself generally master of his affairs, so as to be able to answer Mr. Dooeey satisfactorily. I makes no doubt," continued she, "you'll find all right and satisfactory. I means to say that you'll find your uncle quite agreeable and ready to do every thing generous and handsome. I'm sure he'll agree with me, that there's nothin' like young men marryin' betimes—it keeps them out of no end of mischief. I make no doubt that you are a most proper young man, and I shall be most happy to have you for a son-in-law; but then it's a duty I owe to my darter, not to let her affections be engaged until all the preliminaries are arranged—in short, until I know," she would have added, "what you have"—but thinking that might be coming it rather too strong, she rounded it off with "that the union will be agreeable to *your* friends."

So saying, she extended her motherly hand, and ringing the bell, transferred him to the footman instead of to her daughter.

CHAPTER IX.

O my prophetic soul, my uncle !

NOTWITHSTANDING Mrs. Dooeey's predictions, Charles sought the afternoon train that was to convey him to his uncle, with feelings of any thing but confidence. Indeed, Mrs. Dooeey's avowed expectations, that that honoured individual would do all that was handsome, tendered rather to depress than encourage him, for in the first place Charles doubted the uncle's ability to do more for him than he was then doing, and secondly, he could not but feel that without something more, he had a very poor chance of gaining his lady-love—at all events, of getting dear Mrs. Dooeey's consent to their marriage.

He got his ticket at the Glauberend railway station, and took his place in the corner of one of the softly-cushioned, splendidly furnished railway carriages, with very different feelings to those with which he responded to Moley's summons to come down. He felt in a state of complete bewilderment—as if he had compressed the troubles, cares, and excitements of a life-time into a single day. In the multiplicity of thoughts and fears that crowded on his mind, he hardly knew where to begin to sort his ideas.

The old straw-bottomed stage coaches, slow, tiresome, and tedious as they were, had one negative recommendation—that of promoting methodical reflection. A man shut up in one of those abominations for twenty or thirty hours at a stretch, had ample time to try a question in every point of view, and consider a subject in all its bearings. We make no doubt that many a weighty matter has been discussed, and many a strong resolve formed, in those cramped conveyances. A railway train affords nothing of this sort. It is all slide, glide, oily and smooth, none of those joltings, shakings, rattlings, and variations of pace that tend to the collision of ideas, and consequent unravelment of the tangled skein of the mind. Charles had hardly got the thread ends of his ideas drawn out

and arranged under the heads of "Amelia," "Mamma," "Uncle," and so on, ere the shrill wild whistle was followed by an easy glide into the London station, and the general delivery of the inhabitants of the flying villages on to the platform.

There are few more difficult cards to play than those of the expectant heir. The natural heir, the "father's own son," as the nurses say, is easy enough. The sire sees reflected in the son the past image of himself, and even if the son does play "hell and Jemmy," as Mrs. Dooley said, the likeness may be none the less faithful on that account. But the doubtful heir, the distant relative,—these are the cards whose difficulty increases as the web of relationship becomes more attenuated.

A London evening was closing in us a patent "Handsom" with Charles Summerley ensconced in one corner, rumbled along the now silent Strand. The great tide of population that fills it throughout the day had ceased to flow, and had been succeeded by a race who didn't seem as if they had much to do.

Seedy gentlemen eyeing shirt collars and fronts in hosiers' windows, amorous youths of the early closing movement staring at pastry-cooks' pretty assistants, and peripatetic newsmongers reading the papers in the publishers' windows. The only perceptible activity was in the play-bill boys persecuting carriage windows, fully persuaded that the inmates were all bound for the theatre, and a nimble, gaslight-man, who was up and down his ladder, leaving traces of his visit in a glow-worm sort of light all along his line.

At length the cab stopped at the end of Craven Street, and Charles having escaped the usual wrangle by giving the driver a sovereign in mistake for a shilling, which the lynx-eyed Jehu having detected, drove off at a pace that while it awoke Charles to the fact, left all chance of recovery quite out of the question. With mingled feelings of vexation and fear he turned down the dread street.

With houses as with people, there are some that are strikingly repugnant—houses that look as if they never knew an owner's care save perhaps the care of that most careless of all caretakers—the Court of Chancery—houses that look as if they had been bought by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests for street improvements, but that somehow never came down. There is generally one or two such in every street, and which serve to keep their less dirty neighbours in countenance. "Talk of our house, indeed!" exclaims Mr. Clartey, "I'm sure our house is a perfect picture compared to Mrs. Snooks's over the way."

The uncle's was one of the dirtiest of the dirty. The door was low and the passage sunk, the house was high and narrow, three windows in width, whose begrimed sashes had long been innocent of paint, and upon whose dull panes of shabby glass the very rain drops hung in great leech-like stains. The bricks and mortar partook of the general unhealthiness of the whole, and had a dull drab, crumbling sort of look. The once white door post of the old black door, was plentifully studded with bells of different sorts and patterns, stuck carelessly in without regard to order or appearance—some were labelled with the names of the apartments to which they belonged, "parlour bell," "first floor front," and so on, while others had the occupiers' names, "Thos. Jones, Engraver and Copper-plate Printer;" "Ephraim Levi, Merchant Tailor—Wardrobes Purchased;" "Thomas Smith, Music-Master," &c.—There was no John Brown.

"Is my uncle in?" asked Charles of a wretched slip-shod dirty bundle of rags in the shape of an any-aged female who responded to his gentle tinkle of the area bell.

"Step in, sir," said she, quite gaily, agreeably surprised at finding a smart young man, instead of a weary match woman or pincushion-selling beggar, as she expected.

She receded along the dark passage, and leaning over the stair banisters, screamed out,

"Mrs. G! Mrs. G! is old B. in? is old B. in?"

"Don't know," responded a voice from below. "Who wants him?"

"The young gent as calls," replied the questioner. "Never mind," continued she, addressing Charles in the passage, "I'll run up and see."

Accordingly she went bounding up the narrow, winding, intricate staircase, three steps at a time, and was presently heard saluting a door at the top of the house with a loud single knock.

Charles stood with a palpitating heart, almost hoping he may not be in.

A low "Who's there?" sounded all the way down the stairs, and might have saved the maid-of-all-work the trouble of shouting "Come hup, sir! come hup!"

Charles was now "in for it," and the full force of his situation flushed upon him. He knew nothing of the individual he was about to address on so interesting and delicate a subject; he knew nothing of his ideas, views, or opinions on the matter of matrimony, above all he doubted his ability to serve him even if he had the will; slowly and demurely he paced up the close ill-ventilated staircase, wishing most heartily that he was coming down again.

At last he stood before the dread door—a low crooked black one made in the commonest way, and of the thinnest wood, with a common iron latch handle—Charles's gentle tap was answered by the same "Who's there?" as he heard down stairs.

"Me—Charles—your nephew, sir," gasped Charles, almost in as big a fright as he was when Mrs. Doocy was overhauling him.

"Come in, my man," replied the voice, and placing his thumb on the latch, Charles lifted it up and opened the door.

It was a back room with a single window looking against a dead brick wall two or three yards off, and the old man had just lighted a miserable mould candle with a lucifer match, which still smelt through the apartment. Fire there was none. The room was low and angular, evidently forming a corner of the house, and the ceiling was of unequal height towards the centre, looking as though, small as it was, it had once been two. A ragged, faded, green and drab Scotch carpet occupied the middle of the uneven floor, leaving a spacious margin of dirty dry rotten-looking boards on the side that was not occupied with a formidable pile of tin and other boxes of capacious size and various make. The furniture consisted of three rush-bottomed, and two very frail-looking cane-chairs, a dull oval table, on which stood a little ink bottle with a couple of stumps of well-begrimed pens alongside.

The slender mould had gained such an ascendancy over the darkness as Charles entered, as to show the dim outline of a low curtainless bed through the open door beyond.

"Well, my man, and what's brought you here at this time of night?" asked Brown, flourishing the block-tin candlestick about so as to throw the light upon the enterer. Brown had so far made preparations for bed

as to have discarded his coat and waistcoat, and assumed a dirty gray flannel dressing-gown.

This cold shoulder greeting again set our friend in a flutter, and he felt as if he would be extremely obliged if an earthquake would take and swallow him up.

"I—I—I—beg—beg—beg—I beg—I beg—pardon—that's to say I ask pardon—but I—I—I—wasn't aware—I—I—I—didn't know, in short, it was so late; but I—I—I—will—will—will—that's to say, I'll come back in the morning, sir, when—when—when—"

"Oh, never mind," replied the old man, assuming a milder tone; "never mind," repeated he, "take a chair. I've nothing to do—sit down—glad to see you—old men's hours and young one's differ—was thinking of bed, to tell you the truth. Coals are expensive—so are candles."

This observation upset all the smoothness of the previous portion of the speech, and again threw our friend into a twitter. Here he had come to ask money of a man who grudged himself fire and light. Charles felt that he had been talked into it by Mrs. Dooley, and that he ought to have known better than give in to a person who could know nothing of the uncle. But for his natural ingenuousness, he would have feigned an excuse even at this, the eleventh hour, and shuffled out of the scrape the best way he could.

The uncle, however, had lived too long in the world to suppose that he had come on other than a special mission, and after a brief silence, interrupted only by the loud ticking of a great boisterous silver watch, as it lay on the deal table in the next room, and the mewing of a cat below, he essayed to lead him on by a—"Well, my boy, how's the world using you?"

That was a good comprehensive inquiry, and but for the unfortunate observation about the fire and lights, might have led to a confession. As it was, Charles parried it with the worse than side blow of "Oh, very well, thank you, sir."

Another long pause then ensued, during which the uncle ran through his mind all the speculative points that he thought he could have come about—the most usual ones, bail or money, not omitted. He could not think of any thing. His allowance had been punctually paid; he concluded, and contrasting it with his own niggardly expenditure, he could not but think it equal to any thing—any thing, at least, that a youth like Charles could require.

There are few things more tantalising than for a person who one knows has come on a specific, and very likely an important errand, and who yet will not deliver himself of it—who sits gaping, and staring, and talking about the weather, or any thing rather than the real thing, looking very often as though he expected you to tell him what he has come for. We once heard of a great clown of an Englishman, who somehow or other had got an audience of the then English ambassador (Lord Cowley) at Paris, and who persisted in sit—sit—sitting, long after he had got every thing said and finished that he had come about. His excellency, after trying to get rid of him in various ways, at last asked, with a low bow, "If there was any thing else he could do for him?"

"Why, n-o-a," replied Chaw, turning his hat about; "why, n-o-a," repeated he, with a vacant stare; adding, "but you haven't asked me to dine."

"I beg pardon," replied his lordship, with the greatest suavity, "I beg

pardon," repeated he, "I wasn't aware that it was in my instructions—but I'll refer to them and see."

Charles could not be waiting for that, seeing that his uncle never dined at home, the only dinner they had ever had together having been at a cheap chop-house in Rupert Street.

The old man's curiosity at last got the better of his patience, and casting a scrutinising eye on our much embarrassed friend, asked him point blank if there was any thing particular he wanted?

"Why yes—no—yes," stammered Charles; "that's to say I'll return in the morning, for I hear—that's to say I see—that you're going to dress—I mean going to bed."

"Oh, but I'm not in such a hurry as all that," replied the ancient; "I'm not in such a hurry as all that,—it'll not be a long story, perhaps."

Thus put to it Charles essayed to make a commencement.

"Well, I wish—I wanted—I thought—that's to say I came to ask, to know, if you'd have any objection to my—to my—to my getting married."

"Getting *what*!" exclaimed the old man in astonishment.

"Getting married," repeated Charles, blushing, and hanging down his head.

"*Married*!" repeated the old man; "married!" extending his face to its utmost length, "why that," replied he, "will depend a good deal upon who it is to."

"Oh, she's a most charming and amiable young lady," gasped Charles, emboldened by the answer.

"No doubt," replied the uncle, "no doubt, and beautiful—but has she money?"

"A great deal—a great deal," gasped Charles, "at least she will have."

"Oh! *will have*," replied the old man, "*will have*, that's an awkward term—bird in the hand—bird in the hand, my boy," added he, with a solemn shake of the head.

"Oh, but she'll have a good deal now, I should think," observed Charles, "at least I imagine so."

"Well, who is it?" asked the uncle.

"Miss Doocy, of Bryanstone Square," replied Charles.

"Doocy—Doocy—Doocy," repeated Brown, thinking the name sounded like money, "you don't mean Doocy, the hop-merchant, do you?"

"The same," gasped Charles.

"There's money there," replied Brown, thoughtfully, "there's money there—what will he give?"

"Why that I don't know—that's to say I haven't asked—in fact, I've not spoken to Mr. Doocy about it as yet—only to Mrs. Doocy."

"And what does she say?" asked Brown.

"Oh she's quite agreeable," stammered Charles—"that's to say she's no objection—only she wished to know what I—that's to say what you would do."

"Ay, there's the rub!" sighed Brown; "there's the rub," repeated he, looking the very picture of despair. "I was afraid of that," continued he, "I was afraid of that."

So was Charles, but having broken the ice he had no alternative but to rest on his oars.

"I'm poor," sighed Brown, "*desperately* poor," and truly his pinched

and haggard look, and the wretched ill-furnished garret in which he sat confirmed the statement. "I'm *miserably* poor," continued he, clasping his upraised hands and then pressing them downwards to the ground.

"Say no more, my dear uncle!" exclaimed Charles, "say no more—I'll give it up. I'll give it up sooner than you should be put about."

"Nay, my boy," replied the old man, relaxing, "it's worth following up—it's worth following up—but we must be cautious—we must be cautious. I'll strain a point to serve you, but be wary—it's a desperate world for roguery—nobody knows what a world it is that hasn't tried it—a thousand and twenty-five knaves to one honest man—must go about it gingerly—don't appear too keen—feel your way—say I'll advance fifty a year—three hundred and fifty that's to say—if that won't do go as far as four hundred, but *mind*, not a farthing more, and Dooeey must come down, too—Dooey must come down, too—can well afford it—can well afford it—lives on the fat of the land—lives on the fat of the land—so now, my dear boy, good night, and God bless you!" saying which the withered old man looked with a loving eye on the fresh, handsome youth, and pressing his hand showed him to the attic door.

"Try seventy-five before you go to the hundred," hallooed the uncle, as he stood listening to Charles' descending footsteps.

"Yes, sir," replied Charles from below, astonished at his success and at the nature of the injunction.

AN EVENING LANDSCAPE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISON.)

BEAMS of gold
Deck the wold,
Mildly flit the magic shades,
Round the ruin'd Waldburg's glades.
Still and free
Gleams the sea,
Soft as swans see homeward float
By yon isle the fisher's boat.
Silv'ry sand
Lights the strand—
Redder now, and now more pale,
Imaged clouds o'er ocean sail.
Whistling sedge,
Gilt in edge,
Waves around the Foreland's hill,
Where the sea-fowl swarm at will.
Picture-wove
In the grove,
With the garden font and bough,
Blend the moss-grown cloister now.
On the stream
Dies the gleam,
And the ev'ning light grows dim,
O'er the Waldburg's ruins grim.
Full moonlight
Decks the height,
In the vale sigh spirit-lays,
O'er the bygone hero-days.

J. A. W.

MR. JOLLY GREEN'S VISIT TO PARIS SINCE THE LAST REVOLUTION.

THE reader is aware that previously to my heading the Peckhami Deputation to the Hotel de Ville, I addressed a letter to Monsieur Cr—mi—ux demanding the rights of Fr—nch citizenship. I did not give that letter textually at the time, but I think it advisable to do so now, in order to guard against the possibility of a garbled version of my correspondence with the m—n—st—r being foisted upon the public.

It was a production, which, however hastily thrown off, bore the impress of my own mind, and was well calculated to accomplish what I sought. I had originally intended to have literally transcribed the epistle from C—nnes, which had already become matter of history (as my own will shortly be), but on reperusing that famous document it struck me that without falsifying facts, I could not take upon myself to say with L—rd Br—gh—m that I had “possédé et habité plus de cinq ans, et plus de trois ans de fait” (this last passage of the noble and learned l—rd's I do not quite comprehend); neither could I write to the Mayor of C—nnes for a “certificat de conduite morale,” as, invulnerable on that point though I be, I have not the advantage of being known to that gentlemen otherwise than through the trumpet of fame. I resolved, therefore, upon relying on my own genius, and here is the result. For the convenience of posterity, I follow the example of a friend of mine who numbered his love letters, in the full expectation that his *chère amie* would keep them!

• No. I.—From Mr. Jolly Green (autrement Marquis de Cornichon now citizen of the same) to Monsieur Cr—m—eux, M—n—stre de J—st—ce.

“Privé et effronté.

“Hotel M—rab—au, Rue de la P—x.

“P.—ris Avril, 1, 1848.

“Citoyenne M—n—stre,

“Pendant la tarde dynastie moi payé un considerable somme pour la propreté de Cornichon, dans la commune de Fanfreluches, dans le departement des Pyr—nees, et étant passionné d'étant naturalisé citoyenne de la R—p—bl—que Fr—nç—ise, je prie vous avoir la bonté d'avoir l'acte de naturalisation passé toute suite, parceque moi proposer moi-même un candidat pour election dans la National Assembly.

“Acceptez l'assurance parfaite de Jolly Green, une fois Marquis de Cornichon, à present citoyenne de la même.”

No. II.—Le M—n—stre de J—st—ce à M. Jolly Green.

“M—n—stère de J—st—ce, le 1er Avril, 1848.

“Monsieur,

“Je ne sais pas si j'ai bien compris la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'adresser, dans laquelle vous exposez votre demande d'être admis citoyen de la R—p—bl—que Fr—nç—se; mais, mettant à côté quelque petites difficultés grammaticques, je m'empresse de vous répondre. Il n'est guère necessaire de dire à un homme d'une intelli-

gence haute comme la votre qu'il n'est pas possible (à moins, comme un Irlandais célèbre an dit, qu'on ne soit pas oiseau) d'être à la même fois dans deux differents endroits ; ainsi, j'ose présumer, par analogie, que, malgré votre grande capacité, les rôles de citoyen Fr—nç—is et de 'Brit—sh subject' (eux-mêmes, assez distincts), ne peuvent pas se réunir dans le même individu. Il vous faudra alors faire cette choix : ou rester Angl—is, ou devenir tout à fait Fr—nç—is ; il n'y a pas de terme moyenne ; la race hybride est inconnue en Fr—nce ; il ne se trouve rien entre chien et loup. Choisissez donc, monsieur, l'état qui vous convienne le mieux ; soyez Fr—nç—is et Dieu vous benisse ; soyez Angl—is et Dieu vous——mais, n'importe pour cela.

" J'ai l'honneur d'être, monsieur,

" Votre serviteur obéissant,

" A. CR—MI—UX."

The above letter was handed to me on my return from the interview with M. L—mart—ne, by the porter of my hotel. By dint of my own unaided exertions—for I don't call the Fr—nch waiter, who spoke Engl—sh, and to whom I showed it, any thing—I managed to make out what the m—n—st—r meant, in spite of the obscurity of his style. I then saw that he wanted me to choose between being an Engl—shm—n and a Fr—nchm—n ; to make a sort of n—t—nal toss-up of the matter, an Engl—sh head or a Fr—nch tail. I presume the Br—t—sh public will anticipate what course I adopted—they are right ; *I did so* ; but not in exactly the way that Podder suggested. He, when I translated the letter to him, burst into a violent passion, and urged me to reply to Monsieur Cr—mi—ux in terms of the most forcible and tar-like nature ; but I, who knew too well what the consequences to Eur—pe would have been had I, by any act of mine, led to a misunderstanding between the two countries, contented myself with returning the following dignified and courteous answer, paying him off for his impertinent proposition, quietly in Engl—sh, a language which no Fr—nchm—n has ever been able perfectly to understand.

No. III.—Mr. Green to M. Cr—mi—ux.

" P—r—s, April 1, 1848.

" Sir,

" I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your *very obliging* letter of this day's date ! I never could have supposed that getting myself naturalised as a Fr—nch citizen I should lose all my rights as a Br—t—sh subject and Peckham churchwarden and rate-payer in Fr—nce. I should only retain those privileges in Peckham ; in Fr—nce I should be all that Fr—nce could desire. As, above all, I desire the happiness of the two countries, and their mutual peace (which, I thought, might have been endangered had I not belonged to both), I thought it my duty to give a proof of my confidence in the institutions of Fr—nce, in order to encourage my Engl—sh *compatriots* to trust in them as I do.

" Receive, &c.,

" J. GREEN."

I may as well give the last letter of his correspondence at once, though some rather stirring events took place before I received it. Not to be behindhand with me it also was written in English, the best the Fr—v—s—nal G—v—rnm—nt could muster.

No. IV.—Monsieur Cr—mi—ux to M. Green.

"Sar,—You shall not understand my letter, verefore I write you in your natural tong. You vill be a Fr—nchm—n, you vill be an Angl—sh-man. God dam, de two tings is not possible. Eider you must cut off your behind or cut off your before, obliterate de past or grasp a firm hold of de future. Fr—nce admit of no division. She does not permit to a Fr—nch citizen he shall at de same time be a citizen of anoder country. For to be a Fr—nchm—n so much the more must you not be an Angl—sh-man. You cannot be an Angl—sh Green and a Fr—nch Green ; once at a time is enough. De present state of affairs in Fr—nce would make so a man as yourself very velcome, he would find himself at home in dem, but to become one of us you must renounce every oder consideration. Ve like nobody else, nobody else like us.

"Receive, &c.

"A. CR—MI—UX."

"You're pretty near the truth there, Mr. Creamy—ox," exclaimed Podder, when I read this letter to him, "there's devilish little to like in you."

I had been very much of the same mind ever since my application was rejected, but I was too shrewd a diplomatist to admit the fact even to my humble friend. But in the meantime I had not abandoned the cause of liberty, in spite of her wearing a mob-cap ; on the contrary, I had thrown myself more vigorously than ever into her arms.

I had hardly despatched "No. 3," to its destination when the waiter came up to inform me that a person desired to speak to me. It was Citizen Gouache, my acquaintance of the previous evening. He saluted me with rep—bl—can simplicity.

"Eh bien ! mon vieux,—comment ça va ?"

"Très bon," replied I, in the same easy, off-hand manner.

"Et Pod—derge aussi ?" continued the citizen, with great familiarity, driving a small cane against my friend's ribs ; then, without waiting for any reply, he threw himself on a sofa, stretched himself at full length, crossed his feet, folded his arms, and looking me full in the face, came at once to the object of his visit.

"About that picture which you bought yesterday," said he, "the nation wants to exhibit it for some time longer, in order to improve the public mind, but, as I mentioned before, I should be glad to have the money down" (so Tibbins renders the words "argent comptant"), "being rather short of cash."

"Certainly," I replied, "it makes no difference to me whether I pay for it sooner or later. Just hand me my writing-desk, Podder. How much did you say ; oh, mill frongs, let me see, that's forty pound, ha ! ha !" said I, in an under tone, laughing in my sleeve at the idea, "a Salvator for forty pound ! What fools the London picture-dealers are not to come to the L—vre and buy up the whole lot. I'm sorry I didn't bring more money with me, but I can easily get a letter of credit, or, I dare say he would take my bill." This was said with an eye to the other gems, which the citizen told me were at his disposal ; however, I did not press the subject just then, not wishing to appear too anxious. I paid Gouache the amount he had named, and as I did not wish to drive too hard a bargain with a man who had sold me, dirt cheap, a first-rate master, I threw in, in silver, the difference of exchange according to the

rate I had paid the day before. The brave citizen's eyes sparkled as I handed him over the cash, and when I put my note-case containing the remainder of my Fr—nch money into my breast-coat, he shot a glance in that direction, as much as to say he knew that I had a noble heart. I must not forget to remark that Gouache honestly wrote me a receipt of which the following is a literal copy :—

“resu de mons. joliegrienne la some de mil ff. : moienant un tabbleau espozé au louve, n°. 7684, paysage et briggans, dans le genre de salvator Rosa.”

“This will stamp its authenticity,” said I, as I locked up the document.

To obtain his money was not, however, the sole purpose of the citizen's visit ; he evidently wished to perform his promise of introducing us to his club, and as it was now broad daylight, the “Central Society of Blue Cut-throats” did not—even in Podder's ears—sound so dreadful as it had done at midnight.

After a few words of private conference with my secretary, I told Gouache we were willing to accompany him, and accordingly we set forth. We had scarcely crossed to the north side of the Boulevard Italien, when I heard a dull, heavy sound behind me, like the tramp of many feet. I turned, and at the distance of a few hundred yards saw the front of a dense column of men approaching ; they carried banners of divers colours, and, as they drew nearer, began to sing in that melodious strain which is so peculiar to the Fr—nch, and distinguishes them from all other nations. I inquired the meaning of this procession.

“Ce sont des ouvriers,” said Gouache.

“Where are they going to work ?” I asked. “Is there any new public edifice in the course of erection ?”

“Je crois bien,” he replied, somewhat emphatically,—“they are going to the Hôtel-de-Ville.”

“Why,” replied I, “the Peckham deputation of which you behold the members in my friend Podder and myself, have not long returned from it, I didn't observe that the building was unfinished.”

“Every thing is unfinished,” answered Gouache, with a gloomy brow, “as long as any thing remains to be done. A true citizen,—a man who loves his country,—ought never to be contented ; he has the right to go on changing till he gets all he wants. If he does not like what he built up yesterday, he is perfectly justified in throwing it down to-day.”

“And what do these gentlemen require at present ?”

“What !” echoed Gouache,—“social amelioration ! Do you think it fair—do you think it reasonable—that men who have hitherto had to toil for their daily bread, and who could barely find time to spend what they earned, should be thrown upon their own resources in this manner ? What is the use, I should like to know, of giving them double pay, and then telling them they are to do nothing ? No ! if the g—v—rnm—nt chooses to take away their work, they must supply them with amusement ; if not, they will amuse themselves after their own fashion. The object of this *attroupement* is to compel the M—n—ster of the Int—r—or to organise a perpetual national *fête*, classical one day, romantic the next, to decree that every citizen who likes it shall ride in his own carriage, dine at whatever restaurant he pleases, appear in any costume that gratifies him, smoke the best cigars, drink the finest wine,

and go to the spectacle every evening,—all at the expense of the state! I have not said any thing about illuminations and fireworks, because they are a matter of taste, and many of those who are now passing before us prefer an impromptu blaze to ordinary pyrotechnics. A house on fire, here and there, with half-a-dozen families in each, gives a piquancy to a display of that sort which a ministerial decree might spoil, for I question very much whether he could induce the inmates of the houses indicated to remain at home for the occasion."

"What you observe," I remarked, "appears perfectly just. The r—v—l—tion was made wholly in the interests of the people, and if the people don't get what they want, they must go on r—v—l—nising until they do. The more you knock a thing to pieces, the more simple become the elements out of which to reconstruct it; for, after all, every thing is made out of some raw material."

Gouache appeared to appreciate the profound philosophy of this observation, and the crowd having, by this time, passed by, we continued our walk as far as the Boulevard M—ntm—rtre, where we turned off at the Rue Gr—nge B—t—lière, and taking the Rue C—det on our way, entered the Rue Bl—cu, where the Coupe Gorge Club held its *séances permanentes*.

It was a grim-looking house which the members had chosen, the lower part being a good deal bespattered with mud (the celebrated boue de P—ris, very fashionable in rev—l—tionary times) and the upper part seriously dilapidated; wherever the windows were visible the glass was nearly all broken, but the closed shutters concealed them chiefly; a narrow *porte cochère* opened into the street, and was flanked on one side by the shop of a dealer in vegetables and charcoal, and on the other by that of a marchand de vin, where might be had, by the litre, the delicious Burgundy (that N—p—leon was so fond of) which is of so delicate a quality that it will not keep more than four-and-twenty hours, and what remains of the quantity tapped one day is invariably thrown the next morning into the gutter, where it serves the chiffoniers for breakfast, who, on this account, call it their *gouter*. This fact, of which I was previously not aware, was communicated to me *en passant* by citizen Gouache while we were knocking at the door for admission. Thrice he raised the ponderous iron ring and thrice he let it fall, pausing about ten seconds between each stroke. At the last vibration a small trap was slid aside, and a deep voice demanded who knocked? Gouache replied, "Le Requin." The trap flew back to its place, the porter within pulled the *cordon*, and the door, yielding to our pressure, we entered and closed it behind us. We then saw the person who had just spoken; he was a stout man wearing a very tight dress—a jacket and pantaloons—of light blue, but the most singular part of his costume was a sort of helmet made in the shape of a fish's head, the mouth of which was open, and displayed no less than six formidable rows of sharp, pointed teeth.

Podder was completely taken aback by this apparition, and, I own, I was myself rather startled by it, but I carried it off with an O. Smith kind of laugh, and pointing to the disguised individual, clearly showed that I understood what was meant, by simply uttering the word "Poison!"

The Fr—ch (as I have frequently had occasion to observe before) are slow of comprehension, and Gouache made answer,

"Pas du tout,—you mistake, we do not poison here,—we bite our

enemies ; the Coupegorges bleus call themselves also 'Requins,' and woe be to all who get between their teeth !"

As I never keep myself in suspense any longer than I can help it, I immediately referred to my pocket edition of Tibbins, and found that "requin" meant a shark, so that I was perfectly right in using the word "poison."

"These fellows call themselves 'sharks,'" I whispered to Podder. •

"Do they?" answered he; "well, for once in their lives, then, they're honest. They *are* sharks, every man jack of 'em! If it hadn't been for his teeth, I should have thought this fat fellow here was dressed up for the part of cod's-head and shoulders!"

"It is the custom of the clubs of P—ris, like those of Ly—ns," interposed Gouache, "to take emblematic names; for instance, there are the 'Scarlet Mountaineers,' commanded by a citizen with the pseudonyme of 'Fire-cauldron;' the 'Voraces' by another called 'Break-ribs;' the 'Death Sappers,' by one named 'Capuchin's Beard;' and the 'Dromedaries,' by citizen 'Leopard.'"

This, which I afterwards found to be perfectly true (for I read of it in *Galigani's Messenger*), I communicated at once to Podder, who, in his John Bullish way, observed,

"I recommend the whole of 'em to unite and call themselves 'jack-asses,' in which case I shall be very happy to be their captain, and take the name of 'Thick-stick;' a parcel of d—d fools,—why they can't even murder each other without some tomfoolery!"

"Podder," returned I, "your language is harsh—unnecessarily so; respect the customs of a great nation; liberty is worshipped after various fashions! In Fr—nce the invariable rule is to take it—"

I was cut short in my observation by an abrupt exclamation from Gouache, requesting us to follow him into the club. The stout citizen with the shark's head opened a side door, and we entered a narrow passage, Gouache leading the way, and the aforesaid blue individual bringing up the rear. At the end of the passage, which was a very long one, we stopped at a door, against which our leader rapped with his knuckles in the manner already described, and after a hum of voices had suddenly ceased, the same formal introduction took place. We then found ourselves in a room of large dimensions, dimly lit by some half-dozen long blue tapers fixed in blue sconces round the walls, which were hung with a dingy blue calico, and produced a very ghastly effect. In this chamber were assembled about thirty persons, all dressed in the national blouse, and wearing red handkerchiefs round their throats and red scarfs round their waists; they also had on caps of liberty, which I was glad to see, as I was prepared to fraternise, and before leaving the hotel had put in my pocket a couple of those I brought from London, one for Podder and one for myself. Chairs and benches were scattered about the saloon, but very few of the members were seated; the greater part were assembled in knots of three or four, as if they had been recently engaged in some very animated discussion, which our arrival had suspended. One person only, who was seated in a high-backed fauteuil on a slightly elevated platform, in front of which was a desk with writing materials, wore the emblematic shark's head; this was the president of the Society of Blue Cut-throats. He was a tall gaunt man, with very long arms and great bony hands, of such peculiar ugliness that, at the very first moment I saw them, I was convinced they were old acquaintances, though 'who

their owner was I could not bring myself to recollect. His face being covered, made all recognition impossible, if, indeed, I was right in my conjecture that we had encountered before. I flatter myself, if his features had been fairly exposed, it would have been a difficult matter to deceive me as to his identity.

I have already said that there was a sudden silence as we entered. It was broken by Gouaché, who, moving two or three steps forward, addressed the chair.

"Citizen president," he said, "in the name of the r—p—bl—c, one and indivisible, I present to you two candidates for admission to the Club of Blue Cut-throats."

"Whence come they?" demanded the president, in a hollow voice, an effect which was heightened, perhaps, by his peculiar head-gear.

"D'Outre-Manche," was the reply, and, laconic as it was, it caused a visible sensation in the assembly; a rapid murmur arose, the cabalistic word "*sacré*" was heard to hiss through the apartment, and several members thrust their hands hastily into their blouses as if they were searching for some concealed weapon. I looked at Podder, who returned my glance; I saw that he blenched not; my own *sang-froid* was perfect.

"Alors, ce sont des God-dams?" interrogated the president.

"Comme vous avez dit, citoyen," answered Gouaché.

The president turned towards us, and through the large apertures where the shark's eyes should have been I saw his own gleaming orbs steadily fixed on my countenance.

"Your names?" he asked, addressing me.

I answered for my secretary, to whom the greater part of what had taken place was perfectly unintelligible, with the exception of one word which sounded rather familiarly to his ears.

"Cette citoyenne," said I, with dignified emphasis, "est Peregrine Podder,—moi, Jolly Green!"

There was a convulsive movement of the shark's lower jaw as I spoke the long, bony fingers were rapidly interlaced, and a low chuckling sound issued from the head. It was, I imagined, a suppressed welcome which the solemnity of the occasion prevented from more overtly declaring itself. I was confirmed in this opinion by what followed.

"Vous êtes les bien-venus," returned the citizen chair, "approach, and receive the fraternal grasp."

I advanced, and held out my right hand, which the president seized, and wrung it with an energy which, gratifying as it was to my feelings, brought tears into my eyes; the same greeting was extended to Podder, who did not, however, bear it so heroically as I, but, snatching away his hand, uttered a brief exclamation and doubled his fists as if he were about to retaliate with a blow, which he might have been rash enough to administer had I not restrained the movement.

"Attention, citizens," exclaimed President "Tête de Requain," agitating a kind of dustman's bell; "before we proceed to the order of the day—the appropriation of the money in the B—nk of Fr—nce—let us make our estimable friends welcome."

The members, at these words, drew near, but the president, waving his hand, checked the advance, and signed to Gouaché to approach him. Caparisoned as he was, it was difficult for him to speak *sotto voce*, and, in rather a hoarse whisper, I heard him utter the word "Garni?"

Gouache nodded in reply, and with more piety than I had expected to meet with in a club of this description, made the sign of the cross on his left breast and significantly pointed at me.

"A la bonne heure!" growled Tête de Requin, then, turning towards us, he spoke again:—

"You are acquainted with the true principle of r—p—bl—c—nism, as expressed in the motto which you see written up there?"

"Oui, citoyenne," said I, "comprenny perfectly—'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!'"

"Vous en aurez donc assez," shouted he, and as he spoke he jumped from his chair, made a rush at me, and fastened his devilish claws on my windpipe. In an instant I found myself surrounded by a ring of blue cut-throats, and perceived that Podder was similarly environed. Taken by surprise by the suddenness of this assault when I expected a brotherly salutation, I was for a moment deprived of my presence of mind, and the thought shot rapidly through my brain that we had been entrapped into a genuine *maison de santé*; but the president's next act convinced me that he was a r—p—bl—can. Gouache had not made the sign of the cross for nothing. With instinctive sagacity, Tête de Requin removed one hand from my throat and plunged it into my breast-pocket, speedily withdrawing it with my note-case firm in his clutch. With the other hand he then made a tug at my guard-chain, but I was now alive to his purpose, and battered with my clenched fists on his pasteboard head, till I made it sound like a drum. I hammered away so effectually, indeed, that the string broke which confined the head, and it was fairly knocked off, when, to my utter astonishment, I beheld the sinister countenance of my former persecutor, the scoundrel Paradis. He had evidently recognised me when first I came in, and hence his eagerness to have the first pluck at me. The confusion now became terrific—the whole gang closed in upon me—my guard-chain snapped—my pockets were rifled—my coat was torn absolutely off my back—but still I held my own, dealing 'out facers right and left in exchange for the scratches I received, and spoiling more than one r—p—bl—can countenance. Podder, too, fought manfully; his forte lay chiefly in kicking (being an accomplished foot-ball player), and loud were the howls of the Blue Cut-throats as his well-nailed boots came in contact with their shins. We shouted lustily, too, to encourage each other, and it was well for us that we did so, otherwise the *Memoirs of Jolly Green* must have been written by his ghost, instead of by his secretary, for numbers began to prevail against us, in spite of the pertinacity with which Podder pummelled his principal antagonist, Gouache, and I made head against Paradis. They had driven us into a corner, and there we stood at bay in our shirt-sleeves, with our pockets turned inside out, hair streaming, noses bleeding, and words of defiance issuing from our lips. Suddenly, our antagonists raised the cry, "*à la fenêtre!*" the shutters were driven outwards, daylight penetrated into the apartment, and, notwithstanding my struggles, I was seized and borne aloft, my destiny being evidently the street.

Luckily, the room in which the meeting had taken place was on the ground-floor, and instead of our finding egress by the open window, others, attracted by the noise, forced their way in. Our English voices had reached the ears of three of our countrymen, attracted like ourselves to P—ris, and when I mention that one of them was the T—pt—n Sl—sh—r, and that the others were J—hunny Br—me and Ben Ca—nt,

I leave the Br—tish public to judge how long it was before the thirty Blue Cut-throats were served out. Five minutes is an age compared to the incredibly short space of time that elapsed before they bolted,—not a man amongst them but carried the marks of the triumvirate on his person. Unfortunately, the rascal Paradis escaped, though not without a black eye, and with him went my watch and money.

"I shall bring this outrage before the N—t—nal Ass—mbly," exclaimed I, as soon as I had recovered my breath.

"You'd better bring* yourself along of us," said the T—pt—n Sl—sh—r, "we're agoin' to 'ave a rump-steak on the Bully-yards, close agin the Maddylin; arter that we shall be ready for another turn-up with as many on 'em as likes."

We shook hands with our gallant countrymen, and putting our damaged garments in as good order as we could, quitted the club. I saw nothing as we went out of the fat porter in tights, whom I strongly suspect was my old acquaintance *Ventre-bleu*.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND COMPARED.*

IF this clever work had had the good fortune to be published three months ago, it would have caused a great sensation. The whole tenor, as regards France, is to show republican institutions inevitable, and revolution imminent; and events have overtaken the author in the accomplishment of his undertaking. No wonder, when now-a-days they will even overtake the writer in a magazine. Yet, the author is no Hibernian Cassandra—not one of those prophets after the events, that abound at all times and places, and who, the moment any memorable event takes place, either in public or private life, are always ready to exclaim—"I told you so!" Independently of other proofs, the work bears internal evidence that, with the exception of the introduction, it was written before the events of the 24th of February. It is not necessary, therefore, in the present day, to revert to ought but what has reference to the new state of things. The author candidly acknowledges, that in what refers to the past, that the bitterness of allusions, directed more against the monarch and the minister, than the man, would not have escaped him, if directed against adversaries expiating their political envy in exile.

In that which refers to the present—the work keeps two great and laudable objects in view,—first the connexion which there exists between the liberality of national institutions, and the amount of a people's material prosperity, enlightenment, and real power. This question is illustrated by a chart, which is more ingenious and amusing, like the French educational and statistical charts, than solid. The actual position of France, at least as yet, by no means illustrates the deduction, that in proportion as man shares in his own government is the quality of his food, the cultivation of his intellect, the amount of luxuries and comforts he enjoys, the trade he carries on, and the extent of his ability to contribute towards the burdens of the state.

* Analogies and Contrasts; or, Comparative Sketches of France and England. By the Author of "Revelations of Russia," "The White Slave," &c. 2 vols. T. C. Newby.

The second object we can go better along with. It is to denounce the interference of England in continental politics, an interference which, in the present temper of the continental mind, is replete with danger. That the French will seek to recover territories of, which they have been curtailed, as Belgium and the Rhine, our prophet has no doubt; but in the face of such appropriation, he argues that Great Britain has no right to enforce the treaty of Vienna, which is, indeed, already torn to tatters.

At a moment (he observes) when the balance of power we had endeavoured to establish by treaties is proven a chimera—when every stipulation of these treaties is successively broken through—when the legitimate princes of Europe, throwing off all restraint, scramble scandalously in the confusion for each other's spoil—when Charles Albert of Sardinia strives to snatch Lombardy from Austria, still holding Cracow undigested in the maw of her stricken eagle—when Frederick William, whose Prussian diadem is slipping through his fingers, grasps convulsively at the Danish Duchies, and strains ludicrously after the imperial crown—clearly the most egotistical policy for Great Britain, according with the dictates of philanthropy the most cosmopolitan, points to non-interference in the concerns of the continent.

Possibly, our prophet says, France may cross the Rhine in aid of German liberties, or of Germanic and Polish nationality. This we doubt. Germany is opposed to the French idea of liberty, which is republicanism and anarchy; and although there is a great outcry made among French anarchists concerning Polish nationality, Poland, it is to be remembered, is a long way off, and is divided between three powers, which are not so fallen yet, as to crouch before Gallic-republican dictation.

We will, however, turn from politics to matters of more general interest. The sketches of politicians in France are exceedingly graphic and amusing. Take for example the sketch of Dupont de l'Eure, which has also the advantage of being a prophecy fulfilled.

Foremost in this republican opposition stands the venerable figure of Dupont de l'Eure, who since Lafayette and Benjamin Constant's removal from the scene—far superior in foresight and firmness to the one, and in character to the other;—inherits all their credit in addition to that which his own antecedents deservedly inspire. Last and most imposing relic of all that was estimable in a period of eventful changes, when the virtues and the vices, the wisdom and the follies of mankind, jostled each other in chaotic confusion, still hale and vigorous, though past fourscore—eighty years of an irreproachable life, of unflinching fortitude and unswerving rectitude, have given him a claim to be regarded as the patriarch of the revolution.

He had hailed with enthusiasm its auspicious dawn—he had seen it with regret deviate into crime and folly; but though men and words had changed, true to its unalterable principles, he had continued unwearingly to vindicate them through good and evil fortune, since the first opening of that great drama at the close of the preceding century, of which—after sixty years,—the curtain has hardly risen yet on the last act.

Though approaching the extreme verge of old age may Dupont de l'Eure yet live to witness its concluding scene!

During the three days of July, Dupont de l'Eure courageously identified himself with the popular movement. Persuaded by Lafitte, with some misgivings, to trust the revolution to a crowned president, he became minister of justice in the first and second administrations under the citizen king; but detecting the real nature of his policy, and surprising him in direct prevarication, the uncompromising old republican charged the writhing monarch straight out with falsehood, and retired soon after for ever from his councils in disgust.

When stammering and embarrassed Louis Philippe said to his minister, "You are wanting in respect to me, you have given me the lie,"

Dupont replied, "Sire, when the King of the French shall have said Yes, and Dupont shall have said No, France will know which to believe."

A heavy domestic calamity a few years after overtook Dupont de l'Eure in the fate of Dulong, his adoptive son, a youth full of enthusiasm and promise, in whom centered all the affectionate hope of the old man's declining years. In the course of political discussion Dulong, who though naturally of republican opinions, had seen fit to stigmatise the indecent parade which had been made of the Duchess of Berri's pregnancy, made an allusion to General Bugeaud—governor of the citadel of Blaye, in which she was imprisoned, and officious director of all the preparations for the exposure of the princess—as her jailor.

Bugeaud, a sort of epauletted ruffian, unable to answer his antagonist, and anxious to show his zeal in the cause of the citizen monarchy—after some negotiation, which, through the instrumentality of M. de Rumigny, the king's aide-de-camp, was purposely envenomed—called out the youth, who, though of pacific habits and utterly ignorant of the use of arms, was too chivalrous to decline a hopeless encounter, in which unhappily he allowed himself to be butchered.

Bowed, but not broken, by this affliction, Dupont has since continued undauntedly to protest by word and act against the government of Louis Philippe. Prompt to profit by any active means of opposition, he is seen sustaining electoral contests, sometimes, as recently, four times repeated in one department—going to the circuit to take part in such demonstrations as the reform banquets, and in all seasons at his post, notwithstanding the fourscore years, which, though passed in honour—*sans peur et sans reproche*—sit not the less heavily on the Nestor of his party.

The sketches given of the other republicans, with the exception of some of the ultra-democrats or anarchists, are equally favourable; that of De Lamartine most especially so. In speaking, however, of the poet-politician's Ibero-gallitanian theory, of which a detailed account has been given in this magazine, the author justly remarks that he (M. de Lamartine) falls into the error, common to foreigners, of comparing England with Tyre, Carthage, Venice, and Genoa, which were exclusively commercial, thriving in fact by a mere carriage trade, whereas England, great as a commercial, is no less so as a manufacturing country. In an able article on the national defences, the author estimates the power of Great Britain in a manner which must be highly flattering to national vanity. The fact, he says, in discussions upon this point is neglected, that a vote of the British Parliament, by embodying every other male adult, could in a day give us legally our 4,000,000 of soldiers, that our workshops could arm them in six months, and that a like period would suffice to bring them into a higher state of discipline than the hosts which figure in continental war-lists. In fact, he concludes, and that in italics, *that the whole of Europe, inclusive of France, would be overmatched in a serious struggle with Great Britain.*

There are some curious and suggestive remarks upon the state of the press in this country and the evils of anonymous political writing, which we should have wished to extract, but space will not permit us so to do. Upon this subject, however, he justly terminates his remarks by observing that

Douglas Jerrold, the most remarkable of our dramatists—Howitt, the Michel of England—and Ainsworth the novelist—by resorting to the periodic press, and boldly heading with their names the publications they have established, have opened a new era, and vindicated a principle of so much public importance, that all connected with literature, however individually adverse to them in political opinion, have a vital interest in their success, which is indeed of little less moment to all who read than to all who write.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THERE is, in truth, something Titanic about Etty. You might fancy Prometheus at work, not unroughly modelling out his primitive men, and allowing them still to retain something of their clayey nature. That great figure of St. John, what a mass it is of fleshly opacity, what a ferocious vigor in the conception, what unbridled freedom in the handling ! Do not search too closely for ideality ; do not require the heavenly impress to be written on the countenance with serene characters. No, no, accept him as Ettyian—as earthborn—the strong Autochthon of Etty's Atelier, who earthily reviles the earthly. He is the big brother of those scantily clad nymphs, whom, oh, reader ! you have contemplated in many preceding exhibitions—those lazy, fleshy forms, who lolled on ragged verdure before a splendid back ground, and won your heart not by their faces, for you had no clear notion of their features, while at the same time you were not altogether pleased with the obscure termination of their fingers, but altogether there was something wonderfully luxuriant in the *ensemble*. The colouring of the flesh, the sweeping curves of the form—how unique ! If Etty had refinement in detail, what a painter he would be ! In the present exhibition we have some of our old friends the nymphs, and there is such a head of Aaron the High-priest ! The breast-plate opens a field for all Etty's magical use of colour, and if he does not put out the eyes of all spectators with the brilliancy of the gems, he has done his best towards that end.

Edwin Landseer goes on telling strange secrets about animals. He has tasted of the dragon's fat which enables men to understand the language of the brute creation. Others know something about the hides of animals, and their eyes, and their teeth, though even here they are ignorant in comparison to the great Edwin—but Landseer penetrates deeper ; he can propose difficult problems respecting brute psychology and answer them triumphantly. We have not the slightest doubt that he knows the precise degree of sorrow which is experienced by a spaniel when it has lost its cousin. The "Stray Shot" is a most touching representation of the last state of despondency to which a fawn can be reduced, and "Alexander and Diogenes" shows a marvellous power of narrating an anecdote of human beings by means of canine agents, without sacrificing the nature of the animals. And do not let the mild venerable head of Edwin's father be passed by without remark.

Mr. Maclise makes up his mind to be the painter of chivalry, which he has done to its minutest details. His are the brilliant armour, the undulating scarf, the stalwart form in the fore-ground, the back-ground full of meaning and of movement. His large picture has all his attributes of correct drawing and fertile invention, and he appears to advantage in the portraits of Mr. John Forster, and Mrs. Dickens.

By mastery in the art of rich colouring, and by exquisite finish, Mulready has succeeded in giving an ideality of his own to subjects taken from the commonest events in life. He goes not to recondite places to find scenes for his pencil, he takes what comes to hand, and whatever he touches is improved by his treatment. Starting from the Dutch principle, he has worked upwards, and soared over Netherland vulgarity.

We are not sure that we like his "Butt" quite so well as that little bit of gorgeousness the "Wedding-Gown," but still it is one of the best gems of the exhibition. If you see a very little picture, with a very large crowd assembled to see it, you may be pretty sure it is by Mulready.

The high position which Herbert has reached he nobly maintains. He is of a staid, earnest temperament, this Herbert; he suffers not his inventive powers to lead him astray; he shuts his eyes to the temptations of colour, and considers how his subject may be told with the greatest simplicity and force. St. John, Herod, Herodias and the Daughter—these four are the only personages in his picture of the celebrated "Reproof." These are enough to tell the tale; he wants no accessories. He delineates the figures with severe correctness; he seizes on the feeling of each individual character, and impresses it unmistakeably on the face.

Cope is a rising man. The countenance of the dying Cardinal Wolsey, with the plain traces of fragility, could not have been conceived by an ordinary mind. His grouping and colouring is exceedingly good; but, amid his ambitious attempts he must beware of falling into the common-place.

We have always looked upon Hart as a clever painter, but somewhat of the conventional. This year he takes a decided stride forward. His "Meditation" (a female reading), is a fine, earnest conception, simply and forcibly realised. The modest colouring most happily accords with the serious character of the subject.

Is not Eastlake the gentlest interpreter of human nature? Is he not the very antithesis of Etty? Only imagine one of the personages he so delicately creates, meeting one of Etty's big heroes in a narrow passage. What an awful *rencontre*. So very, very finished is the manner of Eastlake. It is beautiful to let the eye glide over the slippery surface of his canvass, unchecked by the slightest rude trace of the handling. In his picture this year, a party of peasants are captured by a band of robbers. Console yourselves, good people; those gentle big-ends will never hurt you.

Not altogether unpleasant is it to gaze on that stout specimen of female flesh, which Patten designs to represent "Aurora," seeing that the same is well-coloured, and of a fascinating plumpness. And it is possible that some may turn with satisfaction from the rude nymphs of Etty to the softer nudities of Frost, a very clever delineator of the female form. That picture of "Euphrosyne" is a nice composition, and is enlivened by a genial glow of hilarity.

It was a great thought of the deluge that flashed upon the mind of Linnell, when he painted the eve of that stupendous event. We think that in the preface to "Lucrece Borgia," Victor Hugo talks something about a death's head peeping from a corner in a magnificent dancing-hall. Is not an impression of the sort conveyed by Linnell's picture? The earth seems dressed out all too richly for her welfare; she glows with a deeper glow than she was wont; her distant mountains rise with a more than regal purple; the clouds are tormented to put on their most gorgeous colours—but there is no gaiety in their gorgeousness. Wild and terrific splendour this! It is the corpse dressed for the ball, that Mr. Warren talks about. W. Westall—he is also the illustrator of the

deluge—he steps further into the story, and gets as far as the commencement. His work is a tremendous splash!

You can repose yourself from Linnell's terrible landscape painting, by looking at the clear, cheerful creations of Stanfield. His transparent waters, his sun-lit edifices, his groups of humanity, that give such animation to the scene, are always welcome objects; and his large view of "Amalfi" is not less attractive than former productions. Roberts shall lead you into an eastern region, and you shall see tall temples standing without other back ground than the deep blue sky, while the red sunbeam reposes lazily on their summits. We do not think Roberts would feel heartily at ease, if he did not get that peculiarly red gleam. Or you shall listen to Danby's "minute-gun," and watch the graceful roll of the small cloud of smoke over the smooth glassy water, beneath that gorgeous sky. There is Danby at home. Joyfully does he catch nature when she exhibits her treasures of red and brown hues. A crimson sun-streak, a brown rock, a gray cloud, and a polished surface of water—these are the objects conspicuous in the world of Danby. Creswick shall take you a pleasant walk, in which you shall find yourself surrounded by a haze, not disagreeable, and you shall see the distant objects grow dim and misty in their remoteness. Or you shall rest upon masses of rocks, geometrically angled, for Creswick has such rocks. Lee shall conduct you through his avenues, and show you verdant trees rejoicing in the sun-light—cheerful English landscape—nay, he shall show you more than he has created, for he shall show you the cows, which Mr. Cooper put into his picture. Pleasant fraternity of art. Those Cuypp-like cows that have ever flowed forth from the brain of Mr. Cooper, and which have so often delighted us by exhibiting their sleek skins before Mr. Cooper's own glowing back-grounds, looked with longing eyes upon the green fields of Mr. Lee. Their benevolent creator anticipated their wish, and drove them to the "Lee" pasture accordingly. Talking of animals, there is some vigour in that horse-combat of Ansdell's—but would that the horse to the right did not poke his leg out quite so straight.

The pictorial narrators of stories, and the *genre*-painters altogether have distinguished themselves well. Among the best of his class we should put W. P. Frith, who narrates, in a very clever picture, how an old woman was wrongfully accused of bewitching a country girl. Secret love was the real malady of the maiden, and you see her shrinking from the gaze of the spectators, revolting at the mischief which her unhappy passion has caused to an innocent being, and at the same time unwilling to speak a saving word. The poor old woman is obviously innocent, there is no mistake about the matter, though stupid prejudice has blinded those persecutors, who stand around animated by a brutal inspiration of intense rage. In this figure of the old woman lies the painter's chief art. If there had been the slightest doubt of her innocence, the whole story would have been obscurely told. Then there is the justice—not one of the fat, rotund, Rowlandson-looking men, with rubicund cheeks, which painters of comic ambition love to delineate, but a person respectably thin and austere. The same Frith pokes us into a stage coach, in the middle of a snug party, and with the pistol of a highwayman fore-shortened in our faces. An inventive man this Mr. Frith. He knows that the death-charged instrument will operate differently on different minds—just as laughing-gas draws out the peculiar nature of each imbibor.

The plump soldier thinks most of his carcase—he is shuddering with terror; the quaker values his peace less than his purse, and hastens to conceal the latter beneath the cushion of the vehicle. Only take care of caricature, Mr. Frith, which you are perfectly able to avoid, if you like.

And to Mr. Ward would we extend the same advice, for his attempt to give the utmost variety of character, and to mark that character strongly may lead him into that direction. What a motley group is that on Hampstead-heath, driven thither by the great fire of London! What a quantity of human passion! Resignation, and despair, and hope, and debased carelessness—all huddled into about two large groups, and our old friend, Solomon Eagle, witnessing the fulfilment of his prediction. There you have the principle of working out the various effects of an influence carried to its extreme extent. The artist must have thought largely before he could produce a picture like this. And do not let Ward's Charles II. pass unnoticed—any more than the merry monarch passes Mistress Eleanor Gwynne. His majesty looks not a little *blasé*—but there is a smile which curls those not very moral lips, and which speaks of a new sensation. In a word, the king's face is perfect.

Poole having frequently supped us with horror—having invited us to banquet in charnel-houses, and lodge in cities of the plague, with large glassy eyes glaring not lustroously upon us, and gaunt limbs flinging themselves about in extremest misery,—would regale us this year with a softer spectacle, and show how the humble tanner's daughter, who was afterwards mother of a race of kings, captured the heart of Robert of Normandy. But he does not wholly disguise himself in his gentleness. Those girls are not so very gentle, after all; their amorous glances grow fixed and somewhat terrible, if one essays to return them; there is rigidity in their limbs. Mr. Poole catches an expression with great intelligence, but it becomes petrified by his touch.

There are Goodall, and C. Landseer, and Ellmore, and Egg, who give us subject-pictures of more or less interest; but let us take care that we do not pass by the little Webster—of course, we allude to the size of the picture, not to the dimensions of the artist. The interior of "Do-th'-boy's Hall," pending the brimstone-and-treacle festivity, is one of the prettiest things in the whole exhibition, admirably conceived, admirably coloured, admirably toned. How well has the artist given all the varieties of juvenile misery to that assemblage of tiny urchins; how terrible is the towering form of Mrs. Squeers, equally distasteful with the revolting medicine she administers. No juvenile happiness will shine under her stern dominion; happiness, for instance, like that of the infant listening to the shell, in Mr. Leslie's very pretty picture,—but gaunt, squalid wretchedness shall ever luxuriate, until the pupils, worn with sorrow and care-stricken at the dark, dreary abode in which they are placed, shall fancy they are immured in the octagon room of the Royal Academy.

CONTINENTAL POLITICS.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

THERE are those who imagine that the insurrections and revolutions which have lately taken place on the continent, resembling in their progress some of the features of a storm, will also blow over in a like manner and leave the political atmosphere clearer than ever. There are those also who already see the great nations of the continent fairly on the way to tranquil reconstruction; the powers that were left gradually recovering from the shock of the moment, quietly surrounding themselves with aristocratic elements, and greatly qualifying social concessions hastily made; while certain new forms of government are supposed to have attained, by the welding of the conservative and anarchical principle, at once to vigour and permanence. These persons are, however, egregiously mistaken. The flood-gates of opinion that have been let loose upon continental society and institutions; the sudden awakening of old ideas and of historical associations, long dormant; the incompatibility of these institutions, as now controlled by popular will, with the real political interests of the nation; the selfishness and ambition of the people in some cases, of monarchs in others; and the false positions brought about by a discordance between the popular wish and that of still existing governments; are rapidly conducing to a state of things which it is scarcely possible can be settled without an appeal to arms—without a war from which it is sincerely to be hoped, although scarcely to be expected, that Great Britain will keep itself aloof—but a war in which more nations will be involved, than ever occurred even in the times of the world-subduer, Napoleon.

The incidents which are so inevitably conducing to such fearful results, are scattered over so wide a surface, and are of such slight significance when ~~contemplated~~ contemplated in detail, as compared with the overwhelming events that arose upon the first burst of the revolutionary storm; that their real importance is not likely to be either felt or understood unless placed in a more consecutive and intelligible form than they generally appear in, in the pages of the daily papers. It is with this intention then, as well as with that of preserving a concise record of passing events, that we this month continue our retrospective view of occurrences, adding thereunto a few brief observations on the position of parties and opinions, both alike powerful in a world so constituted, socially and politically, as that thing of shreds and patches called Europe is, more especially when compared with our own tight and compact little island. That that now favoured country may long remain firm and united in the love of law and order, and that it may make of the perplexities and complications springing up abroad, a lesson of moderation at home, is our earnest hope.

II.—GERMANY.

IN the midst of the general incertitude that prevails at the present moment throughout central Europe—the false position in which people and governments stand in many cases in regard to one another—the

rumours of hitherto little known races and nations of men who are going to throw their countless hordes into the great political drama now enacting, nowhere is it more difficult to arrive at a precise notion of the progress of affairs than in Poland. It would fill pages to enumerate all the shocking accounts* of battles, robberies, murders, and wholesale butcheries which are related as having occurred in the Grand Duchy of Posen alone, and which have afterwards in many cases turned out to be either gross exaggerations or actual falsehoods. If we consult a French or English liberal paper, the origin and the fault of all the disturbances appear to lie with the Prussians and Germans. If a German journal is looked into and its statements believed, there is only one conclusion to be arrived at, which is that there could not be found on the face of the earth greater monsters than the Poles. Making allowance, however, for the irritation and excitement on both sides, it would certainly appear that the Poles have not been fairly dealt with, but that this is not so much an error of government, as a state of things arising out of the peculiar circumstances of the country—as is the case with the Saxons and Normans in Ireland—superior races who have now long established themselves in the country, being in a condition to dispute national supremacy with the Poles themselves in their own land.* Availing themselves of the change brought about in Berlin, as well as elsewhere, by the new order of politics, the latter made an armed demonstration in favour of their ancient rights and privileges. After some hesitation, as we before recorded, the king acceded to their demands. The royal commissary sent for the purpose of re-organising the province, concluded an agreement with them.

The Poles laid down their arms, and began to disperse. But the Germans, who disdained to be put upon the footing of equality with the native population, took up arms, disregarded the royal orders, ill-treated and expelled the king's commissary from Posen, and, supported by the soldiery and functionaries, resolved upon an effort to regain their former ascendancy. Instigated by Steinlaker, General Colomb despatched moveable columns in every direction, and, it is said, but no doubt in the spirit of great exaggeration, that these troops sacked and burnt entire villages, putting the population, as at Majewo and Gostyn, man, woman, and child, to the sword. The Polish peasants naturally took up arms to retaliate. In many cases the most murderous revenge was taken.

Another question which tended to widen still more the chasm between the two populations, is the contemplated separation of the Germanised districts from the Duchy of Posen. The Germans claim not only the best part of the duchy, but even the town of Posen itself. The Polish provisional government of the latter town, issued a protest against the dismemberment of the grand-duchy, under any pretext by Prussia, appealing to the treaties by which the partitioning powers bound themselves to the rest of Europe to destroy neither the nationality nor the integrity of those provinces which they retained after 1815. The Poles, also, naturally complain bitterly of the unsteady policy of the King of Prussia in having,

* The population of the Grand-duchy of Posen, taken from the census of 1845, is said to be 800,000 Poles, and 400,000 Germans and Jews. In the town of Posen itself the population is equally divided, 20,000 Poles to 20,000 Germans and Jews. The Germans hold all employments of whatsoever kind, even to lamp-lighters and street-sweepers. On the other hand, nine-tenths of the soil is in the hands of Polish proprietary.

under the influence of a momentary apprehension, made concessions which he is evidently no longer desirous of abiding by, and having even excited them to prepare for war with Russia, to regenerate Russian Poland, while he is now induced to place faith in a military reactionary movement, and turns round upon them, and upon his own commissary, General Willisen, as rebels and revolutionists.

Russian Poland was by no means resigned to silent submission, while these events were taking place in Posen. At the instigation of the stadtholder, Paskewitsch, a deputation of four of the principal magnates, headed by Krasinski, has been sent to St. Petersburg to petition the emperor to restore the kingdom of Poland to its state previous to 1830, and at the same time to take the necessary steps for the re-incorporation of the dissevered portions (Posen and Galicia) into the same, under the protection of Russia. The answer to this has been the transmission of bodies of troops, said to amount to the overwhelming force of between 200,000 or 300,000 men, to the frontier. With this force at his disposal, and the sympathy of the Poles in his favour, it would be an easy matter for the czar to re-constitute the kingdom of Poland, and to place the Duke of Leuchtenburg, or any other person he might nominate, upon the throne, if such were really his intended policy. But as this would involve Russia in war with both Prussia and Austria, there is not much likelihood of such an event taking place, unless the two Germanic sovereignties make such concessions to their Polish subjects as may be dangerous to Russian Poland. This may explain, to a certain extent, the conduct of the King of Prussia, at first vacillating, but which appears finally to have settled itself down in a resolve to uphold the aristocratic against the democratic principle. In the guerilla warfare of the Polish scythemen, the latter fight against the Germans, from national feelings of enmity that are fostered by the nobles, and from a religious hatred that is fanned by the clergy with a fanaticism worthy of Ireland and the middle ages.

Symptoms of insurrectionary spirit were not wanting at the same time in Austria Poland. On the night of the 25th of April, the residence of the imperial commissioner, Baron Kreig, was attacked by a body of persons belonging to the national committee, who made a prisoner of the baron, and seized upon the government papers. When this act of violence, in the execution of which the national guard lent its aid, became known to the Austrian Field Marshal Castiglione, that functionary insisted upon immediate liberation of the imperial commissioner, and having effected this, he further disavowed, and pronounced illegal, all and every act which the commissioner might have been compelled to execute during his forcible detention. Baron Kreig had, in fact, been compelled to promise the recall of the emigrants who had been sent to the frontier as not belonging to Galicia. The excitement of the people, on thus seeing their plans defeated, rose to such a degree that they armed themselves with spears and scythes, and erected barricades in the streets. Unlike the soldiers of France under similar circumstances, the Austrians proceeded at once to take the barricades by storm. The capture of even the first was, however, attended with so great a loss of life, that the troops desisted from all further attempts of the kind. A shower of balls was discharged from the houses, and Count Castiglione received two shots, one in the head, the other in the side. After ordering the bom-

bardment of the city, he resigned the command into the hands of Prince Stanislaw. The bombardment of the city appears to have lasted about an hour, when Prince Jablonowski and Count Adam Potocki appeared as parliamentaries, hostilities were then suspended, and the terms of a capitulation were drawn up, in which an amnesty was granted, but the national guards had to lay down their arms, the convention to be dissolved, and all French and Polish emigrants were to be sent off beyond the frontier.

The Poles, both in Austrian and Prussian Poland, have refused to take a part in the elections, although based on universal suffrage.

General Von Pfuël succeeded Von Willisen in the attempt to conciliate and re-organise the duchy, but it does not appear that his labours were attended with much success. Mieroslowski had fallen upon Gnesen, the old capital of Posen, where he was joined by numbers of his countrymen; on the other hand Stefanski, who had been appointed dictator, had, it was said, been made prisoner. Prussia made every preparation to meet the insurrection with vigour, and 10,000 troops were despatched to the seat of war. The Polish insurgents, threatened with utter annihilation by a vastly superior army in point of numbers and discipline, capitulated in part on the 8th of May, at Mielozyn, between Gnesen and Wreschen. The remainder still held out under Von Brzezanski, who took the command upon the resignation of Mieroslowski. There are further reports of insurrections at Warsaw—but all these insurrections, whether carried on in Russian Poland, in Posen, or Galicia, evince a total incapability on the part of the Poles unaided, to shake off the yoke that has been imposed upon them—they are miserable failures, which only serve to keep alive those feelings of distress which it is impossible not to feel for a suffering people, but which are a great deal tempered by considering how ill-judged, unadvised, and impotent these movements are either in a political or a military point of view.

The movements of the Franco-German column of propagandists in western Germany were everywhere attended by similar signal disgrace. In an engagement that took place on the 26th of April, near Dassenbach, between the Wurtemberg troops and a column said to have been 800 to 900 strong, under Herwegh, the latter were defeated, twenty-three insurgents being killed and 200 made prisoners. Another band was driven from the Schusterinsel on the Rhine, and compelled to take refuge at Huningen. A skirmish with similar results took place at Todtnau. Many hundreds of the insurgents were made prisoners, the remnants forming themselves into small bands of plunderers. Mannheim, where there existed a strong republican tendency amongst the lower orders and even amongst the civic guard and the common councilmen, was, for a time, declared in a state of siege, and the civic guard was obliged to be disarmed. But, in fact, the only attempt to create a republic in Germany has been a most significant failure. Except among the German operatives from Paris, inoculated with Parisian theories, a few of the ignorant peasantry of the frontiers, and in one or two frontier towns, as Mannheim and Treves, particularly exposed to French propagandism, the democrats, Herwegh, Struve, Hecker, and their followers, could raise no sympathy. The Germans have repudiated these men and their republican notions, and driven both out at the point of the bayonet.

Throughout Germany, indeed, even in the minor constitutional states, the liberal opposition has shown itself decidedly anti-republican. In Berlin, administrative power has been wrested from the hands of the

courtiers, the military chiefs, and the old functionary class—and great is the discontent among the discomfited—but it has not descended to the people. The Berlin cabinet is composed chiefly of bankers and manufacturers, of large landed proprietors, and men of provincial note and standing. Although universal suffrage has been granted, the system of primary and secondary elections neutralise its democratic influence.

In Austria the revolutionary movement was for a time kept in check. The Viennese bankers were called in to share power and responsibility with the old nobility. Fiquelmont, the favourite pupil of Metternich, continued to hold the reins for some time after the fall of his master, but he was ultimately obliged to give way to the storm raging without. Unfortunately, Austria has not shown that she possesses any new statesmen adequate to the occasion. Unlike Prussia she has not a Beckerhath, a Camphausen, or an Auerswald, to assist her in her dilemma. The consequence has been that a mob made up, according to all reports, of students and of low persons, have for a long time kept the capital in a state of anarchy. *Emeutes* became a kind of pastime, and every night the houses of unpopular persons were destroyed. These students, with whom all power lay, insisted upon an entirely new elective law, the total exclusion of members of the imperial family and nominees of the emperor from the first chamber, and the removal of the military from the city.

On the evening of the 17th the emperor and empress took their departure suddenly from Vienna for Innspruck, under pretence of change of air. The news that the imperial family had abandoned the capital for their faithful Tyrol—the land of their ancestors—created the greatest excitement. There was an immediate rush upon the banks, but the inhabitants were unanimously for the emperor and the maintenance of the constitutional monarchy. Some of the students having taken advantage of the confusion to proclaim a republic, the people were so exasperated that they would have hung some of them but for the interference of the National Guard. All, however, were aiding the Pillersdorf ministry, which still remained in office, notwithstanding its incapability, for the preservation of peace and order, and official personages and public deputations were despatched to bring back the terrified imperialists.

The elements of discord, however, predominate for the time being throughout the whole of this great but incongruous empire. Hungary is in open revolt; add to which the Magyar and Slavonian races are at daggers drawn throughout the whole length of the lower valley of the Danube. In Bohemia, a national committee, all Teech, or Slavonians, sits at Prague, in opposition to, and upon an equality with, the German Cabinet. This body has declared the Germans to be strangers on the Bohemian soil, and has refused to elect deputies for the Constituent Assembly at Frankfort.

This allusion to Frankfort reminds us that we must not omit to notice that the constituent assembly has been holding its meetings at that old imperial free town since the 18th instant.

The assembly is composed of 392 members. The presidential election was made a party question. M. de Gagern, who represents the party disposed to lay most stress upon the conciliation of the German governments, was elected by 305 votes out of the 392. Robert Blum was the candidate of the party who place their trust in the energy and determination of the people—the Republican party. The simultaneous

meeting of a Prussian constituent assembly in Berlin, has produced no small amount of embarrassment and excited feeling. The question as to whether members of both assemblies may be allowed to act at once for two "constituent" and "national" assemblies, has already been provocative of hostile feeling between the rival houses.

Princes and principalities have everywhere in western and central Germany survived and flourished by the will of their people, the people taking pleasure in exercising that local influence and power, in the name of their prince, which a German emperor might wish to curtail. With all the cry of the Germans for unity, it does not appear likely that they will advance a step beyond the old federal bond. To elevate any federal head or Frankfort emperor over the Emperor of Austria, or the King of Prussia, would be scarcely possible. These potentates have far outgrown the dimensions of the old princes of the empire. Each of them is too great, and their people too proud, to obey the other. Both together with the other states may join in forming a common army, a common tribunal of appeal, in removing commercial barriers, and establishing many institutions in common, but to attempt to realise such an impracticable scheme as a German empire appears at present out of the question.

III.—ITALY.

THE progress of events in northern Italy exhibits a singular inaptitude for war on the part of the Italians. Marshal Radetzky has been now long suffered to occupy his strong positions of Peschiera, Verona, and Mantua. He only waits to act on the offensive, for the arrival of reinforcements under General Nugent. The Italians have uselessly invested Peschiera and Mantua, making at the same time frequent feints and recognisances on the left bank of the Mincio. Some trifling rencontres have resulted from these desultory movements. Such was the affair at Somma Campagna, where a small body of Austrians having been attacked by the third division of the Italian army under General Broglia, on the 26th of April, they were obliged to retreat with the loss of thirty-three prisoners, of whom nine were wounded. On the other hand, in a sortie made by the Austrians at Peschiera, Major Trotti, of the Sardinian army, was made prisoner.

Charles Albert, wishing to drive the Austrians from their position on the right bank of the Mincio, sent with this view, on the morning of the 19th of April, eighteen battalions of infantry, a brigade of cavalry, and three batteries of artillery under General Bava. The Austrians were obliged to retire before this imposing force, and the king established his head-quarters at Bozzolo.

In a skirmish brought about by an attempt made by the Italians against Trent, the volunteers were driven back with considerable loss. Count Nugent arrived on the 21st within two miles of Udine; the town immediately sent messengers to the Austrian camp to demand a parley, upon which occasion the preliminaries of the submission of the insurgent province of Friuli were settled. The troops entered the town on the 23rd, where they found weapons, ammunition, and three field-pieces. General Durando, commanding the Pontifical troops, was sent with a Tuscan contingent to oppose himself to this rapid advance of the Austrians through Friuli. The Piedmontese army at this time extended from Lugano, near Peschiera, to Pozzolengo, Ponti, and Monzambano, on the right of the Mincio; on the left, from Valleggro and

Borghetto up the centre of the province of Verona. An attempt having been made upon the bridge of Mostacciolo, the Piedmontese were driven back, notwithstanding that they were reinforced by some corps of volunteers; on the other hand the Austrians failed in an attempt made to establish themselves on the northern point of the Lake of Garda, by disembarking at Penale. On the 25th, the division of reserve passed the Mincio, under the Duke of Savoy, and the king took up his head-quarters at Valleggio, on the left bank of the river. There had been skirmishes near Castellan, and at Governolo on the 23rd and 24th, with indefinite results.

After the capture of Udine, by the force under General Nugent, consisting of nine battalions of infantry, eight squadrons of cavalry, and ten batteries, and which acted so decisively upon the province, a brigade was despatched in advance to besiege Codriopo. Palma was at the same time invested by the brigade of Prince Schwarzenburg, with four battalions of infantry, one squadron, and four field pieces. Simultaneously with the capture of Udine, the right main wing of General Nugent's army, came to an engagement at Ponteba, and forced the enemy to retreat.

On the side of the Mincio the Austrians were obliged to recede from their outposts by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. On the 26th of April the Sardinian army crossed the Mincio, and advanced upon the Adige. The same day a small force of Austrian infantry and hussars were driven out of Somma Campagna, within seven miles of Verona, by the advance guard, consisting of the brigade of Savoy, and a squadron of Navarrese cavalry under General Broglia. A small Austrian corps was also surprised near Mantua.

On the 30th of April, what is called in the bulletin issued from the head-quarters of the Sardinian army, "the first battle between the two armies of Italy," was fought. The end proposed was to occupy Bussolengo, Pastrengo, and Piovezana, and to attempt to force the Adige. The affair commenced at half-past eleven, A.M. The Italian troops succeeded in driving the Austrians from all the positions which they occupied at Pastrengo, and in gaining the heights which command the Adige. It does not appear that much loss was sustained on either side. Great enthusiasm was, however, created at Milan by the intelligence of this affair of outposts. While Charles Albert was engaged at Pastrengo, the Austrians made a sortie from Verona upon the Sardinian head-quarters at Somma Campagna, but General Sommariva having been able to act in defence of the position, very marked advantages were not derived from this movement.

General Nugent had at the same time advanced to the line of the Tagliamento, occupying the town of Latisana, and placing posts along the right bank of the river, while his extreme left was brought into communication with a flotilla, which had sailed from Trieste to the mouth of the Tagliamento. This was a fine position, and the enemy, under General Lamarmora, retired before it to take up a position, it was said, on the Piave.

During the night of the 30th, Bussolengo was taken by the Sardinians, and the passage of the Adige effected at Pontone. The loss of the Austrians, who were under the command of General d'Asyze and Archduke Sigismund during these two days—the 29th and 30th of April—is said to have amounted in killed, wounded, prisoners, and deserters, to at least 1500. Field-Marshal Radetzki, anxious not to expose his

troops to useless exertions and losses, previous to Count Nugent joining him, ordered the brigade, fronted by Pontopo, to watch the points of Parona and Pescantina, and concentrated his whole force before Verona.

The vanguard of Count Nugent's auxiliary brigade arrived at Conegliano on the 2nd of May. General Durando was stated at the same date to have arrived at Treviso at the head of 15,000 Pontifical troops—troops which the Pope asserts he never intended should have crossed the Po—but which are now in proximate collision with the brigade of General Nugent, and which collision has since taken place to the utter discomfiture of the Italians.

Charles Albert, anxious, it is said, to bring the Austrians to a general engagement, in the meantime advanced a strong division of his army on Verona on the 6th of May. On their way they had to carry several strongly intrenched positions, but when they came up with the Austrians, the latter were so well covered by the cannon of the fortress that the Piedmontese were glad to withdraw, which they did, according to their own accounts, with order and regularity, but with a loss of 98 killed, and 659 wounded. Among the killed were the Marquis del Caretto, the Marquis Colli, Colonel Cacchia, and the Chevalier Bulbio.

The Italian army, after this check, retired to its old positions, extending from the Po to the Adige, passing round Mantua, Goito, Villa Franca, Somma Campagna, and Pastrengo. The protection of the passage of the Mincio to Goito was intrusted to the Neapolitans, who amounted to between 8000 and 10,000 men under General Pepe. The Tuscan troops, amounting to 4000, were on the right of the Mincio, near Mantua. There were also 7500 Tuscans at Treviso co-operating with the Pontifical troops in opposing the advance of General Nugent.

Active preparations are making under the Duke of Savoy and General Maunio to re-commence the siege of Peschiera. It is said that guns of large calibre have been fixed for that purpose. On the other hand an Austrian auxiliary force, which advanced by Trent and the valley of the Adige, under Baron Wilden, is said to have arrived at Volargno, and to be therefore in close communication with General Radetzki.

On the 13th instant a proclamation of the Provisional Government of Milan advocated a junction of Lombardy with Piedmont as the only means of bringing the war to a successful conclusion. It was supposed that Charles Albert had not as yet definitely defeated the Austrians, because he did not care to do so so long as there was a republic in his rear! At the same date, the Archdukes Albert, Leopold, Ernest, Sigismund, William, and Francis Joseph, were at Verona, which Radetsky was making every preparation to defend to the utmost. Houses and trees had been removed within a radius of 700 yards round the town, the gates were defended by palisades, and the bridges were said to be mined.

In the meantime, the advanced posts of Durando, which on the 7th were in face of the Austrians, retreated on Paderoba, and thence on Bassano, where they arrived on the 8th. General Ferrari, obliged to retreat in a similar manner before the Austrians, ultimately effected a junction with General Durando at Treviso, which is not expected to hold out successfully against General Nugent. The firing before Peschiera, up to the 14th, continued to be almost inoffensive. The garrison of Mantua made that day a vigorous sortie upon the Neapolitan and Tuscan troops; the affair lasted three hours; after which the Austrians retired to their former position. General Nugent having formed a junction with

the divisions under the orders of General D'Aspre, which came by Vicenza and Bassano, was advancing, according to the latest intelligence, with General Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg and Prince Schwarzenberg on Treviso.

While the confederated Italian army is thus investing, without chance of success, three fortresses at the same time, and the Austrians under General Nugent are driving the Treviso contingent before them, France is strengthening its army of the Alps (it has devoted three millions sterling to that sole purpose), and it is well known that it will never allow the Italians to be crushed without interference. Italy would wish to establish its independence without French interference, but it will rather appeal to France than fall again under Austrian dominion. The price of that interference will be any thing but favourable to Italian nationality.—The Italians themselves are aware of that fact. If Italy cannot conquer her freedom she will retain the independence of the rest of the Peninsula but by sufferance: her territorial deliverance will be incomplete, and her liberal regeneration an insecure compromise. Yet if, as appears to be the case, the confederated Italians cannot reduce the fortresses occupied by the Austrians, Peschiera, Mantua, and Verona, and to the relief of which auxiliary troops are rapidly advancing, France must attempt to do it for them, and should France succeed in doing so she would acquire the virtual suzerainty of Italy.

IV.—DENMARK.

AFTER the frontier affair of Rensburgh, the Danes were obliged to retreat before the superior numbers of the confederate army upon Schleswig. In this movement they were followed by the Prussians and Germans under General Von Wrangel, who had been appointed by resolution of the Germanic confederation to the chief command of the German troops assembled in the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein. On the 22nd of April the Prussian columns came up with the Danish advanced posts at Kropp, from whence they retreated to the intrenchments at Dannewerk, where their artillery was placed. The Danish artillery, was, however, silenced by the Hanoverian, and the intrenchments were carried by the Prussians at the point of the bayonet. The Danes made a further stand at Bustorf, which they defended so obstinately with artillery placed in the streets, that the confederates were unable to drive them from their position until reinforcements came up. The capture of Bustorf and Friedrichsberg were followed up by an attack upon the Castle of Gottorp, which was held by 500 of the Danish guard, at the same time that the troops were engaged in the Thiergarten behind Gottorp, and in the woods between Schulz and Schleswig. The Bracklow sharpshooters were driven from the former position, and in the latter the second Pomeranian regiment lost a hundred men. The Castle of Gottorp was evacuated by the Danes at about eight o'clock in the evening, and the confederate army occupied Schleswig on the 23rd.

The Danes are said to have had from 10,000 to 12,000 men engaged in the battle of Schleswig, but the force of the confederate army was much greater. The loss on either side appears to have been very small. After taking possession of Schleswig the Germans advanced upon Flensburg, and came up with the Danes at Bau and Handewit, again defeating them and capturing twelve pieces of cannon. Fifty-two Prussians, it is said, were killed to fifty Danes in this engagement.

The Danes were, however, revenging themselves to a certain extent

for their misfortunes on shore by the successes which their superiority at sea enabled them to obtain. By the 23rd of April twenty-eight ships of various burden, chiefly trading with this country, had been stopped in the Sound and grounds, and sent into Elsinour, and nine had been sent into Copenhagen. The Germans, on the other hand, despatched troops under General Halkett, to reduce the island of Alsen, while a regiment of guards advanced towards Hadersleben. Apenrade was also garrisoned by Germans. Tonder, on the western side of the peninsula, was besieged at the same time.

On the 1st of May the embargo on Prussian vessels was extended by the Danish authorities upon all vessels excepting mail steam-packets belonging to the Germanic confederation, and on the 4th the harbours, coasts, rivers, &c., belonging to the Kings of Prussia and Hanover, to the Grand-dukes of Oldenburg and Mecklenburg, and also to the free and Hanse towns of Lubeck, Hamburg, and Bremen, were declared in a state of blockade. In consequence of these steps taken by King Frederick VII. all Danish vessels and property in harbours declared to be in a state of blockade were laid under embargo. The vessels and property of the Schleswig-Holsteiners being exempted.

On the 2nd of May General Wrangel occupied the fortress of Fredericia, in Jutland, and on and after that period affairs began to assume a more pacific aspect. The Danish government appealed to Russia and to Great Britain to arbitrate, and at the same time proposed an armistice of three weeks, during which the confederated German troops should confine themselves to the continent of Schleswig. The Germans would not, however, consent to an armistice, except on condition of the evacuation by the Danes of the island of Alsen, and taking off the embargo laid on German vessels. Prince Frederick of Hesse at the same time resigned his position in the Danish army, and expressed his willingness to relinquish his claims as successor to the throne in order to facilitate an arrangement of the question. This resignation would, in fact, leave the succession both to Denmark and Holstein open to the Duke of Augustenburg—a solution of the question which would be still open to many difficulties on the part of the Danes.

Hostilities were still carrying on at the latest intelligence, when Danish ships of war were occasionally bombarding Fredericia. A corps of Swedish allies was shortly expected to arrive on the Danish territory; already it was said 10,000 Swedes were assembling at Schonen, to which place 4000 Norwegian troops had been also ordered, while orders had been received to hasten the equipment of the fleet at Carlscrona and Gothenburg. There are still, however, great hopes of a diplomatic and pacific arrangement of these untoward hostilities, in which much property has already been sacrificed, and which might, if prolonged, lead to most disastrous results.

V.—THE DANUBIAN PROVINCES.

It has, for some time past, been felt, that in the event of any great political movement taking place in Europe, certain nations hitherto little attended to in western Europe, would be sure to come forward as participants in any struggle that would take place in the regeneration of long prostrated and little civilised countries. We allude particularly to the great Danubian provinces, at the head of which may be justly placed Hungary, but which also comprise, Austrian and Turkish Croatia, Sla-

ronia, Banat, Transylvania, Bosnia, Servia, Wallachia, Bulgaria, and Moldavia, all peculiarly circumstanced—politically and religiously—with marked national characters—with long standing enmities, and popular ties, not always carefully studied—and yet better prepared by manners and habits of thought for prolonged warfare than many more civilised nations. Numerous and hardy, and at the same time impatient of a long continued and barbarous restraint, which has long driven their fine, manly, and laborious populations, as it were, to the outskirts of civilisation—the movements that will take place during the next few years in these regions (and of which we shall for the future treat of apart) will produce results of the highest importance to Europe, both politically and morally, and they will inevitably lead the way to the gradual expulsion of Mohammedanism—a system no longer capable of expanse or of regeneration—from out of European lands altogether.

The first attempt at a revolution was made at Jassy on the 9th of April, and the lives of the prince and the family were, for a time, in great danger. The Russo-Moldavian troops succeeded, however, in restoring order, and on the 12th instant, sixteen of the most respectable boyards of Moldavia, including Prince Aleco Morousi, Filipesco, and Kanta, were brought as prisoners (mostly wounded) into Galatz, and were lodged in the barracks under a strong escort.

On the 27th of April, the Illyrians and Croats revolted at Neusatz and Kikinda. They repaired to the prisons and set the prisoners free, killed two assessors, pillaged the churches, entered and plundered houses and magazines. The rebels were armed like the Poles, with poles and scythes, with which they attacked the military, killing, it is said, Count Zichy, a lieutenant of hussars, and cutting the riding-master's arm off. From Hungary generally the news is equally lamentable. A rebellious spirit, such as never was known before, seems to animate the peasantry ever since the late concessions were made to them. The nobles, who feel that they have been trampled on, take part with the peasantry, and the entire land is shaken with an agitation of which the world is soon destined to see the dire results.

The Servians, it is said, have risen up in insurrection and proclaimed their old leader, Kara Georgiewick, king. The Croats will no longer submit to the superiority claimed and exercised over them by the Moravians. The Croatian Jellochich is said to have proclaimed a counter-revolution, and speaks of 100,000 Croats being only waiting for the signal from the emperor to re-establish the old order of things in Hungary.

There are few chances, according to the latest authentic reports, of stopping the revolutionary torrent that has set in, in this latter country.

On the 16th, an insurrection took place at Pesth, in which the troops fired and wounded thirty persons, some of whom are since dead. The commander-in-chief, Baron Lederer, was obliged to quit the capital by night, and the next day, the 11th, the troops were made to take the oath of allegiance to the Hungarian constitution. It was even expected that the democrat, Paul Nyari, was to have the formation of the ministry. An Hungarian, Colonel Boyneburg, had also succeeded Baron Lederer as commander-in-chief.

VI.—FRANCE.

FROM these semi-barbarian countries we must turn to a country fast

relapsing into a similar condition. The experiment of universal suffrage in the election of national representatives as recently tried at Paris, was glaringly signalled by the same description of fraud in voting, which is so common an abuse in those cities of the United States, where the same system has been established, and which consists in one individual passing for and exercising the rights of several individuals. Electoral cards or privileges thus fraudulently acquired were, it is said, offered for sale in an open manner, the price varying from five to twenty francs. Thus we have a practical proof that with the much vaunted universal suffrage, votes can be purchased as easily as any other article saleable in the market, and that bribery and corruption are not only increased a thousand fold, but what is more demoralising, are extended over an infinitely greater surface.

Some curious attempts were made to seize the boxes containing the lists at certain of the arrondissements, but at length the twelve mayors were enabled to carry their returns in safety to M. Marrast the Mayor of Paris, and a grand theatrical display was got up, the terrace in front of the Hotel de Ville being lighted up by the Garde Mobile carrying torches, and the square occupied by 10,000 National Guards, cavalry and infantry, before whom M. Marrast, surrounded by the assistant mayors, proclaimed the thirty-four who had been elected as representatives to the National Assembly for the department of the Seine. The thirty-four consisted of the twelve members of the Provisional Government, four former deputies, five connected with the government, the Governor-general of Algiers, the General of the Garde Mobile, the Colonel of the Artillery of the National Guard, one poet (Beranger) (who has, however, positively resigned), one Protestant clergyman, the Adjunct to the Mayor of Paris, the Prefet of the Police, and the under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and four clubbists. The announcement of each name was received with loud cheers. After the announcement the Hotel de Ville was illuminated. The result of the elections, both for the department of Seine and for the other departments, attested that everywhere the lovers of order exceeded that of the anarchists and communists. It is also remarkable that although theoretically the extreme liberal party everywhere denounce the union of Church and State, that in Republican France and with universal suffrage three prelates have been elected, the Archbishop of Paris, and the Bishops of Orleans and Quimper, and the Protestants of Paris, appear to have combined to return their beloved pastor, M. Cocquerel. During the elections, the city was deluged with incendiary placards and publications, while on the other hand extraordinary measures of precaution were taken by government, several battalions of the Garde Mobile and a squadron of cavalry being permanently stationed around the Hotel de Ville. At Limoges, the Communists were for some time in possession of the town. They paraded the streets in armed bands, entered houses by force, and possessed themselves of all the arms they found therein. At Rouen and Lyons disorders of a still more serious character occurred.

On the 6th of May, the National Assembly of France opened its first session, with that extraordinary theatrical display which our continental neighbours take so much delight in. The members of government marched in a kind of academical procession, two by two. The military lined the streets, and filled the squares and all vacant places. Within the chambers a struggle took place, from the determination of the members not to admit men in arms in the assembly. M. Audry de Puyre-

veau having taken the chair as the senior deputy, M. Dupont (de l'Eure) inaugurated the labours of the assembly, and which, as a preliminary step, proceeded to verify the returns of the various members. It appeared as a result of this verification, that 129 members, or something more than a fourth, had also held seats in the late chambers; that the bar and the bench supplied about eight per cent., commerce and finance something more than four per cent., and the army and navy the same. Government commissaries and *employés* about seven per cent. Literature and the press had only thirty-one representatives. The church eleven. Of landed proprietors there were fifty, of agriculturists sixteen, and of engineers eight. There were, also, seventeen medical men, thirty-four working men, and 245 unknown.

M. Buchez, the orthodox propounder of Catholic philosophy, was selected to preside over this numerous assembly, a task of no ordinary difficulty. Already, on the third day of meeting, great commotion was created by rumours of popular gatherings taking place in the neighbourhood of the assembly to overawe its members. M. Dupont was, however, permitted to lay before the house an account of the acts of the Provisional Government without interruption, after which Messrs. Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, and Crémieux, and the other members, gave separate accounts of the principles by which they had been guided during their administrations of their several departments.

There is little doubt but that the large majority of the National Assembly were decidedly hostile to the minority of the Provisional Government, and the ultra-democratic party, of which they are the leaders; that even a large number of members had been expressly commissioned by their constituents to vote for the exclusion of Ledru Rollin and the other ultra-democratic members of the ministry; but unfortunately for the future prospects of peace and order, either influenced by M. de Lamartine, who, for the first time, acted with so little firmness and political wisdom as to insist upon having M. Ledru Rollin as a colleague, or afraid to provoke the scum of the Faubourgs which stood at the back of the representatives of anarchy and misrule, the executive government of France was nominated by the assembly in the following order—Arago, Garnier Pages, Marie, Lamartine, and Ledru Rollin.

Lamartine, had it not been for this strange act of folly on his part, would have been at the head of a list which could have confronted all the power of the anarchists, even if they had ventured upon re-enacting the events of the 24th of February. At all events it would have been better to have brought the struggle to issue at once, instead of postponing that which was inevitable. Louis Blanc, the ridiculous organiser of labour—the solver of the problems of wealth and prosperity, without labour or masters, competition, or cheapness, was fairly passed by—even in so numerous and in part untrained an assembly he could find no supporters; but Flocon occupies an important place as minister of commerce; Bastide is supposed to regulate the foreign destinies of France; Recurt, the interior; Crémieux administers justice; Cavaignac is to take charge of the war department; Trelat is to superintend public works; Duclerc, finance, Carnot, public instruction; and Admiral Cazy, the marine. Louis Blanc, thus eclipsed, made one more, and a final attempt to induce the house to nominate a ministry of labour and progress; but, notwithstanding the use of a word so captivating to Frenchmen as “progress,” his motion

having met with an unanimous rejection, he threw himself into the arms of the ultra-anarchists.

No report could convey an adequate idea of the scenes of uproar and confusion which were constantly occurring at the early meetings of this unwieldy and unmanageable national assembly. Entire days were consumed in fruitless and discreditable uproar. Nine hundred muskets were ordered to be deposited in the chambers to arm the representatives in the event of an attack. The president was also invested with a summary power of command over the colonels and other chiefs of the National Guard and regular troops, who, without the intervention of their superiors, were bound to bring the forces under their orders to the protection and defence of the assembly. The assembly itself would appear, however, to have been as much in want of order and subjection within as of protection from without. The spectacle exhibited at times is said to have been truly painful; standing rules, by which the president is to maintain order, were brought forward, but it was impossible to bring them to act upon such a numerous and excitable assembly.

At the same time preparations for a war of propagandism are everywhere proceeding with rapidity. There is an army to liberalise (!) Spain. Another for Italy, a third for the Rhenish Provinces, and a fourth for Belgium and Holland. The whole line of coast is also being put in a state of defence, should Great Britain interfere in the approaching great war of republican against monarchical principle.

But notwithstanding the triumph of the blue over the red republic, internally France has before it nothing but a prolonged financial and social crisis. The constituent assembly, albeit, in its component parts offering better guarantees in favour of order and moderation than might have been expected in the first burst of republicanism, still affords but a very meagre feeling of security to the more reflective members of society. The assembly has already manifested extreme jealousy of power, and serious dissensions have arisen, which are likely to be daily embittered. The majority of the departments have sent deputies of moderate republicanism, intent upon checking the headlong march of anarchical ideas. But it is much apprehended that this majority, animated by honest intentions, and actuated by good will, but timid, irresolute, and inexperienced, will lie at the mercy of a bold and reckless minority, which is always ready to pit impudence against numbers, terror against moderation, and to oppose order by violence and outrage.

The theatres in Paris are almost universally closed—that great necessity of Parisian life is supplied from without. Speaking of the theatrical and pantomimic display—the proclamation by torch-light, amid the triumphant strains of 300 musicians, and the deafening acclamations of the assembled crowds—of the representatives of the people—an eyewitness justly remarks, “When a man has assisted at such a scene, he cannot well resign himself to sit for five or six hours in a playhouse, were it even to listen to moving tragedies, witty comedies, or amusing vaudevilles.” Yet has M. Alexandre Dumas demanded, as a political institution adapted to preserve order in Paris, the construction of an immense theatre in the Champs Elysées, calculated to contain 2000 spectators. If government will grant the money, the novelist and dramatist promises to provide the amusement. France is, indeed, one great living sophism. Liberty, which establishes the right of every man to advance and to pros-

per according to his industry and abilities, is directly antagonised by equality—a principle admitted by even the moderate Republicans, and which would put all on a par—before the law, we suppose, being tacitly understood. As to the doctrines of the labour organisers, who would annihilate competition in amount, quality, and cheapness, they appear to be appreciated at their just value. That since they have had their white Louis (Louis Blanc) they have no yellow louis, has become almost proverbial with Parisian workmen. A still more impressive incident is also related: "You are very short," said a Republican, approaching the little theorist, "*mais tu es encore trop grand de ça.*" *Ca* being the head of the labour organiser, the meaning of the man of the people being made apparent by a significant gesture.

In the dark back-ground there still exist Republicans of a sterner cast—men with the true Republican stamp, before whom Lamartine—Milton Washington as he has been called—would be every thing Arago, king-hating Dupont, and Ledru Rollin, with nothing but his impudent physiognomy to recommend him, are mere children-actors in a grand popular drama. Barbés, Blanqui, and Hubert are prepared to do more than simply to strike down a government and its abuses; the upheaving of the rude substratum upon which all forms of government rest, is what they propose to themselves to do with the aid of a colossal physical force; legitimacy overthrown, aristocracy destroyed, the priesthood cast down, all the pillars of the state sapped to their foundation, they are prepared to array the labourer against the capitalist, and want against property, and thus to bring about the last social convulsion that can happen to a country. Annoyed at being passed over in contempt, Louis Blanc has associated himself with this party. Under the pretence of demanding a resolution from the National Assembly in favour of the Poles, but in reality to produce disorders in which the anarchists can alone attain eminence and distinction, the clubs and other violent democratic associations assembled on Monday, the 15th of May, to overawe government. Owing, as seems to be the case in most Parisian insurrections, to some extraordinary mismanagement on the part of the officer in command at the chambers, General Courtais, the chambers were for a time actually in possession of the anarchists. A new government was proclaimed, consisting of Messrs. Blanqui, Raspail, Louis Blanc, Barbés, and Ledru Rollin. Barbés moved, with a drawn sword in his hand, that the aristocrats should be taxed to the amount of 1,000,000,000 francs, and that a tax of a milliard francs should be levied on the rich to carry on the war for Poland. Amidst the struggle between the members and the anarchists, Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, Raspail, and Blanqui, made themselves heard in favour of Poland, and what they choose to term the "French people"—the anarchists being understood. Hubert proclaimed the National Assembly dissolved.

It was not till the president had been obliged to resign, that many of the members had been severely maltreated, and that the discussions of the house had been superintended for some time by the insurrectionists from without, that the National Guards succeeded in expelling the anarchists. They then repaired to the Hotel de Ville, to appoint the new government, but they were followed, and, it is said, nearly a hundred of the insurrectionists were arrested. Among these were the leaders, Barbés, Hubert, Raspail, Albert, and Sobrier. The chamber, the Hotel de Ville,

and other public edifices were then surrounded by infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and the troops bivouacked all night in the Champs Elysées.

The Caussidière episode of the revolt of the 15th of May presents a phase in political institutions that could almost only happen in France. This man, an anarchist (to use the mildest term) by profession, openly avows that he has passed his life in conspiracies. During the three days of February, Caussidière led a chosen and daring band of sympathetic spirits, who directed their whole energies against their enemies of all times, the police. And while the result to some of the revolution was the gain of political power, to others the possession of the Tuileries; the Caussidière party made themselves masters of the Préfecture of Police and the Temple, where they installed themselves under the title of Montagnards. Unable to dislodge this precious offspring of the revolution—the provisional government was fain to employ this bandit chief as chief of the police, and his satellites were transformed into a *garde républicaine*! An old proverb was verified; never was Paris less annoyed by thieves or vagabonds as when the surveillance of the capital was committed into the hands of this so called *Garde*.

But either the Prefecture and the Temple were insufficient for the chieftain's ambition, or his restless spirit was urging him onwards. He became one of the short-lived government of the 15th of May, and when his colleagues were arrested, he shut himself up in the Prefecture, and set the existing government at defiance.

The executive government resolved upon this to dissolve the *garde républicaine*; but as that body acknowledged neither ministers of war nor of the interior, it was not to be so easily disbanded as was imagined. The Prefecture was then besieged by an immense body (accounts vary from 10,000 to 25,000) national guard and troops of the line, under the newly-appointed commander-in-chief, M. Clement Thomas, and Caussidière, to save his "pals," consented to appear before the National Assembly. In the presence of that august body, the honourable member appealed to his previous acts, declared that it was ridiculous to imagine that robbers and anarchists were always so, that give such, social positions and good pay, and they were the best possible citizens, ready to arrest any one—even Barbès and Blanqui; and he averred that there had been no conspiracy at all—events had sprung out of the frenzy of an unexpected success, and as to Ledru Rollin or himself being traitors to the existing powers, it was all a mistake!

The prefect and honourable member succeeded, however, so little, notwithstanding his eloquent use of the jargon of the gaol (Argot), in persuading even the National Assembly of his innocence, that he was obliged to resign; while at the same time the so-called *garde républicaine* was prevailed upon to remove from the Prefecture for the time being, to barracks in the Rue St. Victor. On the 19th their last stronghold, the Temple, so famous in French romance, was also occupied by the national guard; while Mercier, commandant of the force, and Prion, a major in the same corps, were put under arrest. The number of persons transferred to Vincennes up to that date amounted to one hundred and forty. The preliminary inquiry against the parties inculpated commenced on the 18th, before the procureur of the Republic and four juges d'instruction.

The committee appointed by the assembly to propose the project of a constitution, includes the names of Coquerel, De Tocqueville, Dupin, De

Beaumont, Lamennais, Marrast, Odilon Barrot, Pagés, and others of equal literary or political eminence. On Monday the 22nd, *La Presse* published a number of letters written by the Prince de Joinville from Claremont, which publication was generally looked upon as one of the most serious symptoms of reaction that has occurred since the revolution of February. The letters in themselves possess little to recommend their author to any very high official or diplomatic situation. They are mainly made up of incoherent expressions of patriotism, a strange yearning for life as a back-woodsman in the "far west," of complaints of poverty, and details of domestic life, in which "prodigious" pedestrianism and "immense" reading powers on the side of the princes, and millinery genius on the part of those who are *tout bonnement* designated as "wives" form the most striking parts.

But considered in connexion with the actual state of affairs, so slight a transaction is replete with significance. The false step taken by Lamartine is rapidly conducing to the downfall of the executive government. The majority of the executive power is well known to be in the hands of Ledru Rollin and his friends. It has hence already lost the confidence of the Assembly, and of the country at large. The breach between the National Assembly and the Government is becoming every day more and more apparent, and a desperate struggle for power will certainly take place between them, and that within a very short period. The incapability of the existing government, to keep the anarchists in check, and the utter impossibility of a communist and anarchical government, is rapidly creating a party at the head of which Thiers and Emile Girardin are alike anxious to place themselves, which sees only in a monarchy or regency the means of saving France from national bankruptcy and ruin. The tone of the Assembly itself is not of quite so positive a character. The committee on the bill for the banishment of the Orleans family from France has determined to report in favour of the adoption of that measure without any amendment. The republicans of the day will still abide by the Republic, even after the fall of those who were republicans before the downfall of the Orleans dynasty. As Casimir Perrier was a republican after the event (or *du lendemain*, as the French express it), so a republican of the new order of things may succeed in organising a new executive government. It will only be an experiment, the result of which will be the same as has befallen Lamartine's vacillating arrangements. The minority, consisting of a hundred members of the National Assembly, have already prepared themselves for the struggle by coalescing in a club, called that of the Pyramids, under Ledru Rollin and Lamartine. A more ready solution of the difficulty, and one not at all improbable, would be the expulsion of Ledru Rollin and Lamartine from power, and the appointment in their stead of men of more conservative opinions. Marrast and Beaumont have been already mentioned. Whatever, however, may be the temporary arrangements made to prop up an incapable system, the result will, not without serious events probably, be still the same, a return to constitutional monarchy in some form or other; but which, in any form, would benefit a country now ravaged by disorder and ruined by distrust, and would have a great effect in restoring peace and confidence throughout Europe.

THE KAFFIR WAR.*

THE Kaffir war has, according to every testimony, except that of a few mistaken philanthropists, been a very great mistake. The good men who argue the rights of savage aborigines in the luxurious twaddle of fashionable sentimentality, are too ready to sacrifice the interests of the hard-working colonists, or the lives of a dutiful soldiery, to theories that can only live in the very hotbeds of civilisation—where there is, in reality, a total ignorance of facts; and where the sense of justice is supplanted by a fallacious interest too easily awakened among those who are in search of sentimental impressions and excitement.

The missionary and philanthropist has for years laboured to depict to us the descendants of the Bedouin Arabs who people portions of Southern Africa under the name of Kaffirs or infidels—a retort courteous of the Portuguese—as an amiable, peaceful, innocent, and patriarchal race. Lieutenant-Colonel E. Napier's able papers, now publishing in this Magazine, must have done much towards disabusing the public mind on the score of what the gallant colonel justly calls "a mawkish affectation of feeling and philanthropy." Mrs. Ward's excellent work will assist in rendering the truth still more familiar, and when we consider that the expenses of the war have amounted to upwards of three millions sterling, and that we have lost a multitude of brave officers and men in the same disastrous and desultory campaigns, it is high time that an "affectation" which has cost so much money and blood should be put an end to.

It is sad, indeed, to think that from such misplaced humanity, English settlers in Southern Africa have been for years openly robbed with impunity, the poor colonist's dwellings have been burnt, and themselves and family murdered in cold blood by some of the countless barbarians who, like demons (the dwellers in Arcadian and pastoral simplicity!), with the lighted brand in one hand, and the assegai in the other, have over-run and devastated the land. And then when at length reprisals were resolved upon for these outrages, half-measures, inadequate forces, ignorance of the difficulties of the country and resources of the people, all combined to prolong warfare and multiply disasters.

Mrs. Ward, a lady of distinguished literary attainments, accompanied her husband, Captain Ward, of the 91st, to the theatre of war in the year 1842, and she remained there till the close of the scene, so that, independently of the literary merits of her work, it will possess the more permanent interest of being a complete and faithful record of campaigns most honourable to those who were engaged in them, but most discreditable to those who originated them, and to those at home who disregarded the losses which they entailed.

Mrs. Ward was so unfortunate as to sail in the ill-fated *Abercrombie Robinson*, which went to pieces in a storm immediately on its arrival at the Cape. The account of this storm and shipwreck naturally imparts great interest to the opening pages of her book. There is much, indeed, that is truly affecting in the conduct of the little Isabella on the occasion. After much suffering and many miseries on board a hired transport, the detachment of the 91st landed at Port Elizabeth on the 7th of March, 1842, and from thence started at once for Graham's Town. Mrs. Ward

* Five Years in Kaffirland; with Sketches of the late War in that Country, to the Conclusion of Peace. Written on the Spot. By Harriet Ward. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

was now first introduced to waggon-travelling, the discomfort of which, she says, was enough to make her hysterical. Mrs. Ward, indeed, shows herself throughout to be a thorough Englishwoman, well qualified to follow the drum, but she is very far from possessing the joyous spirits of the Canadian wife described in Mr. Ballantyne's account of life in Hudson's Bay. We have, however, Colonel Napier's authority for the hardships and privations to be undergone by ladies who are jolted in rude African baggage-waggons, and more than that, we have the gallant colonel's open condemnation of the system—his expressed surprise that such a slow, inconvenient mode of conveyance should still continue in use for military operations, more especially in a country—like that of the then seat of war—broken by hills and dells, water-courses and rivers, covered in many places with dense jungle, through which as these sluggish convoys drag their long and weary length, they are at every step in danger of being cut off by an active, unseen, and lurking foe.

Graham's Town was reached in safety; crowds of Hottentot women bounding out to meet the drums and fifes, and dancing on in front of the battalion to the tune of "Nix my dolly, Pals," and to the great entertainment of the soldiers. The town was left for Fort Peddie on the 22nd of March. Fort Peddie, from a distance, reminded our traveller of one of Cooper's descriptions of groups of buildings erected by settlers in the prairies of America. Around it are the scattered huts of the Fingoes, whom English philanthropy has rescued from slavery under the Kaffirs, to enjoy the protection of troops, the teaching of missionaries, and such uncompromising idleness, that they will scarcely milk their own cows.

All the miseries of the colony arise from the mistaken philanthropy displayed towards the coloured inhabitants, who are as insolent as lazy. The whole system in the colony, with regard to the black people, is bad. At Cape Town, by paying high wages, servants (insolent and lazy though they be) may be obtained among the Malays, who at least know their business; but, on the frontier, if you hire them and they rob you, you have no redress. You are told that by complaining to a magistrate you may get them sent to the house of correction, or tronck; but the Hottentots, Fingoes, and Kaffirs like nothing better, since they are then well fed, well clothed, and spend their mornings basking in the sun. Some are condemned to work; but the laws are so ill executed that this is seldom enforced.

While at Fort Peddie Mrs. Ward visited most of the neighbouring missionary stations. The account she gives of the subtle reasoning of the Kaffirs proves how arduous a task is undertaken by those who endeavour to convert these poor savages to Christianity. Mrs. Ward, indeed, doubts the decided conversion of any Kaffirs, excepting the chief Kama. The impudence of the Kaffirs, their intrusiveness, and begging habits, are what might be expected from the mistaken principles of concession and forbearance which it has been the fashion to show towards these restless thieves and reckless savages. In a quarrel that occurred before the war, between two chiefs, Mrs. Ward describes the apology of the one made to the English commissioners appointed to settle the dispute, as delivered "in a cold, sarcastic tone, indicative of a contempt he scarcely cared to conceal." The result of the interference which hurried 150 men and officers across the country, headed by his honour the lieutenant-governor, with commissariat-waggons, &c., was, that the two chiefs separated as great enemies as ever, and the contempt felt for the English was just what we can suppose would be entertained by savages, with their ideas of power, of such an inefficient, idle, and ridiculous demonstration. There

is not a greater political mistake than that of treating savages as refined, honourable, and highly-civilised beings.

As a result of this policy of concessions by which a Kaffir's losses were attended to before a colonist's, and there were treaties of claimable and "irreclaimable" stolen property, every day brought accounts of cattle stealing and other depredations, till at length a body of troops was despatched to protect the settlers in Lower Albany.

Before, however, the troops had assembled at the rallying-point, Fort Willshire, Tola had sent the plunder away either into the interior of Kaffirland, with his wives, children, and people, or into secluded kloofs, under the care of herds belonging to the tribes of some of those very chiefs who acted as allies and guides to the British troops on the occasion. There stood the offender's kraal, consisting of scattered and empty huts, and there was the "grand army," (upwards of 500 strong) in array against "Tola's country;" while Tola himself was taking an occasional peep at the proceedings from his lurking places in the bush, smiling, no doubt, at so many of her Majesty's soldiers being sent out to hunt him,—he—a Kaffir chief—on his own wild ground, in many places inaccessible to European infantry, or Hottentot cavalry!

It has since been proved that while the chiefs were accompanying this first "commando," as these expeditions are called, into the field, they were constantly misguiding them; and giving them wrong information relative to the cattle.

How English people (exclaims Mrs. Ward) have been cajoled into believing the Kaffirs a mild race of people! Dignified they are to be sure, for the cold-blooded wickedness of their nature is indeed measured, steady, and implacable. They have no idea of a future existence, and fear not death. Nothing can be a greater proof of their savage state than their treatment of their women. Gaika, our best ally, had one of his wives tied up in a sack, and drowned in the Great Fish River, because some designing wretch (jealous perhaps) had accused her of witchcraft. Tola, on seeing one of his wives look into a cattle-kraal (which women are forbidden to approach upon pain of death), deprived her of life on the spot, with a blow of his knob-kiurrie, or war-club. And Umhala, who accompanied the last expedition, on pretence of tracing the spoor of cattle, insists on having a joint amputated from the third finger of every female child born in his territory! If there be a fight between two tribes, the conquering party will not wait to take the brass or head-ornaments from the arms and necks of the women, but chop off heads, or hands, whichever may be most in the way. All this goes on to this day; and yet we trust to the honour! and good-feeling! of such wretches!

The crossing of the Keiskana, a boundary river, on this occasion gave great offence to the celebrated Chieftain Sandilla, but upon reading Mrs. Ward's account of an interview with the chieftain, which took place previously, the warrior with the withered leg would appear to have been long seeking some such excuse for hostilities. In March the bubble burst, and after many murders of inoffensive people Colonel Hare resolved to "chastise" the Kaffirs. It was on this occasion that the Kaffirs made an unexpected stand in the Amatolas that many valuable lives were lost, and fifty-two waggon containing the whole of the baggage of the 7th Dragoon Guards and part of the 91st fell into the hand of the enemy. So much for the chastisement!

Colonel Somerset next assembled his forces, and that pettywarfare commenced which, with a few suspensions, was destined to last for years. In the first day's action at Burn's Hill, Captain Bambrick, a fine old Waterloo soldier, who had served many years in India, was shot, and there is an interesting incident related in connexion with his death.

Captain Bambrick's troop formed part of a division under Major Gibsone, 7th Dragoon Guards, who had been left in charge of the baggage. During the day, some Kaffirs came down upon the herds and oxen belonging to the wag-gons, and in fighting for the cattle, mortally wounded a young boy, named M'Cormick. His brother ran to his assistance; and the dying child, seeing the other herds retreating, raised himself, and shouting, in his death-agony, "Don't run! don't run! We'll beat them yet!" sank back exhausted, and spoke no more. Captain Bambrick was sent in pursuit of the Kaffirs who had killed this poor young settler; and the old dragoon officer, reckless of the foe, seen or unseen, and accustomed to charge wherever that foe might be, dashed into the bush at the head of his troop, went too far, and fell in consequence by the hand of a concealed savage. Shocking to relate, his body was cut in pieces by the enemy, and either burned or *hung about* the bush. Oh "pastoral and peaceful" people! Ere Captain Bambrick fell, he called to his men to retire, having found out, too late, that "that was no place for cavalry."

As a sequence to this disastrous commencement of the war, Graham's Town itself was threatened by the savages. The number of the enemy were at all times immense, and the movement of a body of these savages is likened to a rushing wind. "On, on they sweep like a blast; filling the air with a strange whirr—reminding one, in a grand scale, of a flight of locusts."

An officer of rank, during the last Kaffir war of 1835, was riding with a body of troops across the country, when suddenly his attention was arrested by a cloud of dust; then a dark silent mass appeared, and, lo! a multitude of beings, more resembling demons than men, rushed past. There were no noises, no sound of footsteps, nothing but the shiver of the assegais, which gleamed as they dashed onwards. The party of soldiery was too small to render an advance prudent, and though it is not improbable the Kaffirs observed the detachment of troops, from which they were distant scarcely half a mile, they did not stop on their way. They were bent on some purpose, and would not turn aside from it.

Next followed the affair of Trumpeter's Post, which Colonel Napier animadverts upon; then an attack upon Fort Peddie by 9000 Kaffirs, the gallant action of Colonel Somerset on the Gwanga, which effectually damped the ardour of the Kaffirs for some time; a second action in the Amatolas and the surrender of Umhala.

Once more Kaffraria was to be ruled with the same mistaken leniency. But the meekness and gentleness of Christianity, Mrs. Ward truly remarks, are preached in vain to the Kaffir—why, indeed, should we expect them to be more operative with savages than with some more favoured races? The fall of Captain Gibson, Dr. Howell and Mr. Chetwynd, satisfied Sir Henry Pottinger as to the efficacy of such measures. A second campaign was begun, which ultimately ended in the unconditional surrender of Sandilla and of the whole of the Kaffir nation. Kaffraria has now a commandant and chief commissioner, the head-quarters at King William's Town; other posts and forts are to be constructed; the conciliatory system is to be continued, but collisions between the troops and the natives are to be avoided, as the latter are, according to the chief commissioner, "fickle, treacherous, readily excited, and revengeful." From a subsequent personal exploration of the country, Sir Harry Smith has been induced to make the port at the mouth of the Buffalo, a British port, called East London. Two districts northward of the Stormberg mountains, and bounded eastward by the Kraal River, and northward by the Orange River, have been respectively named Victoria and Albert. It is to be hoped that such names will afford a real and not a nominal protection to the settler; and that the cost and bloodshed entailed by former errors will be a lesson to the future.

PROGRESS OF THE DRAMA IN PARIS SINCE THE REVOLUTION.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

Theatricals at a Discount—The Odéon—*Spectacles gratis*—"Les hommes blousés"—Actor Candidates—Vaudeville—M. Prat—Mademoiselle Doche's Progress—Mademoiselle Dinah Felix—Vernet.

VERILY, the managers of Parisian theatres are in the main, a gallant set of fellows! Nothing disheartens them, not even a succession of empty houses, with a prospect of no houses at all in the event of the clubs becoming more and more attractive, as they probably will. Adopting Cambronne's motto as their own, "La garde meurt et ne se rend pas," they struggle on despairingly, hopelessly, against the swift and strong current of adverse fortune.

One alone has proved a defaulter: the manager of the Odéon, a week or two after the proclamation of the republic, was "found missing," nor was his whereabouts discovered until a letter bearing the Brussels postmark informed his luckless *pensionnaires* that, being himself incapable under circumstances of meeting his engagements, he preferred cancelling theirs, and leaving them, if they chose to do so, to follow the prevailing fashion, and adopt a republican form of government. In its very best days the Odéon was always a losing concern; fancy then what must be its present situation, without a manager, without the means of paying the performers, or of producing novelties, forced either to keep open or to renounce all claim to the government *subvention*, and deserted by every actor and actress of talent it once possessed! Poor Odéon! *Orate pro moribundo!*

* * * * *

The plan adopted by M. Lockroy, the new manager of the Théâtre de la République, of giving occasional gratuitous representations, a certain number of admission tickets to which are sent to each *mairie*, appears to have created but little sensation even among the favoured many for whose especial benefit it was originally designed. Each successive performance shows, numerically speaking, a sad falling off in the audience, and it is to be feared that, unless the popular taste undergo a speedy and radical change, the actors and actresses, with Rachel at their head, will ere long, find no one to listen to them, even for nothing! As it is, the majority of those who do attend these representations go there to hear the "Marseillaise," and never cease shouting, drumming, and devil's-tattooing, until poor Rachel comes forward like a lamb to the slaughter, and sings herself hoarse for the edification and amusement of the patriots *en blouse*, who, if they do fall asleep during the performance of "Cornéille," or "Racine," are all alive and merry when addressed as "enfants de la Patrie."*

* It is pretty generally asserted that the officials charged with the distribution of the tickets, bearing in mind that "charity begins at home," have, on more than one occasion, reserved a considerable number of *billets* for their own use, and that of their friends. At the opera, especially, the audience on free nights inva-

Talking of *blouses*, an English lady of my acquaintance made a very neat pun during one of the early moments of the revolution. Being asked to describe the sort of people who thronged the street in which she lived on the day succeeding that appointed for the famous banquet, she replied, "Il y en avait de toutes les classes, mais'il y avait surtout beaucoup d'hommes blousés."

Now, *blousé* literally means deceived, taken in, and I rather imagine if one were to ask the major part of those who once gloried in having made the revolution, they would own that, in the sense referred to, they were then *on ne peut plus blousés*.

No less than four *artistes dramatiques* declared themselves, previous to the elections, candidates for the National Assembly, but only one (I believe) actually came to the scratch; and that one, my excellent friend Bocage, either from neglecting to canvass, or from some other cause, having secured a very limited number of votes, was forced to console himself with the idea that, like the horse backed by the Irish gentleman, if he wasn't leading the way, he was at all events "driving all the others before him." The other three quasi-candidates were Michelot, ex-*sociétaire* of the Théâtre de la République, Bignon, actor of the Théâtre Historique, and Madame Albert's husband into the bargain, and Tisserant of the Gymnase.

Four dramatic authors, Victor Hugo, Eugène Sue, Alexandre Dumas, and Dumersan, and one musical composer, Itiévy, were also among the rejected; and though each of them obtained a far greater number of votes than poor Bocage did, yet, as in election matters "a miss is as good as a mile," the worthy creator of "Buridan" and "Diogène," may congratulate himself by remembering that the taller the tree the greater is the fall thereof.

* * * * *

The Vaudeville, which had remained closed over since the bankruptcy of its late manager, M. Lefèvre, has been re-opened by a M. Prat, from Brussels, with a most execrable company, mostly from the provinces, and including but one actor and two actresses of the original *troupe*. The lack of success which has as yet attended this undertaking, has suggested the following squib:—

*
Ah ! qu'il est plat,
Ce Monsieur Prat,
Pour n'pas dir' imbécille ;
Qui sans talent,
Et sans *Amant**
Dirig' le Vaudeville

De son savoir
On peut bien voir
Déjà de sûrs indices ;

riably includes a very fair proportion of dress-coats, and even *gants jaunes*, admitted, *dit-on*, either thanks to the liberality of the distributing clerks, or by means of tickets purchased at the doors for five or ten francs from the original possessors. What has been said above respecting the scanty attendance at the Théâtre de la République, refers only to the gratuitous nights of performance; on all other occasions, when Rachel's name has appeared on the *affiche*, the theatre has been crowded. This, in a crisis like the present, is strange, but true.

* One of the chief supports of the old Vaudeville, and creator of the *Chevalier de la Rapinière* in "Les Mémoires du Diable."

S'il on lui, les rats
Qui font des chats*
Doivent fair' de bonnes actrices.

On n' verra pas
A Carpentras†
(La course est longue à faire)
D'acteur plus sot
Que n'est Blaisot,
Plus bêt' quo n'est Lemaire.

Tout ira mal
Sans bon cheval
Pour fair' marcher le coche ;
Où est Bardou,
Ou Félix, où
Sont Nathalie et Doche ?

Guillemin, Thénard,
Pierron, Tétard,
Et Figeac, si gentille
Ces noms, hélas !
Ne se trouvent pas
Au nouveau Vaudeville.

L'argent s'enfuit .
Quand on poursuit
Une trompeuse course ;
On perd son bien
Et n'garde rien
Qu' la place de la Bourse,

Gare, Monsieur Prat,
Ni ours‡ ni rat,
Sans que l'ésprit y brille ;
Ni même Lemaire
Ni f'ront l'affaire
De votre Vaudeville !

And where, it may be asked, are now the numerous members of M. Lefèvre's late excellent company, that admirable *tête de troupe* never surpassed, if indeed equalled in Paris. Some, including Amant, Mesdames Guillemin and Thénard, still in the capital as yet disengaged, but not likely to remain so long ; others such as Arnal, and Leclère, already naturalised, the former at the Gymnase, the latter at the Variétés, and the rest *en tournée*.

Bardou, when I last heard of him, was as popular with the good folks of Liège as Félix was with the amateurs of Brussels ; Mademoiselle Nathalie, returned from her London trip, was said to meditate a journey to Holland ; and Madame Doche—but the adventures of *la reine du Vaudeville* must receive a more detailed notice, a little bird having brought me a full direct report of them.

About a month after the first breaking out of the Revolution, the fair actress leaving her pretty apartment in the Rue du Havre with all its marvellous treasures under the safeguard of "la Rebulique une et indi-

* *Faire un chat* in theatrical argot means to break down in the middle of a note while singing.

† The "ultima Thule" of French theatrical civilisation. Carpentras and Brives-la-Gaillarde are and have long been proverbial for bad actors.

‡ A piece which has been refused by half the theatres in Paris is called an

visible," quitted Paris, and after a long and fatiguing journey (the passage of the Jura having been accomplished by her in a *traineau*, the snow rendering the road impassable for carriages) arrived in safety at Geneva. There she effected almost as sudden a *bouleversement* among the worthy citizens as the *veto* put on the banquet had done in the French capital; wreaths, bouquets, and madrigals were showered on the stage in profusion after each of her performances. Moreover, unlike the generality of such effusions, some of the verses addressed to her were positively good, and I do not think my readers will vow vengeance against me for quoting the following stanzas from a manuscript copy of which (they being as yet unpublished) I am indebted to my obliging little winged messenger.

A M A D A M E D O C H E.

AU NOM DU PUBLIC GENEVOIS.

Ne fuyez pas, o noble reine,*
Demeurez longtems parmi nous,
Ici la foule souveraine
Devient esclave à vos genoux.
Le charme qui vous environne
En impose au peuple indompté,
Le front fait aimer la couronne
Que porte votre majesté.

Restez parmi nous, Madeleine,†
Ici le ciel a de beaux jours,
Les vents ont une douce haleine
Comme au pays de vos amours.
Marquise, accueillez notre hommage,
Comme ceux du peintre exalté,
Comme lui, nous aimons l'Image,
Et surtout la Réalité !

Reste avec nous, blonde sylphide,‡
Petit rat que l'on doit chérir,
Qui ronges le filet perfide
Où ton amour devait périr !
Car, dans sa cruauté redoutable,
Notre public ne ferait pas,
Comme les lions de la fable,
Si tu fuyais—comme les rats.

Oui, restez parmi nous; madame,
La ville aux palais éclatants,
Le grand Paris qui vous réclame
N'a pas les fleurs de nos printemps.
Avril, avec un doux murmure,
Veut vous chanter et vous bénir, . . .
Genève a repris sa parure,
Et sourit pour vous retenir.

Mardi soir, 4 Avril, 1848.

MARC MONNIER.

In order to appreciate thoroughly the foregoing lines, it is necessary to be tolerably well acquainted with the three pieces they refer to; but even where the allusions are but imperfectly understood, the graceful and poetic fancy of the writer can, I think, hardly fail to please.

From Geneva, Madame Doche went to Grenoble, where her reception was equally flattering; and, unless my little bird has deceived me, she ought now to be *en route* for Chambéry. More verses, more *rappels*, more bouquets !

* Alluding to her performance of *Elisabeth*, in "Un Changement de Main.

† In "L'Image."

‡ In "Le Lion et le Rat."

* * * * *

Wee Dinah Félix, the same who so prettily lisped the part of *Joas*, in "*Athalie*," has just come out at the Gymnase in one of Léontine Fay's parts. Her success was, as it deserved to be, complete; and well pleased Rachel must have been, peeping from the furthest recesses of her *avant-scène*, to see her tiny sister follow so promisingly in her own glorious track. At the end of the piece, the applause was very general. "Monsieur," remarked an enthusiastic stallite to his neighbour, an ancient *habitué* of the theatre; "c'est une petite merveille que cette enfant-là." "Monsieur," replied the old gentleman, highly gratified, and offering his snuff-box; "c'est presque une petite fée (Fay)."

* * * * *

P. S.—I little thought, while penning the foregoing lines, that I should terminate my article by recording so melancholy an event as the death of France's best and most valued comedian, Charles-Edme Vernet. Alas for dramatic art! One by one, its noblest ornaments disappear and vanish from our eyes, though not from our memories! One by one, we are doomed to lose those few remaining models of perfection, those rare and inimitable artists, whose creations are too frequently destined to perish with themselves! Such will inevitably be the case now; for years Vernet has stood alone as a delineator of character, as the most graphic and faithful painter of Nature (Potier alone excepted) that has trod the French stage for many a long day. Every type in his varied *répertoire* is the result of the closest and most profound observation; what in another's hands would have been a mere sketch, a meagre outline, became in his a finished study. To judge Vernet fairly, one must have seen him in all his leading characters; one must have had ocular proof of his wonderful versatility, of that singularly careful attention to the most apparently insignificant *minutiae* which so eminently distinguished what the French call his *composition* of a part. Whether we regard him as the *jeune premier*, or as the *premier rôle comique* of the Variétés, at the beginning or at the zenith of his career, we invariably find the same persevering labour bestowed on every successive creation, the effect of which, even in any one solitary instance, was so striking. As *Werther* and *Le Père Surnois* died with Potier, so *Mathias L'Invalide*, *Serinet*, *Madame Gibon*, and above all *Gaspard*, are now for ever lost to us. This would not have been the case had Vernet's impersonations abounded, like those of Bouffé, in *traditions*; had they contained any well-known stage effects, which an actor of inferior ability might to a certain extent have reproduced; or even had the same care been bestowed on them by their authors, as is so evident in "*Michel Perrin*," and other leading creations of Bouffé.

Most of the parts written for Vernet are mere *canevas* or outlines, the filling up of which was wholly left to the *artiste*; nor was he ever the same two nights together. His fun, like Rachel's most electric flashes of genius, was entirely *improvisé*; and yet, so exquisitely natural, so admirably adapted to the character was every word, every look, every gesture, as to appear the result of the deepest study rather than the unrehearsed impulse of the moment. He had the power of so identifying himself in dress, voice, and manner, with the personage represented by him, that he has on many occasions been for several minutes on the stage without being re-

cognised by the audience. Never, even in the assumption of the most ridiculous characters, has he been accused of overacting; his humour was rather refined than broad, and more frequently excited the smile of the *connoisseur*, than the roar of the less intelligent spectator. His name is inseparably associated with the best days of the *Variétés*, from which theatre ill health, not old age (he not having, at the period of his death, attained his fifty-ninth year), compelled him to retire. He will long be remembered both as an actor and as a worthy, honourable man, alike estimable and esteemed in public and private life.

Adieu, Vernet! If all, who have been indebted to thee for many a joyous hour, regret thee as deeply and as sincerely as I do, then wilt thou be missed indeed!

May 20, 1848.

THE OPERA.

YE folks of the rural district in which celebrations of May-Day are kept up,—ye, who by your floral games in some shape or other, weave a chain of flowers, that binds you to ancient Paganism,—ye, who still erect May-poles with many garlands thereon,—ye men of Lynn, who still bear about an effigy of some goddess of flowers,—perhaps Flora, perhaps some more primitive divinity, of whom Flora herself was but an image,—ye “Furry-dancers” of Cornwall, who cut strange capers every 8th of May, down the High Street of Helstone, industriously intruding yourselves into every house—do ye all, we ask, imagine that in London the return of May is only celebrated by chimney-sweeps,—that the whole love of the metropolitans for the period of sunlight and flowers is symbolised by Jack in the Green? Such is not the case.

No, it is the practice here to bring out Jenny Lind on the 4th of May: An ancient custom, instituted as far back as 1847, and still maintained. What better symbol of the floral season than that delicious voice, which can die away in our ears so melodiously, as if it softly sank, trembling all the while, under the weight of its own sweetness! *Amina*, in which she re-appears, is a far worthier representative of all the beauties that spontaneous nature can produce, than all those barbarous May-poles, pretty on record, ugly when seen close at hand.

The whole principle of the Northern mythology is the opposition of winter and summer. The evil deities are powers of cold and darkness, the good deities are beings of warmth and light. Victories over ice and the dark months; these are the victories which are allegorically celebrated in Scandinavian song. We recollect our Northern relations, and we solemnise the victory of the sunny season, by a Scandinavian Jenny Lind—a Swedish nightingale, who warbles with sweetness incomparable, rejoicing at the glad event. Some thousand years hence, when fact shall be hazed down into mythus, the legend will say, that in that vast forum, where the English were wont to vend their hay, there used to appear in the beginning of every May, a lovely goddess, who soothed the cares of that anxious and melancholy people, by floods of song, which she poured forth in a temple built for her appearance. It will

say, that the winged notes went fluttering and fluttering through the air, and so charmed the ears of men, that they lost the use of their other organs of sense, and forgot all earthly objects, feeling their souls immersed in a flood of sound, and that when they woke from the trance, and looked around, they found that the notes at last fallen to the ground, had sprung up in the shape of summer flowers. So did the kisses of Venus spring up in the form of roses, if we rightly recollect "Johannes Secundus."

And this year the symbol, as often happens in mythology, served a double purpose. On the night when Jenny Lind made her appearance, Her Majesty became visible to the public for the first time since the troubles of April. The lovers of loyalty, peace, and order, welcomed their sovereign with enthusiastic shouts; the lovers of song hailed the return of Jenny. We have infelicitously worded this sentence, as though the lovers of loyalty and peace were one class, and the lovers of song another. They were precisely the same persons; every soul in the house was a loyalist and a Lindist; only we have regarded them under two aspects. Jenny Lind as she signalised the triumph of physical mildness over physical horror, so did she stand forth as the representative of political tranquillity, just as Apollo can be god of the sun and also of science.

Tadolini comes, bringing with her a grand continental reputation,—singing with brilliancy, acting with energy. All very clever, but her tones do not, like Jenny Lind's, find out the heart's recesses, and there awaken sympathies which have hitherto lain dormant, so that we discover new peculiarities in our nature. We admire and we applaud, but we are not greatly moved.

Much is the national pride gratified at finding an English tenor make so brilliant a *début* as Mr. Sims Reeves—but, what hinders us from going on? A huge placard, with something about a "refusal," printed in big letters, floats mistily before our sight, so that the figure of Mr. Reeves is obscured. Our eyes are dazzled—two forms flit before them, and cross each other—and now blended, now severed, they look something like Reeves and Gardoni; and we can hear, as it were, the finale to "Lucia" altered into a war-song. We will ponder over these things.

Nor let us forget Carlotta Grisi—Carlotta, who tempers her dancing with the softest, gentlest tone of melancholy, and who comes to raise the ballet to its highest glory. Cerito! Carlotta! Rosati! Is it a grand combination? Cerito,—a reckless buoyancy, a creature of felicity, recognising no fetters, but trusting to her own inspiration, knowing that her own joyousness will carry her as safely through her aerial excursions as some benevolent genius would waft a confiding prince in a fairy tale; Carlotta, who sees a deep meaning in Terpsichorean art—a sadness behind its mazes that may express itself in act, so that her movements shall become a mute elegiac poetry; Rosati, less joyous, less sentimental, who chiefly regards the brilliancy of her art, conceiving original difficulties, and then conquering them in her own fashion—unlike those who raise ghosts they cannot lay—where can a grander combination be obtained? Nature, art, poetry are moving before us, twining into one magnificent bouquet, most harmoniously united. These are three talismanic words of beauty, "Cerito, Carlotta, Rosati."

LITERARY NOTICES.

MISS BREMER'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS.*

A BETTER idea of the actual condition of society in Sweden could not be obtained by residence among the people themselves, than from the simple, unaffected, and truthful sketches of Miss Bremer. They are indeed admirable details of domestic life and manners in the North. Of tale there is little enough, but the portraits are so full of life and character as to possess as much interest as would incidents of the most eventful description. Uncle Hercules, or Herkules, as the Scandinavians have it (and Miss Howitt adheres closely to the Scandinavian phraseology) the old soldier with a capacious heart, but a thoroughly despotic head, is the great character of the book. Miss Bremer introduces the old general to us bodily sitting in the middle of the sofa in true Swedish costume, a gray linen coat, with the medal of bravery upon his broad breast, looking around him with large gray eyes, the colour of steel, which flashed lightning glances from beneath his bushy eye-brows upon the round-game-loving brothers and sisters (his nephews and nieces), while with his immensely large hand he shuffled a pack of cards, taking every now and then a draught from the glass of toddy which stood before him.

Mentally the old general, who acknowledges no "rights" to man—nothing but the honest performance of his duty—comes in admirable contrast with young Ivar, the artist and fanatic, to whom far too much favour is shown by Uncle Herkules when praying for the wayward youth's enlightenment, and by Göthilda in her patient, and forgiving, but misplaced affection. We have no patience for affections bestowed upon such a monkey, with his supercilious philosophy and his vain and dogmatic doctrines of communism and socialism. "Cursed stuff" as the old general calls it, and a Scandinavian general of the old school, whose father fought for Charles XII. does not mince his words.

"Heavenly paths, sublime gifts!" exclaimed Uncle Herkules, provoked by Ivar's overbearing tone, and at the same time he discharged a battery upon him from both eyes, "sublime gifts! you have them, perhaps, yourself; you young gentlemen who talk about association, and the world, and world-embracing, and world-conquering, and strengths, and greatness, and who wish to govern the world, but yet cannot govern yourselves, cannot combat against your pleasures and your desires, and who let yourselves be caught by every hook which the Devil throws out. Don't talk any nonsense to me about heavenly paths and banner of genius and such stuff, as if that were better than walking straight forward like an honest man. Away with your 'heavenly paths' upon which is neither to be found the fear of God nor common sense, but merely your banner of genius, which floats with every wind. 'Yes, I ride,' said the goose, when the fox ran away with her into the wood; and so will it be with you and your spirit of controversy and eccentricity."

And after this sound and just rebuke, the old general repairs to the market-place to mend a poor peasant's cart, for he is an amateur and philanthropic blacksmith, and repairs carts not constitutions, and then he returns to his house to embrace his adopted family, after which in the solitude of his own room, his silver hair falling on his shoulders, his hands

* *Brothers and Sisters; a tale of Domestic Life.* By Fredrika Bremer, translated from the unpublished Manuscript of Mary Howitt. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

clasped together and on his knees, the old man prays for the disrespectful young Socialist.

"Preserve the young man, thou my God and Fasher! Let him arrive at sense and understanding, and lead him from his foolish ways once more into those which are right, into thine own! Let not him, let not any of those young people, whom thou hast entrusted unto me, come to shame or harm. Take rather my old life! Be thou their defence, Lord and Father, and let me not, old sinner as I am, injure, by my hot temper, those whom I cannot benefit!"

This is a fine picture, and many there are in this feverish world who are in want of such a prayer for their welfare, and have no such lips to utter it in their favour! And then we have the family group. Sister Hedvig—plain in face, yet beautiful in form and expression—quiet, gentle, good—the mother to the rest. Brother Augustin figured, in the poetical language of the author, as an image of Balder the Good, at the moment when he cheerfully bares his breast to the arrows of the gods, such a bright and pure being, although with his heart seered by early sorrows and unrequited love, is brother Augustin. Then we have Ivar, a character we like not, but whom the author depicts as one of the Hvimthurs in the northern legends, shapeless, misty, gigantic beings, which seem to be the first rough essays of creative power. Next a little agreeable and compact figure, Bror Dalberg—a character not at all dangerous to the general safety. Next come two young girls, as much unlike as day and night—Engel and Göthilda. Engel, bright, beautiful as an angel—good, amiable, pleasant, an embodied sunbeam; Göthilda, naughty Göthilda, as she is called in the family, a dark, thin, rather plain girl of sixteen, with eagle eyes and eagle nose, quick, odd, full of enterprise, a problem, yet a favourite of the old general. We have also cadets, No. 31, and No. 32, with handsome blue eyes, Uno, a mild, grave, sentimental traveller, thirty years of age, and a host of other characters, all equally minutely and carefully portrayed.

The progress of such personages is almost told in their characters. Ivar becomes an editor, and publishes a large newspaper to spread his principles far and wide. He also founds an association, and all the factory girls write in the large newspaper. His wife, Gerda, discovers a new instrument, called the concordium, upon which she plays perpetually to the delight of the association. Bror and his wife live to people the world. Uno weds Engel, and becomes a clergyman of the association. Augustin, and Hedvig, and Göthilda, stand in the place of parents to all the little fellow citizens and citizenesses born within the association, which is further peopled by sheep and goats kissing, innocent chickens, and amiable pigs, and dogs that play with cats in the most cordial bond of friendship. This, however, is only after uncle Herkules is gone, in the way of all flesh, to his last home.

While there is more of the simplicity of nature, and more truth to life in these novels of the north, with their unpronounceable names, their strange manners, and mysterious mythology, than is generally to be met with in the ordinary English novel, there is at the same time an overwrought poetical colouring, and a sentimental extravagance, which force involuntary smiles from the reader. The more mystical, and what we are accustomed to consider *Germanic* notions, are, however, often extremely beautiful, as for example when it is expounded that individuals and families have each their own characteristic type—their *spiritus familiaris*, or *nisse*, a little sprite whose nature can only be defined by picturing forth

the individual, or the family itself ; and then again, in that melancholy shadow which is so prettily depicted as coming and going over the brightest pictures like a cloud upon the face of heaven, and which is presented to us as a tone peculiar to the temperament of the north, and to natures of a higher cast.

OBSERVATIONS ON IMITATION.*

THERE is a great deal of new, suggestive, and amusing matter in this little volume. The author will not meet with general acceptance for his somewhat eccentric notions, that sculpture is of no style, that it is every way unlike the living subject, that it is not a popular art, or that the world of painting is removed from external objects. We would also object at starting to Dr. Johnson's definition of a simile as the discovery of likeness between two actions in their general nature dissimilar, the result of which, as any one can practically convince himself, is wit ; but the argument is carried on in so ingenious a manner, and is so crowded with curious and amusing illustrations, that we must fain attempt to give some idea of the author's views.

Mr. Snow starts by asserting that the pleasure enjoyed in the contemplation of works of art, and especially of sculpture, is analogous to the pleasure derived from a simile. Every way unlike the living subject, it becomes an enchanting object by the influence of form alone, for in sculpture, artistical effects of light and shade, and of perspective, are impossible. Sculpture being, then, pre-eminently distinguished by its purely abstract quality ; Mr. Snow argues that all attempts at a closer approach to reality must defeat their own purpose, as colour which would tend like an exhibition of wax-work to surprise without pleasing the spectator, or any other false appliances, as in the *Modesty* (so called) by Corradini ; *Man in the toils of Vice*, by Queirolo ; and the dead Christ, by Giuseppe San Martino, all in the chapel of San Severo, at Naples ; and the still greater vagaries of art exhibited in the popular figures of Tam O'Shanter and of Souter Johnny. "Could they who admired these productions," asks Mr. Snow, "have had any just fellow-feeling with Burns ? I think not."

Further, Mr. Snow argues, that these very qualities of loftiness and abstraction in form and character exclude nearly all expression from the countenance of a statue, excepting that which is given to it by the position of the head. This he illustrates by opposing the *Apollo Belvidere* and *Venus de Medicis* to the *Laocoon* ; and the *Wrestlers*, in the *Florence Gallery*, to *Canova's Gladiators*. "With respect to expression, let me ask," continues Mr. Snow, "who in witnessing first-rate stage dancing, ever thinks of inquiring whether the performer's countenance is beautiful or not ?" And further on, in his admiration of the poetry of *Form*, he exclaims, "how like an ancient statue *Grisi* holds her head ?"

Mr. Snow next enters upon the difference between sculpture and painting, the first being of three dimensions, the second, as a plain surface, having only two.

* *Observations on Imitation.* By Robert Snow, Esq. William Pickering.

The unities of time and place, and unity of action, less strictly enforced in painting, must be perfect in sculpture. The pencil, Mr. Snow says, may with facility and propriety descend to naturalism. The chisel may not make a single step of advance in that direction. There can neither be a Hunt, nor a Wilkie, no, nor even a Caracci, in sculpture.

Mr. Snow argues that the common parlance of a particular object in a picture being said to appear to come out of the canvass is incorrect, for that the utmost it can do is to appear to push the plane of the canvass before it; for otherwise it would be a basso-relievo, and not a picture. With respect to this plane surface, anomalies are to be met with in the works of the early painters, of which Mr. Snow gives some curious examples.

Mr. Snow will not allow of large groups of figures in sculpture. The figures in the hall of Niobe, at Florence, he says, have not a happy effect, to which he adds other examples. In this *oneness* attributable to sculpture, he even argues that in Cupid chaining a Lion, the boy may with propriety be represented greater than the animal, for the object is to embody allegorically the triumph of Love over Brute Force, and not to represent the taming of a real lion by a child.

Another notion of the author's is that correct costume is not essential to stage effect. He exemplifies this by the delight conferred by the readings of Mr. Charles Kemble and others. He says that he has been told by one who often heard Mrs. Siddons read aloud in a private circle, that in reading "Macbeth" she used to stir up an imaginary cauldron with her spectacles, very effectively.

In the *tableaux vivans*, Mr. Snow remarks, solidity is made to look like surface, and the real living subject to stand for its own resemblance; an equivalent for the imaginary plane surface being obtained by the use of a limiting screen of gauze. Statues, when no deception is meant thereby, Mr. Snow also argues, may be decorated in a taste which is at first sight false, but which, he says, is, in truth, a shape in which legitimate homage may be conceived to be done to the ideal form embodied in the marble. Such were the golden sandals of the Theseus, and so, also, the ears of the Venus de Medici at Florence, and of the Venus d'Arles at Paris, are bored for ear-rings. Thus, also, does Ovid represent Pygmalion as adorning his statue with rings, ear-rings, and necklace.

That very extravagance of admiration (says Mr. Snow) were rather, methinks, praiseworthy than otherwise, that would suspend a necklace of pearl about the neck of a fine statue, or crown its head with a garland of the earliest and sweetest violets, not without a sensation of pleasure in approaching the verge of incongruity in the very pride and wantonness of a thorough appreciation of the art.

Its proper distinguishing qualities of earnestness and seriousness, according to Mr. Snow, unfits a high grade of art, like that occupied by a large majority of our painters, for representing anything, which, when seen with the bodily eye, cannot but verge on farce and caricature. Thus, he says, there is more pleasure in contemplating the peculiarities of Hogarth in the engraving than in the original picture, and in spite of their wonderful technical excellence, he laments "the shallow obtrusiveness of the moral" in Wilkie's pictures, which in the engraving, he says, become insufferably burdensome!

The daguerreotype as a machine, Mr. Snow remarks, cannot select,

modify, or generalise, and therefore cannot attain to imitation. And after condemning portraits of actors in character, he finally argues, that beset as imitative art is with the imperious dictates of fashion, and entangled as it is with its own ramifications, still it is naturalness alone that confers on any of its productions effect and value. The quality of naturalness, that is to say, of good taste in art, is not to aim at a cold and insincere delineation of reality, but to have the development of truth for its sole object (this is a distinction which the author several times insists upon). Truth consisting in the selection, modification, and generalisation of the external features of nature, and in order to secure naturalness, nature having to be improved upon (!) while the most abstract and perfect of such kind of imitation Mr. Snow asserts to be sculpture.

PEPY'S DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE *

SECRETARY Pepys possessed great skill and experience in nautical matters, and he introduced many important improvements into the Navy; he was also so generally well-informed in history, painting, sculpture, &c., that in 1684 he was elected President of the Royal Society, yet would he never have occupied a niche in the temple of fame, but for Lord Braybrooke's publication in 1825, of a diary and correspondence without its equal, whether for amusement or instruction; and which, while it illustrates the prudent and wary character of the author with extreme fidelity and naïveté, affords the most curious picture extant of the court of Charles II., and of the habits, manners, and conduct of the people at that time. In publishing a third edition of this invaluable work, Lord Braybrooke has been induced, no doubt from its great popularity, to print all passages and matter previously omitted, in the fear, of rendering the work too voluminous, excepting a few entries in the short-hand diary, which were totally devoid of interest, or which from their licentiousness are not to be tolerated in the present day. This third edition will then in reality be the first edition that approaches most to the original and integral document, and it at once supersedes all previously published editions. We observe it is also announced that some letters, relating to the death of Lady Robert Dudley, better known as Amy Robsart, hitherto unpublished, and copied from the originals in the Pepysian library, have been added to the appendix, and we shall gladly return to this interesting diary at an early opportunity.

We are unavoidably obliged to defer our notices of several works received late this month.

* Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II. With a Life and Notes, by Richard Lord Braybrooke. The Third Edition, considerably enlarged. Vol. I. Henry Colburn.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MR. JOLLY GREEN AND THE PRESIDENCY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

BEFORE I proceed to narrate any further particulars of what has befallen me since I left home, I beg to inform the public that, in consequence of the treatment which I received at the hands of the members of the Club of the Coupegorges Bleus,—a club distinctly recognised by the authorities,—it is my intention to throw aside all false delicacy in future and speak my mind openly,—calling a spade, a spade, and nothing else. Away then with initials and mutilated words! The French Government shall no longer screen itself beneath my generous forbearance, but they and every thing connected with France shall be exposed to the noon-day sun, in terms as broad and intelligible as my pen can write. Had my person been held sacred, as, according to the law of nations, it ought to have been, I would still have veiled my meaning, and left my adventures an enigma for future ages to discover, but the time for forbearance is past, and woe to those who have uncorked the vials of my wrath!

We found the three gentlemen who had endeavoured to rescue us very agreeable fellows. Though none of them spoke the language of the country,—a circumstance which speedily afforded me the opportunity of repaying their attempted kindness,—they were by no means devoid of intelligence. The Tipton Slasher had a good deal of observation, and a rude, forcible way of expressing himself, which at times amounted almost to eloquence; Johnny Broome, as quick as his friend, perhaps, in noting peculiarities, indulged in rather a confused style of oratory; and Ben Caunt, the least acute of comprehension, was also the least gifted with words. Of the latter, indeed, it might be said, as the author of “Lalla Rookh” observes in that delightful poem,—

“—— his words ——

Come like his hitting, strong, but slow.”

However, I made every allowance for deficiencies which could not fail to be observed by me, and the poor fellows were evidently very grateful.

Though cooked in Paris, the rump-steak which the Slasher recommended was really well dressed, but this was the consequence of using a British gridiron, for the manner in which the French prepare their steaks (or “sticks,” as they call them), by beating them to make them a good colour, and then soaking them in oil, completely destroys their flavour. I know this to be the fact, for, in walking along the quays of Paris, I have repeatedly observed the process, which is performed by women (who, by-the-bye, do all the manual labour in France), and noise enough they make in the operation. These women, and there are, I may say, thousands of them, inhabit the floating *abattoirs* on the river, and, on account of the nature of their occupation, are thence called “*Blanchisseuses*.”

Let the sceptical reader remember how Baron Munchausen was sneered at about the Abyssinian rump-steaks, and be cautious how he refuses credit to my statement.

To return from this digression. The house to which Podder and myself had been conducted was kept by an Englishman, which accounted for the nature of our fare. He was a true patriot, and had an ordinary twice a day, at which old English viands were regularly consumed, and it was really quite refreshing in this land of frogs and *soupe-maigre* to read his bill of fare, commencing with "the joint," and ending with "Cheshire cheese," a good, honest, substantial lump, like a segment of a mill-stone, and not that wretched humbug which the French call "fromage de Chesterre," and which the Tipton Slasher, in speaking of it, likened to a compound of "salt and yaller soap, vich," said he, "they sends yer in under a glass-kiver, like some forrin' curossity, as if they vos sfeed of its takin' the wings of the mornin' and fleeing away, as the Psalms says."

Mr. Thomas Brown, the landlord of this hotel, was as jovial and honest a fellow as ever stepped. He hated the French, as a matter of course, and when I asked him how he came to settle amongst such a people,—

"Oh, dammee," replied he, "I ain't got nothink to do with *them*,—they keeps *their* distince,—I know'd as how I was wanted by gen'lmen, and such like as comes over from London to see the sights and get a bellyful of some'ot as they *can* eat, and, so says I to my old 'ooman,—'Jane,' says I, bisness bein' rayther slack at that time in Vindmill-street, where I kept the Amm and Vindmill,—on vich account the street is called by that there name,—'Jane,' says I, 'vot if ve sells the good-vill of the 'ouse, and goes to Parry; they're sadly in vant of steaks, chops, kidneys, broiled bones, roasted taters, and them sort of things,—we might do vorse,—vot do you think?' Vell, Jane vos quite agreeable, and so I parted vith the good-vill and the fixters, and here I am, and here I've a been pretty nigh on to seven year now."

"Of course," said I, "you have acquired the language?"

"The langvidge," he returned, opening his eyes as wide as his fat cheeks would let him; "vot the blessed use would *their* langvidge have been to me? Catch me at their nonsical parlyvoo,—vy, it's only fit for parrits and monkeys! It's not Christian talk! Vy, you wouldn't b'lieve it p'raps, but they haven't got sich a word in their tongue as a goosb'ry—dammee if they have. Ah, you may stare, but it's true—they haven't."

I did not pause to inquire how Mr. Brown found this out, but as is my custom when I respect a man's feelings, I shook him heartily by the hand, and he not only returned the pressure, but mixed me forthwith a very excellent glass of strong hot brandy and water.

"The only good thing as they've got is their brandy," said he, by way of recommendation, "though I never drinks it myself."

It was not for me to doubt Mr. Brown's assertion, but I observed that the Tipton Slasher looked very significantly at Ben Caunt as he spoke, and the mute Benjamin winked hard in reply at the Slasher, and pointed with his thumb several times over his left shoulder, a pantomimic action which, I have somewhere read, is meant to be expressive of incredulity.

When I stated that my coat had been torn off my back in the row at

the club, I did not mean to say that I had lost it. I succeeded in picking it up as it dropped in the scuffle from the president's hand, but it was sorely damaged, and I was obliged to sit in my shirt sleeves while Mrs. Brown, like Sterne's grisette, kindly sewed it up again. In the meantime I narrated some passages of my history to the assembled company, and they were not long in perceiving who they had got to deal with. All of them had heard of Jolly Green, "though," as the Tipton Slasher said, "eitherto they had not had the advantage of makin' of his acquaintance." That they appreciated the satirical hits at the French which I made in describing some of my principal adventures, was obvious from the laughter with which the narrative was received, for I flatter myself there are few who cut up better than I, when I am in the vein. But the good fellows did not stop there. When they found that my pocket had been picked of all my money, I observed that the three put their heads together, said something in a low tone of voice, frowned very mysteriously at each other, and when I had concluded, Johnny Broome rose and addressed me, as nearly as I remember, in the following words:—

"Mister Green," said he, taking from his lips a long clay pipe which he smoked, he observed, "as a *di-gester*," and now gently waved as he spoke.

"Mister Green, we've been a thinkin',—leastways I have,—and so has Ben and the Tipton, that as the'n shirks as we pitched into has cleaned you out, and p'raps hasn't left you a mag,—why, then, we knows you to be a gent., Mr. Green, and bein' as I may say, here in forrin' parts, without family and friends,—as the veasel said when he was caught in a trap,—we've made so bold—leastways the Tipton has—don't joggle me, Ben, you puts me out—we've been a thinkin'—"

"Cut it short, Johnny," interrupted the Slasher, impatiently "or let me speak."

"Vell, then, speak, if you vishes so to do," said Mr. Broome, in rather a dignified manner.

The Tipton was on his legs in a moment, as quickly as is his wont even when he has been accidentally floored in the ring, and briefly settled the question.

"This is it, sir, and no mistake. We didn't come here without lining our pockets—if so be as you've not got no money left, why *we have*, and whatever you may want is at your service, and that's all about it."

Deeply skilled as I am in human nature, I was, I confess, at once surprised and touched at this proof of kindness. Here I was, a positive stranger, with nothing to recommend me beyond my personal appearance (*that*, however, has been of service to me on more than one occasion), and three "knowing ones," as I may safely term them, actually made me an offer of their lives and fortunes; I say *their* lives, because, as an ancient philosopher has well observed, "What is the use of a man's life when he has lost his fortune?"

Generous as the proposal was, my circumstances did not render it necessary for me to accept it, for, the reader may recollect as well as I did, that when I put my note-case in my pocket I left a hundred frongs or so and some twelve or fifteen sovereigns in my desk, so that I was not absolutely destitute. Besides, I had the resource, before that was exhausted, of drawing a bill, and there are friends of mine (Sir Henry Jones, for instance) to whom that resource has been invaluable. I

therefore courteously declined the liberal offer, and my coat being by that time put into a decent state of repair, and Podder also set to rights, we took leave of our gallant friends, not, however, before I had engaged them to dine with me at Brown's on the following day, and desired him to furnish as good a dinner as Paris could produce.

"Podder," said I, as we walked along the Boulevard, "are you not of opinion that there is something mysterious in the conduct of citizen Gouache?"

"Mysterious!" he exclaimed, "I see no mystery in him. Mr. Hogwash is a d——d scamp!"

"Pronounce his name correctly, at any rate," retorted I, somewhat piqued at Podder's pretending to have seen through the artist more quickly than myself; "pray what may be your reason," I continued, rather contemptuously (the real way to put an ignorant person down), "for entertaining such a *very* decided opinion?"

"Why," replied Podder, bluntly, "of course he was in league with that chap with the shark's head who stole your note-case. It was a regular plant, depend upon it."

"You have confirmed my suspicion, Peregrine," said I—"I excuse your abruptness—give me your hand. Do you think, Podder," I continued, with some slight hesitation, "that it's—all—right—about the picture?"

"I wouldn't trust him," returned my friend.

"I have got the receipt, you know, for the money I paid for it."

"That's true, but how do you know it was his to sell?"

"You might have thought of that before, Podder," exclaimed I, sharply, "what's the use of having a secretary if he can't furnish one with ideas? I'll bet you a guinea, though, that you are wrong; I don't think any one would venture to take *me* in in such a barefaced way."

"Suppose we go down to the Louvre and make some inquiry," suggested Podder.

"I had already resolved upon doing so," I observed, quietly, for I was determined he should not have the credit of every thing; "of course, there's nothing else to be done."

Accordingly we bent our steps in that direction, and finding the gallery open when we reached the Museum, we entered. I led the way with some eagerness, fearing that the picture might have been removed, but, to my great satisfaction, it still hung where I had seen it the day before.

I was looking round to discover some one who could give me the information I required, when a man with his hands in his pockets and an expression of strong ill-humour in his countenance, came slowly along the gallery, eyeing the pictures from time to time with an air of great contempt, and occasionally muttering to himself. I could not hear what he said, but there was something in his air which convinced me he was an Englishman.

"One of our prejudiced countrymen," I whispered to Podder, "can see nothing to admire in the old masters."

He drew near where we were standing, and, in spite of his unprepossessing appearance, I resolved to speak to him.

"A fine day, sir," said I; "a good light for the pictures."

"Ah," grumbled the stranger, "a devilish deal too good for 'em."

"What, then," I observed, "you are not fond of the Italian school."

"The Italian school," he replied, hastily; "what do you mean?"

"Why," returned I, with a smiling air, inspired by the consciousness of having a surprise in store for him; "I hope you'll agree with me that, to say nothing of Raffaele and Rembrandt, and others whom I need not mention, there is some merit in Salvator Rosa."

"Who doubts it?" he asked.

"Oh, I thought, perhaps, *you* might. What do you think of that?" and I pointed to the fine specimen of the master which I had bought of Gouache.

"Think of that!" repeated the stranger, "what I think of the whole exhibition,—infernal trash."

"Perhaps, sir," said I, rather loftily, "you are not aware you are criticising a Salvator at this moment."

"That a Salvator!" he exclaimed, "why the man's mad; it's no more a Salvator than I am!"

"May I ask, sir," I said, calmly, and with frigid politeness, "to whom do you ascribe it?"

"Who to? why to some d——d buccaneering French jackanapes, one of the ten thousand who swarm in Paris and call themselves artists. Sir," he continued, with energy, "you don't seem to me to be aware of the fact that this is a *modern exhibition*, and the worst of its kind that ever degraded these walls!"

"You surprise me, sir," I answered; "I was given to understand that the pictures in the Louvre were all old masters'. I gave a thousand frongs only yesterday for this—Salvator—I don't know what else to call it."

"Did you?" said the stranger, drily; "may I ask what your name is?"

"Green, sir," I replied, drawing myself up,—"*Jolly Green*!"

"I should have thought so," was the unintelligible reply; "I wish you joy of your bargain and a very good morning."

So saying the old fellow pursued his course down the gallery, leaving me literally transfixed with astonishment. I was at first inclined to think that what he said was only the effect of envy at finding I had invested my money so well, but one of the *gardiens*, to whom I next addressed myself, confirmed his statement, and informed me that all the old pictures were covered up at this season by new ones, which were annually exposed in their stead. This was annoying, but the mortification would have been comparatively trifling if that fool Podder had not heard all about it, and there he stood, actually taking no pains to suppress his mirth, till I brought him to his senses by an angry frown. I inwardly resolved to pay him off for this, and in the meantime consoled myself as well as I could by the reflection that I was not the first *cognoscento* who had purchased a copy for an original. We then left the building, and, I may as well observe here, that I never set my foot in it again and never mean to do so.

I returned somewhat moodily to the hotel, and this frame of mind was not improved by the perusal of M. Cremieux's letter which I found awaiting me. The reader is already aware of its contents, as well as of my subsequent correspondence with the minister, so I shall say no more about the matter further than to express my opinion that upstart governments little know upon what a smouldering volcano they are treading when they reject the claims of adventurous intelligence. Perhaps the truth of this may appear in the sequel. I am not one to suffer the signs of the times to go by unheeded, and I at once formed a resolve which,

in the fulness of events, I determined to carry into execution. If I was refused admittance into the National Assembly, there were other paths to fame still open. The republic was evidently getting more and more at a discount. Partisans of the Prince de Joinville, of the Comte de Chambord, of Louis Napoleon, were stealthily but steadily making their appearance in various quarters; what should hinder a greater name than any of theirs from taking the lead in a new state of affairs! What had the several dynasties done for France? They had exhausted its treasure, wasted its blood, and rendered themselves alike contemptible and odious. Their antecedents were stained with cruelty and crime, or tarnished by corruption and pusillanimity. A NEW MAN was wanting to the country, and the secret recesses of my own bosom whispered to my interrogation that such a man existed! I set aside the question of nationality;—rightly to interpret the philosophic axiom of the day, fraternity embraces all mankind. The men who have achieved the most remarkable destinies have rarely sprung from the soil on which they reared their thrones. William the Conqueror (known previously as the Prince of Orange), was a Dutchman; Alaric (the last of the Goths, who invented the architecture which is called after him, and built the church of St. Peter's and the Colosseum at Rome), is supposed to have been a Spaniard; Napoleon was a native of the island of St. Helena (where he ended his days); Alexander the Great was born at Monmouth (*vide* the play of "Henry the Fifth"); Cæsar crossed the Rubicon (and consequently could not have been a Roman, or he would have had no occasion to do so); and it is beyond a doubt that Robinson Crusoe did not derive his origin from the uninhabited island where he made the acquaintance of that excellent fellow Good Friday. All these examples sufficiently show that a stranger to the land may, on great emergencies, ascend into its high places; and, for my part, I think the name of JOLLY GREEN as good a *cri de ralliement*—in France—as another. What are the merits of the several candidates? The Prince de Joinville is as deaf as a post; the Comte de Chambord (as was said of Goldsmith by Ben Jonson), is "an uninspired idiot;" and all that Louis Napoleon has ever done to establish a claim to the reverence with which the French still regard his grandfather, has been to keep up the breed of tame eagles. If the latter has been incarcerated, so have I! If the Comte de Chambord has left Paris ignominiously, so have I! If the Prince de Joinville has threatened to invade England, have not I prepared a plan for its defence? But I trust that my adventures in France, to say nothing of my personal character, entitle me to be heard, independently of all odious comparisons. Of this the reader—who knows my firmness of disposition—may rest assured, that in preferring his claims to the Dictatorship, Jolly Green will not fall without a struggle.

These were the thoughts that surged up in my mind while Podder and I were changing our clothes preparatory to another excursion, in the course of which I promised to show him something of the state of public opinion in the capital. I trusted that my remarks would steady him a little, for he was evidently still labouring under the effects of drinking Mr. Brown's strong brandy and water. I think this had already been made sufficiently apparent by his stupid and ill-timed mirth in the gallery of the Louvre. I am happy to say that the beverage had had no effect on me; indeed, the serious reflections which had just occupied me show pretty clearly that my ambitious designs were not the offspring of cognac.

"What do you say, Podder, to a fish dinner to-day?" said I, as I unlocked my desk, and took out a few sovereigns and the remainder of my French money, which latter I gave to my secretary to carry, as it was heavy.

"A fish dinner! I didn't know you could get such a thing in Paris," was his reply.

"And why not?" I asked. "Does not the Seine, which is the principal river here, discharge itself into the sea,—and what is to prevent the fish coming up every tide? Upon my word, Podder, I am ashamed of your geographical ignorance."

"I thought," he humbly answered, "that the sea was too far off."

I took no notice of this obvious absurdity, but continued.

"France," I observed, "is a Roman Catholic country, and one of the first principles of the Roman Catholic religion is to eat fish on every possible occasion, especially on Fridays. Now this happens to be Friday, and I think we are bound to set a good example."

"But I am not a Roman Catholic," said Podder.

"You are a fool," exclaimed I, hastily. "But, come," I added, fearing I had gone rather too far, "the fact is they dress fish in splendid style here in Paris, particularly at the *Rocher de Cancale*, a very celebrated restaurant."

"Oh," returned Podder, rubbing his hands and laughing, "that alters the case. If they give me a good dinner, I think it matters little whether it's fish, flesh, or fowl. I've dined as well at *Billingsgate*, at the *what-d'ye-call-'em table d'hôte*, for eighteen-pence, as at the other end of the town for twice the money."

I looked at him contemptuously (with my mind's eye) as he spoke. "The gourmand," said I to myself, "is thinking only of his dinner, while my soul is absorbed in the fate of empires. Alas, for the condition of society," continued I, musing; "individual worth is not the sole fulcrum by means of which the adventurous can grapple with fate,—there are baser purposes that must be ministered unto; to succeed in my daring object, I must distribute money freely, and to have it in my power to do so I must write to my Minister of Fin—, I mean, to my banker, for a letter of credit."

Acting upon the spur of the moment—the invariable course of the truly great—I immediately penned the necessary letter, and, a sudden thought striking me, I indited another to a friend in London, to buy me up a few gross of the plates used by the Imperial Office for Fire Insurance, which, as they bear the effigy of the British Lion, would be the very thing to stick in the caps and hats of my partisans, as other pretenders have done with their brass eagles. I had some idea of getting him to send me over a live bull-dog at the same time, but I was afraid his temper might be spoiled if sent through the post office, so I waived that consideration. Having settled these matters, I signified to Podder, with a graceful wave of the hand, that I was ready, and we sallied forth, taking the direction of the *Rocher de Cancale*. As usual, I imparted a great deal of valuable information *en route*, but the only place that seemed to make any impression on him was the *Passage du Saumon*, which leads from the *Rue Montmartre* into the *Rue Montorgueil*.

"The *Passage of the Salmon*," said he, when I had translated it from the French, "is a very proper introduction to a fish dinner. It's rather a long one though; I hope the salmon will find a shorter passage into us."

I think every one will agree with me that Podder's attempt at jocosity was much too despicable to raise even a smile.

I am not going to describe another tavern dinner, for though I can, perhaps, do justice to such a description better than most people, I would, to tell the truth, as I observed to Podder, rather do justice to the dinner itself, a witticism at which he laughed heartily. We had plenty of things of the names of which he hadn't the slightest idea; *fricandeaux de sole*, *cotelettes de turbot*, *gigot de maquereau*, and so on; and what with a bottle or two of champagne at dinner and some devilish good chambertin afterwards, with sundry "little goes," as I classically translated the *petits verres* with which we corrected the acidity of the French wine, we made it out in famous style. I said a great number of remarkably good things, which Podder, like an ass, could not recollect when I afterwards wanted him to remind me of them for my note-book; and, before I paid the bill, I sang a very merry song. So elated was I, in fact, with the recollection of our gallant prowess in the early part of the day, and the prospect of what was before me, that even the actual payment of the score did not depress my spirits. We were therefore in good cue for launching ourselves upon the turbulent out-of-door world of Paris, when I proposed a sortie amongst the red republicans (as they delight to call themselves), whose pulses I proposed to sound.

It was dusk when we left the restaurateur's, but the twilight, aided by a young moon, permitted every object to be distinctly visible.

My intention was to have gone to the Boulevard Montmartre, where the *élite* of Paris assemble nightly to discuss political questions in the open air, the more conveniently to carry out any hostile demonstration against their fellow-citizens or the government—the invariable consequence of such discussion. From some cause, however, which I cannot explain, as I pique myself on my topographical skill (it certainly could not have been the wine we drank), I took the wrong direction, and instead of turning into the Rue Montmartre must have got across into the Rue St. Denis, where, still supposing myself to be near the Boulevard, I got involved in a labyrinth of little streets, and—I frankly admit it—at last fairly lost my way.

Podder, of course, was of no service to me in my dilemma, never having been in Paris before—(though I brought him for the express purpose of being useful), and in this respect I think his conduct was very ungrateful, for he ought at any rate to have studied the map before we came out. But his remarks only tended to embarrass me still further, as it was quite evident that his brain—a poor one at the best—was considerably weakened by the chambertin. All he could say was—(in accents of familiarity which, at another moment, I might have felt disposed to resent)—

"I say, Jolly, my boy,—here we are!—this is a go, ain't it? Take the first turning to the right and the second to your left and you'll find it out in no time. The French Republic has turned every thing topsy-turvey,—even the streets don't go where they used to—do they, Jolly?"

"Silence, Podder," I exclaimed, in a stern, hoarse whisper, as he made this last observation, which I knew to be dangerous,—“we shall be compromised and shut up in the château of Vincennes for conspiracy unless you hold your tongue!”

"Where's that?" asked he.

"The place," replied I, in the same mysterious tone, "where the

French imprison their ministers the moment they get tired of them. I make no doubt the whole of the members of the Provisional Government will be under lock and key there to-morrow."

"So much the better for us, Jolly," said Podder, recklessly; "we shall be in good company."

This levity was frightful. How did I know but there might be some one at that moment at my elbow ready to denounce us! A second Robespierre, perhaps, might be watching round the corner of every one of the infernal crooked streets in the midst of which we were entangled. It was certainly not a moment for trifling with our position, and I own I felt the responsibility of the situation. What added to my embarrassment was the wild and, I may say, preternatural conduct of Podder, who for a length of time turned a deaf ear to my entreaties to him to be quiet. It was in vain I told him that the guillotine yawned beneath our footsteps, that in all probability we should be conscripts the next morning, that our very heads would be worth their weight in *assignats* (the current coin of the realm), and I know not what beside. A frantic laugh was, at first, his only reply, but fortunately for me, that which my eloquence had been unable to accomplish, the shifting spirit of intoxication effected. With the infirmity of purpose, so characteristic of persons in that condition, he suddenly broke off from a verse of "God save the Queen," which he had incautiously begun, and seating himself upon a *borne* (a Parisian milestone without any inscription), asked me for a cigar. I had my case in my pocket and gave him one, and as it was impossible to leave him in the state he was, I took another myself. But the difficulty was to get a light. There were few shops in the quarter, and, trade having been at a stand still ever since the new order of things began, of course those that were there were not open. It was a dull, dreary street, and seemed to be used very little as a thoroughfare, for only one old gentleman passed us as we stood there; he was a *chiffonier*, and, moreover, a man of very limited comprehension, for when I asked him the way out of it, he could not give an intelligible reply, which made me suspect that he had been drinking. Gas had not penetrated into this part of Paris, and the street was illumined only by an aristocratic lantern (as they used to call them in the first revolution), which hung across it pendant from a rope. Podder made several efforts to climb up to the place from whence it dangled, in order to get a light for his cigar, but while he was thus fruitlessly employed, a window over our heads was suddenly opened, and a female figure appeared at it, attracted probably by the noise he made.

"Que cherchez vous, messieurs?" she inquired in rather a shrill voice.

Podder, of course, could make no reply, and the onus of doing so fell upon my intellect.

"Nous besoin," said I, "une chandelle."

She muttered something which I could not distinctly hear, though I caught the words "attendez" and "attraper," by which, of course, I distinctly understood that she would procure us one if we waited.

I accordingly led Podder to the door of the house, and waited there in expectation of her coming, but a moment or two afterwards she reappeared at the window with a lighted candle in her hand. This enabled me to perceive, and it was with some gratification I did so, that, though on rather a large scale, she was decidedly good-looking, for somehow or other, I always get on better with handsome women than plain ones. Judging by the scantiness of her costume, her arms and shoulders having

little drapery over them, I at first thought she had been preparing to go to bed, and it was almost with a feeling of remorse that I reflected we had prevented the slumbers of a creature so fair.

"There is," thought I, "nothing that can equal a woman's kindness when she is kind. So far from being annoyed at what would make a man storm and vociferate, she is at once prepared to retaliate for wrong by that gentle ministering to rude wants which so well becomes the sex. There she is with her candle, like Hero and Leander, ready to light her lover's cigar; the difficulty is, though, how to reach the candle unless she comes down!"

While I was thus musing I heard her voice again. . .

"Où êtes-vous donc?" she asked; "venez-par ici."

I knew that this was an intimation to go under the window, and the thought flashing across my mind that I had very likely made a conquest—though she could only have had a glimpse of my person—I whispered to Podder to keep steady, as I fancied this would prove an adventure.

"I see how it is," said I, correcting my first impression, "this is the Goddess of Liberty—there's one to every *arrondissement* in Paris,—there can't be a doubt of it; look, she has got scarcely any clothes to her back—they always dress in that way—she sees I'm a thorough republican,—wish me joy, Podder, my boy."

Knowing the way in which these things are managed on the continent (I had often witnessed it on the stage), I looked up in the full expectation of seeing a ladder of ropes let down, and while my face was upturned something descended, not merely in a heavy shower but an absolute cataract, which deluged me from head to foot in a manner far, very far from being agreeable, while the same voice screamed out,

"Voilà, petit polisson Anglais,—ça vous éclairera!"

I was overwhelmed, not only with dirty water, but astonishment, and Podder came in for his full share of both.

"The Goddess of Liberty!" he exclaimed, wringing his clothes, and dashing the wet off his hat: "this is liberty, I think, with a vengeance; if goddesses take such liberties as these, the less we have to do with them the better!"

It was easy enough to make a play upon words, but my mind was seriously occupied in endeavouring to unravel the mystery of her conduct. Her language, too, was equivocal. What did she mean by the word "polisson?" Did she take me for an English policeman, and with the instinctive feeling of that principle, of which she was the representative, resent my suspicious approach? I could arrive at no other conclusion, deeply regretting the fact, for I felt anxious to convince her that I was a sincere republican (or dictator, as the case might be); and moreover, her charms had made no slight impression upon me.

It is a very singular thing that accidents invariably happen to me through the misconduct of others; in this case, for instance, had it not been for Podder's folly, I should have, perhaps, won the heart of a woman destined by nature to be an ornament to her sex, but acting now under the influence of a prejudice which I had not time to remove.

Somewhat sobered by this impromptu ablution, Podder was now able to accompany me, and we made a desperate effort to orientalise ourselves, as the French say, when they want to find their way anywhere. At the corner of the street I caught sight of the name of it inscribed, as usual, in white letters on a dark ground.

"So," said I, "this is the Rue Quincampoix."

"Kinkumpaw!" exclaimed Podder; "that's a queer name."

"And queer things have happened in it," returned I, my historical recollections reviving, as they always do, with the occasion. "It was in this very street," I continued, "that the famous navigator, John Law, who discovered the South Sea and the Mississippi, resided, after returning from his voyage round the world with Captain Cook. As a reward for his services, Louis the Fourteenth made him his prime minister, and then it was he invented his celebrated plan for making every body rich, by the simple process of creating a new description of stock, which he called after the various places he had visited. His financial projects were so successful, that whenever France has been in difficulties she has always had recourse to similar schemes; the present government have, it is true, improved upon their predecessors, their object being to get rid of all their coin and bullion before they begin upon their paper, so that when the latter comes fully into circulation the issue cannot affect the currency. Hitherto their plan has worked admirably, for, as you may have noticed, Podder, cash is becoming remarkably scarce,—and I question very much, if there was to be a run upon the base metals to-morrow where the supply would come from."

This theme I might have discussed at greater length, but Podder is so stupid in all that relates to the higher branch of monetary affairs, that I might have talked for an hour without his comprehending me, so I skilfully turned the subject, by desiring him to keep close behind me, as I fancied I knew now where we were. A lucky turning, in fact, had brought us into the Rue St. Denis, a street I remembered well, for in happier days,—

"When love and life alike were new,"

I had often visited it with Sir Henry Jones to purchase bouquets of artificial flowers for Angelique; artificial, indeed,—like the baseless fabric of love's young dreamy vision, which, while it passed, a fragrance threw, but left not a wreck behind!

Perhaps one cause of the solitude by which we had recently been encompassed, arose from the fact that the greater part of the inhabitants of this *quartier* had been enjoying their evening *attroupement* (the fashionable word, now, for political assemblies *al fiasco*) in the vicinity of the Porte St. Denis. I discovered this from a regicide (as the better order of republicans are termed) whom we met running down the street, and who stopped as he drew near us, literally for want of breath to run any further.

"Pourquoi vous courir mon homme?" said I, with urbanity.

"Diable!" he answered, panting and blowing like a walrus, "j'avions beau courir,—vu qu'il y eut la garde mobile si près!"

"Qu'est ce que c'est donc?" I inquired with all the calmness of Numa Pompilius when his beard was plucked in the senate by an angry Gaul—a probable ancestor of the very man who now stood before me.

"Il y a un joli attroupement là-bas,—voilà ce que c'est," was the man's reply, "si vous aimez ces sortes de choses allez voir,—quant à moi, je me sauve."

So saying, he again set off scampering as fast as his legs could carry him.

"I make no doubt," observed I to Podder, "that this man is a special messenger, employed by the people to keep up a constant communication

with the government, what in former times would have been called a running footman, he is now on his way to the Luxembourg. Come along, Podder, we will have a quiet half-hour with the *attroupement* he speaks of, and then go home to bed."

Podder was for carrying out the last part of the proposition at once, but I over-ruled him, and we ascended the Rue St. Denis. In proportion as we advanced, the people became more numerous, and as we drew near the top of the street, we found the crowd so dense that it was not without great difficulty we could make our way through. By dint, however, of elbows and shoulders, we managed to accomplish our object, and owing to my skill in manœuvring, succeeded in gaining admission to a *café*, where we ascended to the first floor, and had a capital view of what was going on.

It was a very lively and picturesque scene, and for costume, colour, and grouping, was well worthy of being transferred to canvass.

The large open space in front of the *café* was filled with a dark mass of people, now murmuring with a low sound, like the wind in a music-shell, and then breaking out into a hoarse roar, like the stormy waves of the ocean on a rugged shore. Here and there, raised above the rest, were orators with out-stretched hands and arms, gesticulating fiercely, and shrieking to the very top of their voices, which ever and anon, were drowned in a deafening cry expressive of some strong popular sentiment. It was difficult, even for a practised ear, to catch more than an occasional word or name, but certain repetitions led me to the conclusion that the existing order of things was not looked upon by the people with the same eye of affection as in the early days of the Republic, and I resolved to profit by the occasion.

"He," thought I, "who would rule a nation like this, must be ever ready with some new expedient, for to suppose that they can be constant to the same thing for more than a month at a time, is to entertain but a very erroneous notion of what they are. There are no people who understand the principle of the game of cock-shy better than the French; their political history is one long illustration of the fact. Now an emperor is up, and down he goes beneath a popular missile; a king follows, and meets with the same fate; first this statesman is knocked over, then that; the laurelled hero of to-day, is the pilloried victim of to-morrow; genius, imbecility, courage, impudence, even rank cowardice, and egregious folly, are worshipped by turns, and with equal idolatry. To govern them with security, their ruler must fully understand their nature, and then lay it well into them. He who fails to do so may as well give up the game at once. I, for one, am resolved that no half measures shall characterise my proceedings with regard to them."

Such were the ideas that took possession of my mind as I beheld, in imagination, the French nation at my feet. Perhaps some may deny my claim to originality, when I admit having read something like the same sentiments in *Galignani* that very morning in a professed translation from the *Presse*. This may be the case, but the candid reader will at once decide on which side the offence of plagiarism lies, that is to say if he at all agrees with the poet that "coming events cast their shadows before."

I have said that I heard certain names repeated with more or less of applause. That of Louis Napoleon was certainly uttered the most frequently, so, to put a stop to this, and carry the question as it were by

a *coup de main*, I stepped out into the balcony, and desiring Podder to give me all the silver he had about him (my own money), I attracted the attention of a considerable portion of the crowd by casting it amongst them, accompanying the action by loud cries of "Vive Jolly Green!" in which Podder lustily joined, and his example (I am proud to say so as a tribute to my penetration) was immediately followed by the mob, who shouted to my heart's content.

Seizing the opportunity, I threw myself into my favourite attitude (as I was painted last year for the exhibition, and am now being engraved), with my left hand on my haunch, and my right projected to its utmost extension, and prepared to harangue the multitude.

"Citoyennes," I began, and I observed that my eloquence had already won the attention of the fair sex, though I was too stern a politician to address myself to them—"citoyennes, vous voyez moi ici; je suis venu tout-droit pour marcher à gloire! vous êtes traduits par bas et perfides hommes"—here the uproar (called "sensation" in French) became excessive, and I could hear people ask each other who I was who spoke so boldly; some I am convinced, from the purity of my accent, took me for an Italian—others for a German; as soon as the storm had lulled I resumed. "Quoi! la republique fait pour vous? Ne rien. Vous avez ne pas argent—vos poches sont à louer, vous êtes faits bruns, nettoyés dehors, régulièrement vendus en haut. Ecoutez à quoi je dis, et vous aurez beaucoup de fer-blanc, beaucoup de vercoquin" (so I rendered the words "tin" and "grub," as I had noticed them in the dictionary, anticipating their use), beaucoup de toutes choses. Mon nom est Jolly Green! Vous aurez moi pour Empereur. En bas la republique, et bâtonnez pour moi," and by way of finale, I threw the last handful of coin amongst the crowd.

It is amazing how easily an eloquent mind can guide a popular assembly: the noise which was made during my speech was terrific, yet not a syllable of it evidently was lost. A scramble ensued the instant I had finished, and I noticed, with a smile of satisfaction, that the money had not been thrown away. The fellows took off their caps and hurraed with tremendous energy, and the word "Joligrinne," passed rapidly from mouth to mouth, rent the air as it flew. Podder became almost delirious with joy and brandy, of which I had ordered a supply as soon as we entered the *café*; and for my own part I was moved by the loyalty of my future subjects.

But while the excitement was at the highest and I was revelling in my newly acquired popularity, a sudden movement was visible in the crowd and cries of "La Garde Mobile" arose, and I looked in the direction of the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, and perceived a number of bayonets coming glittering down the slope.

"An armed interference with the popular will," I exclaimed to Podder, "now then you shall see what revolutionary life is! Up with the barricades, as the gallant Meagher says, and appeal to the god of battles! Yes my brave fellows," cried I, apostrophising the people, "Jolly Green will once more lead you to victory!"

Emphatic and stirring as this declaration was, it appeared to produce a contrary effect to that which I had intended, for before the words were well out of my mouth, a retrograde movement was perceptible in the mass, and, as the *Garde Mobile* advanced, it scattered right and left,

disappearing through the Porte St. Denis, along the corresponding Boulevard; and down the several streets which lead to the heart of the city? I have never in my life witnessed a movement so rapid, nor can I conceive any parallel to it, save in the panic at Waterloo or the Chartist scrimmage in Trafalgar-square. The place which a few moments before was filled with intrepid republicans, was now occupied by citizen soldiers of all denominations, who seeing their antagonists fly pursued them with the greatest bravery. Nor did they content themselves with charging the out-of-door fugitives, hundreds of whom they took prisoners, but rushed into every open house, seizing upon all who had been spectators of the occurrences, for the latter could make little or no resistance. They did not neglect the *casse* in which Podder and I had established ourselves; but to my astonishment arrested us as we met them in descending the stairs, and before we well knew where we were we found ourselves in the centre of a compact body of the Garde Mobile and were marched off to the nearest guard-house in company with some twenty or thirty of the fiercest of the agitators.

It was in vain that I remonstrated with our captors, assuring them that I was a freeborn honest Briton; a scowl was their only reply.

"So be it, then!" I said, calmly folding my arms, and retorting upon them with a withering look of contempt, "I accept my fate!"

I had scarcely uttered the words before I received a blow behind from the butt end of a musket which laid me at my length on the floor of the guard-house into which we had been thus unceremoniously bundled.

TO MISS CAMPBELL,

(NIECE OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,")

ON HER MARRIAGE.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

OH Love! how beauteous art thou, when with faith,
 Sweet Hope, and trembling joy in Hymen-band
 At Heaven's own Christian Altar, hand in hand
 With the one lov'd, meekly those words thou saith
 That bind Thee to him thro' Life's pilgrim path—
 Two hearts now one—to hail *His* blest command,
 Who at the nuptial feast first prov'd in bland
 And holy speech what power Heaven's pure love hath.
 Lady! of that high worth be yours the prize,
 Then blest your choice, and you shall walk in light,
 And love whose raptures chaste fear no alloy,
 Fade not nor pall :—thy proud name knit with ties
 Of fame and truth—so shall Love's torch burn bright,
 And glad "Hope's" spirit-bard look down with joy.

PHILIP AND HIS POODLE.

I would have as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed to be, as it were, a dog at all things.—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

CHAPTER III.

It has been said of the arch enemy of mankind, on what authority we know not, that he is not so black as he is painted, an extenuating remark that might be safely applied to Peter Crawley, were his character to be inferred from his conduct in the last chapter. At the first blush it might appear that he had devised a base and insidious plot, supported by falsehood, for the purpose of entrapping his friend and benefiting himself. Not altogether thus. He had stated nothing that was not true, nothing that he did not himself firmly believe. The information received from the banker's clerk had been correctly reported ; his cousin, the railway secretary, had strenuously urged him to buy shares ; the railway mania was now at its height ; and so firmly was Peter convinced of an enormous rise in price, should the rumoured amalgamation occur, that he had already invested in the speculation the whole of the secret hoard which his greed and his miserly habits had enabled him to scrape together. This, however, was but of small amount, and it was to extend the basis of his operations, and thus to enlarge his profits, that he had devised the nefarious scheme, the successful execution of which we have just recorded. With his customary craft and selfishness he had inveigled Pemberton into the actual commission of the felony ; for though he really believed that the money might be replaced before the fraud was discovered, he resolved to secure himself, as far as possible, should that hope be disappointed.

From Philip's sanguine and reckless temperament it might have been thought that the command of more money than he had ever before possessed, would have tempted him to deeper riot and dissipation. No such thing. Delighted as he was to be relieved from the immediate ruin that had threatened him, a sickness of his spirit had succeeded to its intoxication : his success had not only sobered, but frightened him ; and instead of plunging into any new extravagance, he watched with an intense anxiety for the moment when he might sell with a sufficient profit to replace the money he had so iniquitously obtained, and thus escape the fearful consequences of detection.

The amalgamation of the Diddleham Junction with the great and wealthy North-Eastern, on most advantageous terms for the former, was at length announced, and the shares did run up rapidly, though by no means to such an extravagant price as had been predicted. As soon, however, as a sufficient sum could be realised to replace the amount of the check, Philip, who had fortunately kept the scrip receipts in his own possession, determined to sell them, in the hope that when he had squared the dentist's account at the banker's, the whole perilous affair, of which he was heartily ashamed, might escape detection.

During this anxious period, his spirits, under the influence of any temporary excitement, were as rampant as ever, for he was naturally cheerful and reckless ; but at other times he could not shake off a feeling of deep dejection. Far different was the mood of Crawley, who, as he watched the

constant advance of the railway shares, and gloated over his anticipated profits, mistrusted nothing, and revelled in the fool's paradise of a thorough miser, specially flattering himself that he was perfectly safe in the position he had taken, since, if all went well, he would share the profits, while Pemberton alone would be criminally responsible in the event of failure. Nor was the poodle unaffected by this interval of suspense. From his diminished playfulness it became evident that something was preying on his mind, and his dislike of Crawley now broke out into open animosity. His approach to the door was the signal for a bark of furious defiance, and his entrance would more than once have provoked a positive onslaught, had not the bristling animal been called off and pacified by his master, when he would betake himself to covert modes of annoyance. On one occasion he jumped suddenly on the table at which Crawley was writing, upset the ink over his trousers, and then resuming his place on the floor looked up in his face with a penitent whine, though there is much reason to suspect that the mischief was done of malice aforethought. This will appear the more probable on our confessing, that when he took refuge under the table, as if conscious of his misconduct, he amused himself by dabbling in the ink which had trickled to the ground, and imprinting several very legible impressions of his paw on his enemy's white cotton stockings. Nor did his persecution end here. Stealing out after him, when the visitant went away, he would follow at a distance until he reached a wet mud-heap, or overflowing gutter, when he rushed forwards with a snarl, and made a snap at Peter's heels, which sent him jumping into the very midst of the filth, after which exploit the author of the mischief gave vent to a burst of canine horse-laughter (if the catachresis may be allowed), and scampered back at his utmost speed.

Still the railway shares kept rising until they reached the price at which Philip had determined to sell, when he betook himself to a broker, and delivered the scrip receipts, requesting they might be disposed of on the best terms that could be obtained.

"Diddleham Junction?" said the broker, "there is a brisk demand, and I can sell them at an advance on yesterday's quotation, but they must be verified at the office in Broad Street before I can offer them, for you have doubtless heard that there has been a large forgery of this scrip."

"Forgery!" exclaimed Philip, starting back with a look of dismay; "I had heard nothing of it; who has done it?"

"The secretary of the company, who has absconded, and is supposed to have fled to America. His name, if I recollect rightly, was Marmaduke Crawley. You seem much alarmed, sir, but I hope without any cause, for these may be authentic shares. However, we can ascertain the fact in a few minutes, if you will walk with me to the office in Broad Street."

With a misgiving and distrust that were too deep to find expression in words, Philip walked to the office, where his worst fears were instantly confirmed; the shares were forgeries; not worth more than the paper on which they were written; but his informant gave him the consolatory assurance that the directors sincerely regretted having appointed such an unprincipled man to be their secretary.

"What an infernal scoundrel!" passionately ejaculated Philip, to whom it never occurred that he himself had lately been perpetrating a precisely similar crime! As a dark suspicion flashed across his mind that he had

been made the victim of an infamous conspiracy between the two Crawleys, his face crimsoned, and he hurried off in a towering rage; to wreak his vengeance upon Peter, should his guilt be made manifest. Beckoning him out of the office, he grasped his arm, forced him up a court-yard, and said, with a voice and look of concentrated scorn,—

"Peter Crawley! I have suffered you to be my companion; I have treated you, lent you money, done you good offices, yet you must have perceived that I despised you all the time as a miserable, niggardly, pitiful fellow!"

"My dear Phil., what *can* you mean by thus abusing me?"

"Abusing you! I am paying you compliments; for I am now vehemently inclined to believe that you are a thief and a villain;" and, without giving his scared companion time to reply, he told him all that had occurred at the broker's office.

"Forgeries?" ejaculated Crawley, turning deadly pale,—*"and Marmaduke fled to America! But you are only speaking of the shares last purchased; of those bought on our joint account."*

"Of course not; I took those to the office, and they are all pronounced utterly worthless."

"That is bad enough, God knows, but I feared you might be alluding to mine, which I bought some time ago: my own, you know, dear Phil."

"Don't call me dear Phil.; you selfish vagabond! If yours are not also forged, I shall not have the smallest doubt that you and your precious cousin have conspired to defraud and ruin me. Where are they?"

"In my desk."

"Get them instantly and accompany me to the office, and if they turn out to be genuine, I shall know what to conclude and how to act, and I forewarn you that I shall not stand upon much ceremony in taking my revenge."

To this threat its object paid but little attention, having a confident belief that his own shares, which were purchased some time previously to the others, would prove to be genuine. His prostration, his utter despair of soul, when he learnt at the office that these too were forgeries, cannot be described. His knees smote one another, the tears streamed from his eyes, as he sank into a chair, trembling all over and ejaculating in a hoarse whisper—"Ruined! ruined! the savings of years! the savings of years. I am a beggar—a beggar!"

"So you were always," said Philip, bitterly, "but you are not a thief and a villain as I suspected; only a miserable dupe like myself. I wish I had never seen you, and wish still more that I may never see you again."

So saying, he hurried from the office, jumped into a cab, and was driven to his lodgings equally tormented by remorse for the past and apprehensions for the future.

CHAPTER IV.

THOUGH Fortune may sometimes favour the bold, she is rarely propitious to the guilty, a fact which Philip was quickly destined to exemplify. While he was struggling with the terror and the deep depression that assailed him, and devising a thousand vain expedients for escaping

the consequences of his crime, the rich dentist, previously to the purchase of the house he occupied, sent for his banker's book, to see how much ready money he could command, and immediately discovered the forgery, when the usual steps were promptly adopted for detecting the perpetrator. The numbers of the bank-notes given in discharge of the check were advertised, payment was stopped, and the bankers offered a hundred pounds reward on the discovery and conviction of the forger. No sooner had Philip seen this advertisement than he was plunged into a black despair, for he dared not hope, knowing the intensely sordid and selfish character of his confederate, that he would resist the double temptation of screening himself and pocketing the reward, by turning informer and procuring his arrest. That the wretch Crawley, the very instigator of his crime, should not only become its detector and avenger, but derive advantage from his two-fold villainy, was a contingency that he could not contemplate without an indescribable loathing; and it was as much to baulk and baffle his anticipated accuser, as to make an effort for his own escape that he resolved on instant flight.

Considering the great consternation and bewilderment of his mind, the arrangements he made for this purpose evinced more prudence and forethought than could have been expected. To fly to the United States was his eventual object, but as he knew that the vigilance of the police, and others who might seek to arrest him for the sake of the reward, would be directed in the first instance to the seaport towns and the steam-packets, he resolved to betake himself to some obscure place in the country, and lie perdu till the hue and cry should in some degree have abated, when he might make his way to the coast with less chance of detection. Should he fortunately succeed in this object, money would be required to pay his passage, and as his cash ran low, he lost no time in pawning some of the ornaments with which his reckless prodigality had adorned his lodging, in order, as he pleaded in excuse, that he might deceive himself into the belief of his having a home. In addition to expensive bronzes, little in accordance with his dwelling or his means, he had bought two musical boxes, urging that he had got neither wife nor daughter, and that he must have somebody to sing to him when he spent an evening at home. Upon these conjugal and filial substitutes, in addition to his domestic bronzes, he raised sufficient money to relieve him from all pecuniary apprehensions, at least for the present. Disguise of some sort he knew to be indispensable; but what should he assume. In conjunction with some members of the "The Owls" club he had been accustomed to get up private theatricals, generally selecting for himself the part of a low Irishman, in which character a smattering of the brogue enabled him to obtain a certain degree of success. Resolving to commence his wanderings in this capacity he purchased at an old clothes shop the very shabbiest suit he could select, with the intention of inducing it and stealing out of the house as soon as it was dark. His love of masquerading and his spirit of adventure imparted some degree of interest even to this perilous decampment; but it was attended with one trial, to which nothing could reconcile him—it necessitated a separation from his friend and play-fellow Unicorn, the poodle. He might have insured a welcome addition to his means by selling him, but Philip, poor as he was, would almost as soon have sold himself into servitude. When the present storm had blown over,

and his final plans were arranged, he would reclaim his favourite and make him his companion, whithersoever fate might lead him. Having paid his rent, he informed his landlady that he was called away from London by business that might detain him for sometime, and committing the dog to her care, with a small sum of money for his board and lodging, and a thousand injunctions to be particularly careful of him and to treat him kindly, he fondly embraced and consigned him to his usual dormitory. Well might his heart be heavy, for he felt that he was parting from the only friend he had in the world!

Retiring to his own room he invested himself in his sorry garb, secreted his money, rendered his recognition more difficult by discolouring his face, an art that he had acquired as an amateur actor, and waiting till it was quite dusk, stole down stairs, gently opened the door, and walked hastily but noiselessly along the streets, shrinking from every passenger and from every lamp, for he felt that he was a felon escaping from justice. Specific destination he had none; his thoughts had been too harassing to allow the foundation of any plan; nor would it have been easy to assign any preferable locality to which he should first betake himself, for probable danger was everywhere, certain safety nowhere. All he wanted was to be whirled as fast as possible from London, for which purpose he hurried to the nearest railway terminus, where he inquired for a parliamentary train, for in any other his mean habiliments might excite suspicion. To his great disappointment, he learnt that there would be no cheap train till an early hour of the following morning, so he procured an humble lodging for the night, and soon after sunrise the next day was speeding along the line to Coventry, for which place he had taken out a ticket merely as a blind, intending to terminate his journey, or at all events to quit the carriage at some unimportant station, whence he might plunge into the country, and trust to chance and circumstance for a temporary hiding-place.

CHAPTER V.

GREAT was the relief to the mind of Philip Pemberton when he found himself whirling away from London, to which he flattered himself that his immediate danger was limited; but this feeling of comparative security was evanescent. The conscience "that makes cowards of us all," quickly filled him with new apprehensions; the shadow of his offence pursued him, conjuring up imaginary forms of danger. At one moment he thought he saw the hateful Peter Crawley in the carriage behind him, and no sooner was he convinced of his mistake, than a new terror assailed him. Immediately opposite to him was seated a labourer, who after eyeing or appearing to eye him very attentively, addressed a few words to him in a broad Irish brogue, to which Philip made a curt reply in the same dialect as well as he could imitate it. The stranger would have renewed the conversation, but the fugitive was on his guard, and pretended to fall asleep, still peeping occasionally through his half-opened lids, when he invariably noticed the same scrutinising regards fixed upon his face. Such was the misgiving excited by this persevering survey, that on reaching an isolated station in a well-wooded country, he quitted the carriage, observing aloud, that he should have some miles to walk before he got home. This was meant as a feint, and further to lull any suspicions that might have arisen, he pretended to walk lame as

he struck into the adjoining fields, ceasing, however, to limp when the train disappeared in a long cutting.

It was one of those delicious mornings when the spring is just ripening into summer, and a thin blue haze indicative of coming heat, softens without concealing the beauty of the landscape. No wonder that he unconsciously relaxed his pace that he might enjoy the delights of a scene which produced as if by magic a soothing effect upon his troubled spirit. Not a single labourer or wayfarer was visible, a solitude which solaced him with a feeling of security. A light breeze gradually lifting up the misty veil from the face of nature, revealed her charms in all their loveliness, while it wafted around a delicious incense. The lark sent down lighted music upon the sunbeams; thrushes and blackbirds were warbling in the trees; the white butterfly, the nautilus of the air, reeled to and fro on his devious voyage, as if intoxicated with the delight of existence; the roving bee buzzed his Anacreontic love-song as he flew hither and thither to kiss the lips of every young and blooming flower; all was peace, beauty, and enjoyment, and when Philip contrasted the pleasureless and anxious dissipation of his London career with his present sensations, he bitterly regretted that it had not been his lot to reside for ever amid such tranquil scenes as those that now surrounded him.

For a few minutes he had revelled in Nature's gifts and graces with all the entrancement of an innocent man, but anon the recollection of his crime came to haunt him and he again hurried forward, thinking of nothing but a safe hiding-place in which to lie immured as far as possible from the haunts of man. Whither he was going he knew not, but he pressed forward for several hours until he found himself in a sequestered winding lane, the hedges of which were overgrown with hawthorn, hazel, woodbine, and wild roses, rocking themselves gracefully in the breeze. Here and there a sturdy oak shaded the lane with its lighter branches, while its angular and sinewy boughs of higher growth seemed to be squaring their elbows as if to defy the intruders who should venture to trespass on that sylvan recess. At intervals a shallow rivulet crossed the lane, a few large stepping-stones being the only bridge by which wayfarers were enabled to cross it, whence our wanderer drew the welcome inference that the whole district was but thinly inhabited.

Finally the lane opened on the right, the rivulet was collected into a long pond, by the side of which were a range of pits, and the customary buildings of a tan yard, communicating with the road by a spring gate. Over this was leaning a burly-looking man with a pipe in his mouth, who nodding to Philip as he came up, said,—

"Good day, friend, good day! What! you come from the 'Cricketers,' I'm thinking, and I suppose that Master Davis told you that I wanted an extra hand for a few weeks. Ever worked in our line? Ever lent a hand in the smoke-house? Know any thing of soaking?"

Philip shook his head, but as it occurred to him that a temporary residence in this sequestered spot might effectually screen him from discovery, he added that he was willing to learn, and work hard to make himself as useful as he could.

"Why you're an Irishman, arn't you?" asked the tanner, with a somewhat contemptuous expression.

"Paddy Cavan, from Connaught, your honour."

"Well, well, it can't be helped; you're a strong-looking young fellow, and I'm willing to give you a trial, if we can agree about wages."

No difficulties being made upon this score, Philip was engaged as a helper, and in a few minutes after the verbal contract had been made, he was busily employed in wheeling hides to the smoke-house.

Hard and unsavoury as was his work, the novelty and strangeness of his situation reconciled him to his new duties, and when he found, after a few days' service, that the discolorations of his dress had given him the appearance of a regular tanner, he congratulated himself on the lucky chance that had procured his engagement, and his spirit rose with the increasing conviction of his security. That fascination of manner which had even won over some of his creditors to befriend him, was now successfully exerted to secure the good will of his fellow workmen, whom he delighted with his pranks, his jokes, and the Irish songs which he had learnt in his private theatricals.

A fortnight had been thus passed; it was Saturday afternoon; the tanner had gone to the market town; the men had betaken themselves to the "Cricketers" to enjoy their half-holiday, and Philip was sitting on the gate considering how he might best make his way to the coast and procure a passage to America, when a man, whose stealthy approach he had not heard, startled him by suddenly stopping and saying,

"Warm weather, master; nice time for the hay, ar'n't it? Well, and so you ha' got a stranger among you, I hear."

Guilt is quick of apprehension, and something in the questioner's appearance having already excited Philip's suspicion, he replied in his broadest brogue, with an assumed composure, "Is it a stranger you want? Devil a one here or hereabouts bekownst to me."

"Has any one come recently to lodge with your master?"

"Faith, it's queer lodging he'd get here, with a roof that won't howld water, and the smell of the tan, and the smoke of the skins. Barring he was a rat, I'll go bail that no ~~man~~ would come here for a lodging."

"And have you no new hand of any sort on the premises; no one that may have been engaged about a fortnight ago?"

Philip's heart was in his mouth, for he now clearly saw that the inquiries pointed to himself, but with a surprising presence of mind, he kicked his heels carelessly against the gate and replied, "By my soul, then it's me my own self, Paddy Cavan of Connaught, that's the last fellow ever was hired at this same, and I've been here a houl year next month. Better luck to me another time, say I."

The speaker's appearance, for it will be recollected that he had stained his face, and purposely discoloured and splashed his dress, seeming to give abundant support to his averment, the stranger paused and then added—

"Yet I have good reason to suppose that the rascal must be lurking about somewhere in this part of the country. Have you noticed any travellers or wayfarers passing the tannery of late that might answer to the following description."

He took a hand-bill from his pocket, unfolded it, and as Philip's eager glance fell upon it, he perceived in large characters the appalling words—"FORGERY! A HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD!—WHEREAS PHILIP PEMBERTON—" More he could not see; he shuddered and shut his eyes, clinging to the gate for support with an agitation that must have been noticed by the stranger, had he not been busily employed in reading a circumstantial statement of the forgery, with a full description of the felon's person, an interval which enabled Philip so far to recover his

self-possession, that he exclaimed with a half whistle "Wheugh! A hundred pounds! Let me go wid ye, and if we nab the spalpeen we'll go snacks in the prize money. Ah now, my jewel, make me your partner, and I'll pitch the tannery to ould Nick."

Paying no attention to this proposal, the man paused awhile, as if in consideration, returned the hand-bill to his pocket, and then walked rapidly away without further remark.

"He has gone in the direction of the 'Cricketers,'" thought Philip to himself; "when he mentions that the felon left London a fortnight ago, the precise time of my arrival here, the game is all up with me; there is not a moment to be lost, and luckily there is not a soul upon the premises to mark the direction of my flight." No sooner was his decision formed than it was executed, and our fugitive was presently speeding towards an adjacent wood, which offered the most immediate concealment from observation. Through this he fled, making for the copses and thickets of the low country beyond it, avoiding the open fields and hurrying forwards with as much rapidity as the tangled nature of the country would allow. That there was a railroad station in the direction he had taken he was well aware, though he did not know its precise locality, and he was afraid to make inquiry even at the few lone cottages that he occasionally passed. To his great delight he at length saw a column of steam fuming upwards, as if from a stationary engine, and shaped his course towards it with the energy of newly born hope.

HELEN MAGORE!

I.

YE may boast as ye will of your Houris and Graces,
The poet may rave of their charms by the score,
But the neatest of figures, and fairest of faces,
Can only belong to sweet Helen Magore!

II.

Deny it who will, but the least of her glances
Would soon teach the rebel to doubt them no more;
And make him a captive, despite of his fancies,
Enchain'd by the eyes of fair Helen Magore!

III.

She smiles so bewitching, that faith! it were madness,
To bridle the heart like a hermit of yore;
For fairly 'twould run in the height of its gladness,
Across the wide world for dear Helen Magore!

IV.

And then when she speaks—but ye Muses befriend me,
For never so strong I invoked ye before,
Though with all the aid that your godships could send me,
Unsung were the praises of Helen Magore!

V.

St. Anthony doubtless could see through the beauty
That Satan to vex him enticingly wore,
But long had he waver'd 'twixt love and his duty,
With a girl at his elbow like Helen Magore!

IV.

Is it not that such beings were sent to improve us,
That the charm of their presence our faith can restore,
And make us a convert to glories above us,
When we see them reflected in Helen Magore!

THE ACTRESS'S BOUDOIR.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

"MADAME est-elle de retour, Julie?"

"Oui, monsieur, elle vous attend;" was the reply of a neatly dressed, middle-aged *bonne* to her interrogator, a young and handsome man, who, after divesting himself of his cloak, the exterior of which bore evident traces of the thick November night-fog to which it had been recently exposed, was forthwith ushered into a small but luxuriously furnished boudoir, the sanctum sanctorum of Mademoiselle Léonie, one of the prettiest ingénues in Paris.

"Te voilà, Arthur, enfin!" was the familiar welcome which greeted him as he entered; "it is nearly eleven, and I feared my note had not reached you. That tiresome *régisseeur* insisted this morning on my playing two pieces after rehearsing six hours! *Merci!* Such work may do very well for Madame —, or Mademoiselle —, but not for me, and I told him so pretty plainly. He threatened me with an *amende*," and I laughed in his face. Why, would you believe it? I have been regularly fined ten francs a day for the last week, simply because I invariably keep them all waiting an hour or so at the rehearsal. *Que voulez-vous? Il faut bien déjeûner, n'est-ce pas?*"

Arthur's only reply was a very affectionate embrace, of which we take advantage briefly to describe the locale of our story. We have already said that this was a small room, just such a one, in fact, as French actresses delight in; not remarkably lofty (Léonie's apartment being an *entresol*), but containing, nevertheless, more furniture, useful and useless (the latter predominating), than would have served for the fitting-up of a tolerably spacious drawing-room. The doors were hung with *portières* of the richest damask, the carpet was of the softest Aubusson, and the walls were covered with some dozen or fifteen portraits, mostly of the fair actress herself, in every variety of style, and bearing among other signatures those of Dubufe, Müller, and Léon Noël: a bust and a statuette (on each of which was inscribed "*Hommage à Mademoiselle Léonie,*") and which were respectively placed on a scagliola pedestal and on a small gilt console attached to the wall, completed the theatrical embellishments of the room, which was still further crowded with tables and *guéridons* laden with *Sèvres* china, *buhl* cabinets, in one of which reposed a pair of silver-mounted pistols and a handsome Turkish pipe, *fauteuils* and *bergères* in profusion, and a cage full of bright-plumaged birds, newly arrived from Havre.

The owner of all these marvels was a young and lively brunette, whose face and figure were equally prepossessing. Her eyes were small but sparkling, her nose, slightly *retroussé* imparted an additional piquancy to her countenance, and the extreme whiteness of her teeth bore unqualified testimony to her sparing use of *pralines* and *petits gateaux*. Her figure was slightly but symmetrically formed, and there was a playful coquetry in her manner which betrayed, but by no means unpleasantly, her own perfect consciousness that the epithets daily addressed to her of *ravissante*, *delicieuse*, and the half hundred other admiring expletives with which

the French language abounds, were fully and fairly merited. Of sterling dramatic talent she possessed little or none ; but her smile was so very fascinating, her gentillesse so very engaging, that the feuilletonistes, unwilling to break so pretty a butterfly on their critical wheel, shut their eyes to her defects as an actress, or, looking in her bright and sunny face, forgot them all.

In other respects Léonie was neither better nor worse than her comrades ; she had contrived by the potent spell of her charms to ensnare in her toils the Comte de Chersikoff, a wealthy Russian, whose munificence had taken and furnished for her the costly apartment in the Rue Laffitte in which she dwelt, and for whom she had given up, without a sigh, all her other admirers, with one single exception, M. Arthur de Blangis, a poor but well-born cadet de famille, who has been already introduced to our readers.

"Et ton Russe ?" asked the young man, negligently, after helping himself to some pâté de foie gras and a glass of Chambertin.

"Ah ! le cher homme !" replied Léonie ; "I never can think of him without laughing. Fancy his sitting night after night bolt upright in his stall, horribly ennuyé, as who would not be after seeing the same piece (and such a piece !) a dozen times, but nevertheless not losing a syllable of what I say, nor once removing his lorgnon from his eye while I am on the stage ! Was there ever such devotion ? Figure-toi, he was here this afternoon and gave me a long lecture on the impropriety of my looking at any one but him in the theatre, as if I could keep my eyes fixed on his solemn face all night. Du reste, he is as jealous as a tiger."

"L'affreux Cosaque !" murmured Arthur.

"Luckily, he is obliged to attend a ball at the Austrian embassy this evening, and when his carriage once gets into the file he is not likely to trouble us. Julie, ma fille," continued Léonie, addressing her bonne, who, summoned by the sound of a miniature gong, at this moment entered the room. "Take away these things and bring some cigarettes."

Hardly were the remains of the supper removed when a loud ring was heard at the door.

"C'est lui !" exclaimed the alarmed ingénue. "No one else would come at this hour. What can he want ? et Arthur, mon Dieu ! où le cacher. Ah ! the balcony ! he will never think of looking there. Vite, vite, never mind the rain. Et toi, Julie, cache le manteau, et ouvre au Boyard !"

A minute after the stately Russian entered the boudoir, his naturally grave countenance wearing a more than usually solemn expression.

"Mademoiselle," said he, casting a scrutinising glance round the room ; "you are not alone."

"My dear Count——"

"Hush, do not attempt to deceive me. I know what I assert to be a fact. Your own concierge is my informant. The ball to which I had intended going being postponed I immediately drove hither to sup with you, and have ascertained that scarcely an hour ago a young man, who is frequently in the habit of visiting you, mounted to your apartment, which he has not yet quitted."

"A young man !" exclaimed Léonie, feigning the utmost amazement ;

"I do not understand you ; ah si, one of my camarades, the sous-régisseur, has been here with a message from the manager, but he went away immediately after he had delivered it."

"That cannot be," rejoined the Russian, "for the porter has never let him out."

"Mais enfin," remonstrated the fair, but false ingénue, "if you will not believe me, satisfy yourself."

"I intend to do so, mademoiselle," was the reply ; and the Boyard, candle in hand, commenced a minute inspection of the localities. Boudoir, salon, bed-room, dining-room, ante-chamber, and kitchen, were each in turn subjected to the most rigorous scrutiny, but in vain ; nothing was discovered to warrant the suspicious of the angry Muscovite ; even the cloak, which might otherwise have told a very significant tale, having been carefully stowed away by the prudent Julie in her mistress's wardrobe.

His investigation finished, the Russian began to entertain some misgivings as to the truth of the charges he had so recklessly made against la dame de ses pensées, and the imperturbable calmness with which Léonie witnessed his researches tended greatly to convince him of her innocence. Not for a moment imagining that the individual of whom he was in quest could by any possibility have taken refuge on the balcony, or, perhaps, forgetting that there was a balcony to the apartment, he did not deem it necessary to take more than a very cursory view behind the window-curtain, while the night was sufficiently wet and stormy at once to banish the idea (if such had ever entered his head) of any one being so weather-proof as to brave the torrents of rain and the cold cutting wind which poured and blew without intermission.

"Eh bien !" said he, trying to force a smile, "I fear I have been rather hasty. Do you forgive me ?"

"Par exemple !" replied Léonie, "you do not deserve forgiveness after treating me thus. What have I done, mon Dieu, to deserve such accusations ! Is this the reward of my affection ? Oh ! c'est trop fort !" and the artful syren, seeing she had the game in her own hands, began to sob and moan in a most heart-rending manner.

"Léonie, ma chère petite Léonie," cried the unfortunate Russian, who by this time had become completely ashamed of his suspicions, "pardon me, I implore you. My love for you is such that I am jealous of my own shadow. Allons, soyez gentille !"

A fresh burst of lamentations was Léonie's only reply.

"Ecoutez, Léonie, you remember the diamond and opal bracelet you admired the other day at Fossin's (here the sobs became a little less violent). Well, I have it in my pocket. Will you let me try it on ? There," continued Chersikoff, "see how admirably it fits you."

The ingénue, whose face was still partially shrouded by her handkerchief, took a sly peep at the bracelet. Apparently, the coup d'œil was satisfactory, for the sobs entirely ceased, and something not very unlike a smile stole gradually over her charming countenance.

"Eh, bien ! vilain jaloux, are you satisfied ?"

"Beyond my hopes," exclaimed the Boyard, kissing with rapture the tempting little hand coquettishly held out to him.

"Then leave me," rejoined Léonie, "I want repose. The emotion has been too much for me. A demain."

"A demain !" rejoined her now delighted adorer, who, however, had no sooner quitted the presence of the fair actress and descended the stairs, than he commenced upbraiding the unlucky concierge for deceiving him.

"Mais, Monsieur le Comte—"

"Tais-toi, imbécile ! to tell me that the young man was in Mademoiselle Léonie's apartment, when you let him out yourself."

"Pardon, Monsieur le Comte, I did not let him out, and as there has been no one but me in the lodge to-night, he must be up-stairs still."

"Comment ?" cried the exasperated Russian, "when I have examined every hole and corner of the apartment myself."

"Perhaps monsieur forgot the balcony," suggested the porter.

"The balcony," repeated Chersikoff, mechanically. "The balcony ! en effet !" and without saying another word, he darted once more up the staircase, and rang violently at Léonie's door. Pushing rudely by Julie, and snatching the candle she held in her hand, he immediately made his way to the boudoir, and without taking any notice of his lady-love, who was still sitting where he had left her, drew back the curtain, and opened the window.

"Personne !" he muttered ; "the scoundrel shall suffer for this. Not one sou shall he have from me on New Year's day. Pardon, ma chérie," continued the Russian, addressing himself rather confusedly to Léonie, "but I wished—that is, I—"

"Say no more, Count," replied the ingénue ; "I see how it is, a slight return of your jealous fit, n'est ce pas ? You will think better of me some day. Good night."

And, unwilling perhaps to prolong the scene, Léonie, with a grave courtesy, quitted the room, leaving the Count to his own reflections.

In another moment he was at the foot of the stairs.

"Too late, monsieur," exclaimed the porter, who was evidently on the watch for him ; "hardly a minute after you had ascended the principal staircase, I pulled the cordon for the young gentleman, who slipped down the escalier de service, dripping like a drowned rat."

This time, however, the Russian's confidence in his Léonie's fidelity was not to be shaken ; and, turning a deaf ear to the very plausible argument of the old Cerberus, he strode haughtily to his carriage.

"Has any one come out of this house since I have been in it ?" asked he of his coachman.

"I have seen nobody," replied Jehu, who had been indulging in a sound nap ever since his master had left him.

"Oh, les concierges, les concierges !" muttered the Count while on his way to the Grammont club ; "quelle race détestable !"

"Oh, les femmes, les femmes !" ejaculated the porter, putting out his lamp, "quel bonheur d'être encore garçon !"

"Oh, les hommes, les hommes !" murmured the fair Léonie, after dismissing Julie for the night ; "faut-il donc que vous soyez tous des imbéciles."

PAQUERETTE: THE STAR OF A NIGHT.

A STORY OF PARIS LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHANTILLY," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

PAQUERETTE'S DEBUT—THE LAST GARLAND.

"THE departure of Louis wrought but little change in Paquerette. She had ever been remarkable for her quiet, melancholy demeanour, and therefore her love of solitude was not to be wondered at now. She seemed, however, suddenly to have thrown all the enthusiasm which she had so long expended upon her love for Louis into her profession, and laboured with such unceasing perseverance, that at the ensuing *concours* she shone forth the very first pupil of her class and became the idol and the pride of the professor who conducted it. It seemed as if the little family had suddenly become the especial care of Providence; for, stimulated by the natural vivacity which despite of poor Paquerette's reserve and utter abhorrence of any thing in the least resembling display, Melanie also grew more grave and studious, and to the unspeakable joy of old François, was pronounced the most expert warbler of roulades and flourishes, that had been heard for some time. Fortune began to smile upon the trio—the days of loneliness and obscurity were passed, and the future seemed to brighten with each hour. But Paquerette could never be induced to forsake her lonely and desolate chamber beneath the roof. I endeavoured to persuade her to it, for I thought that it would be best to discard all memories of Louis, which might tend to encourage the morbid melancholy which I was for ever fearing would in the end seize upon her mind. But she told me frankly that she loved the little chamber because it reminded her for ever of her first interview with Louis, and that she loved to sit for hours at the casement and to gaze over the parapet where she had been used to kneel at morn and evening time. Even when, in the course of alterations and embellishments which the old hotel shortly underwent, the parapet was lowered would she breathe her hymn to the Virgin at the open casement as though he were still kneeling there and could answer by his low chant to her holy orisons.

"Time passed on. Communications from the army, at all times irregular and uncertain, seemed to us, who waited, at first, with so much anxiety to hear from Louis, to be tedious beyond endurance. At length, a letter came. It was warm and passionate. I could judge of that by the tears and blushes to which its perusal gave birth. This was followed by others at rare intervals; but I soon remarked that they produced no other effect than a brow more thoughtful than usual, and a day of more ardent and diligent study.

"The good old professor grew more and more interested in her progress, and began to wonder by what chance so sweet a voice and so rich a talent, joined to such heavenly beauty, should have remained thus long unnoticed and uncared for by the hungry *entrepreneurs* of small theatres, and the needy envoys from the provinces. He began soon to fear that she would become a prey to some unprincipled speculator, who would but too surely seek to turn to profit her grace and beauty; and when the good

old man had heard her story from Françoise, and had begun to fancy that it was, perhaps, the gentle blood which flowed in her veins that made her so different in all things to the herd by which she was surrounded, he resolved to do his utmost to stand between her and the miserable fate which must surely overtake her if left without protection.

"An occasion offered itself sooner than could possibly, in all human wisdom, have been anticipated. A grand opera of Sesueur's had been put in rehearsal, and had been performing with considerable success when the fair artiste who took the second part, was taken suddenly ill with a violent *migraine* caused by the refusal of the manager to allow her to introduce her favourite bravura into her very grave and melancholy rôle. The lady's double happened to be gone to a *diner sur l'herbe*, at Meudon. Every effort to recall her by courier and express was useless; every body knows that these *diners sur l'herbe* always last till the morrow night. No one of the theatre was to be found sufficiently *au fait* to the part, to undertake it at so short a notice, and the manager, in his despair, sent to the Conservatoire. Dear old C. instantly flew to Paquerette bringing with him the manager himself, who came laden with promises of many good things should she consent even to try to execute the part even for that one night.

"Paquerette mused for a moment, at this sudden request. A ray of light seemed to glide over her features, and, to my utter astonishment, who knew so well her bashfulness and gentle modesty, she answered at once, that she would do her best to justify the preference which the indulgence of her kind professor had accorded her, that she had zealously studied the part, and that she would exert herself to the utmost.

"There was little or no time for repetition, but the prima donna, with whom Paquerette was to perform, was a clever and an amiable woman, and gave her every assistance which her long habit of the stage and great talent rendered her so capable of doing. The part which Paquerette had to perform was, to be sure, but a trifling one, and in no wise even necessary to the action of the piece, but there was one duet with the prima donna which, being, it appears, a most beautiful composition, always attracted attention, and was generally encored. It so happened, that this very duet had always been a favourite study of Paquerette's, and she was fortunate that it should thus have been one of the pieces to be sung that night.

"You can imagine my feelings as the evening drew near and the hour approached which was to decide the orphan's future fate. Paquerette alone remained calm amidst our agitation, and yet once or twice I fancied that her gentle blood was in revolt at the thought of what she was about to undertake, for the prejudice against persons of her calling was even stronger at that period than now, and I am sure that in spite of her courage and her consciousness of talent there were moments during that day, when she would rather, could she have chosen, have been the veriest drudge of a household than the thing she was about to become.

"The piece was acted, and the part usually played by Mademoiselle L., the contralto of theatre, was taken by Paquerette. She was ill attired and awkwardly arranged, and her coming on was unnoticed by the public. The very name of the ordinary performer of the character had been left upon the play bills, and but few observed as the poor maiden advanced confused and trembling to the foot-lights that the actress was any other than she whom they had so long been accustomed to see, while the rest laughed outright and declared that L.'s fancy for playing timidity that night was

excellently well kept up, and did her great credit, showing that although her singing was but mediocre yet upon a pinch, she might be brought to make a most capital actress. I was told that the few first notes of Paquerette's sad recitative were scarcely listened to. Those who had become aware, through the medium of opera glasses, that the performer was a new girl, pale, and delicate, and awkward, too, folded their arms, and prepared to endure the infliction with all the patience possible; while those who still believed that they were about to listen to the somewhat rough, though full and vigorous tones of L., wondered what new *lubie* she had taken into her head, and which it was of the dandies in her train, who had declared that timid looks and faltering tones would become her for a change.

"At last came the famous duet, it was the concluding *morceau* of the opera, and it was certainly a deep and splendid composition, all joy and light-hearted carolling for the prima donna, but telling of darkness and despair, and unrewarded love for her companion. The prima donna it was who commenced: she executed her part as usual with all the gay and easy warbling of the joyous uncaged nightingale, and as usual was rewarded at the conclusion of her stanza with hearty and deafening applause. Poor Paquerette had got half through *hers* solo ere the noise had subsided, and her first notes had fallen totally unheard, but those rich low tones were not long in finding their way to the hearts of all present, and when at length they sank lower and lower until they ended in a faint deep sob of anguish and despair, the silence remained unbroken for an instant, and then a low murmur arose—a few slight bursts of applause which were, however, speedily checked by the protracted "*chut*" of those around as the two voices swelled together, maintaining in the music the characteristics of each; Paquerette's simple long-sustained, heart-rending notes falling amid the graceful and joyous carolling of the prima donna, like the wailing voices which were heard of old at the gate of the bridegroom amid the glad chorus of the marriage feast, and bade the revellers rejoice while yet they might ere the time arrived when they should mourn that life should be so short, and yet the hours of each day so long. They say that the effect was sublime, and that such was the intense and breathless delight of the audience, that the silence was unbroken, for a few moments, even when all was concluded and the curtain had half fallen, before the faint cheer uttered by him who first awoke from the entrancing thrill was echoed and re-echoed until mingling with the cries of 'bis' it rose to a deafening clamour. Again was it sung, and the second time with even more effect than the first, and when it was over the applause was tremendous. Of course the donna was called for, and it was a curious sight to behold the uninitiated consulting with grave faces, the play bills, and shake their heads in embarrassment as to who the second singer could possibly be, for even the most unpractised had heard sufficient to be sure that it could not be L. They knew not, therefore, for whom to call, but as the curtain rose again the prima donna was seen generously struggling to bring forward Paquerette to share with her the compliments of the audience but she resisted so earnestly that she succeeded in making her escape, while the parterre shouted with delight 'Brava! brava! bring forward the débutante, she is worthy to be your pupil.'

"But nought could induce Paquerette to return; there was something in the ceremony which was revolting to her sensitive and delicate nature,

She fled through the coulisses and stopped her ears against the strife and uproar. It is not difficult to imagine the sensations which the scene produced upon her wounded spirit, for when one of the loungers in the side scenes attempted to raise the mourning veil which, as part of the costume of her character, enveloped her whole form, from head to foot, and exclaimed, as he stared rudely into her pallid face,

“And who are you, *petite*, who hold the applause of the parterre so cheaply?”

“She turned suddenly round and answered him so fiercely, that he started and drew back with a long loud whistle, to let her pass.

“I, sir! *I am the daughter of the Count de Fontenay!*”

“We did our best on her return home to soothe her pride and exalt her in her own esteem. We talked of the far future and of the pleasure and independence which would be derived from perseverance, in the path which had thus been so singularly opened to her. She heard our arguments without dissent, but I could perceive that in her own heart she almost despised us for our gladness.

“She had fancied that having filled, as she had done, but a trifling and secondary part, she would have attracted no attention, and would have been suffered to remain in peace. But it was far otherwise, for the very next day offers of patronage, congratulations upon her success, and prophecies of future fame, came pouring in from all connected with the theatre. The manager generously volunteered to allow her to continue her *débuts* in the same character, and the prima donna vowed that she should never again sing the famous duet with such pleasure as with her; but Paquerette, aided by the counsel of her professor, chose rather to study for some time longer before she again ventured to encounter the public. The interval was spent in intense application. It would have seemed as if she flew to study as a barrier between her and reflection, and sought to prevent her mind from dwelling on the future. Nearly half a year passed away in this manner. The maiden finding her strenuous exertions rewarded by growing every day a greater proficient in the science to which she had devoted herself. Again, in the meantime, was the short-lived peace proclaimed, and every hour brought with it the hope of again beholding Louis. A longer time than usual had elapsed without receiving news of him, and it was almost with a feeling of dread that I scanned the hasty epistle which Paquerette put into my hand, wherein he announced his almost immediate return, and added to this information that of his good success and promotion to the rank of sub-lieutenant.

“He returned at length. Never shall I forget the day! Paquerette was at the theatre when he arrived, for the opera in which she was to make her *soi-disant* first appearance had been put in rehearsal and was announced to come out almost immediately. It was I who went to the stage door to prepare her with all due care for this interview, for I had a secret misgiving that this new interest might influence the success of her *début*, and I would have given much that his return should have been delayed till the piece was brought out. She betrayed no emotion when I told her the reason of my seeking her at an earlier hour than usual; but I observed with something like a feeling of pleasure, for I had had so many doubts and misgivings of late that my mind was in a state of bewilderment, that she trembled so violently as she drew near the gate that

I had almost to bear her along. As the great gate slowly opened at our signal, she paused, for the sound of voices was heard from the open door of the *loge*. A faint blush crept over her soft cheeks as the memory of those accents stole to her very soul. She moved while they continued, but suddenly starting, she placed both her hands to her ears as the echo of a rude peal of laughter burst from the self-same voice. It must almost have given her a sensation of physical pain for it made her shudder from head to foot.

"I entered first, for, by a natural movement, she had shrunk behind me. I was glad that it was so, for she did not witness the scene which burst upon my astonished sight. Louis, the idolised, the poet Louis, to whom Paquerette de Fontenay had given all her young heart's early love, was clasping, with rude mirth, the comely waist of the laughing Melanie, while endeavouring to imprint a kiss upon her ruddy cheek. It was the latter who first became aware of our approach, and she pushed her companion roughly aside, and turned to re-arrange her coiffure, which had been sadly disturbed during the recent conflict; and Louis Girardot then advanced to meet Paquerette, after long absence, with his cheek yet flushed with vulgar mirth, and his lip yet convulsed with vulgar laughter!

"Paquerette raised her large melancholy eyes slowly, and fixed their deep gaze upon his face, and then, by an involuntary movement, perhaps unperceived even by herself, withdrew the hand which, in the first warmth of recognition she had extended towards him. Perhaps it was the memory of the past which stole for a moment to his heart as he met that gaze; perhaps the keen searching glance which I myself fixed upon him; whatever the cause, the entrance of Paquerette quickly subdued all his ill-timed jocularity. He seemed awed, nay, even confused at her presence, and bent low to kiss her very finger-tips, as if owning himself humble and unworthy. How was he altered in appearance! But such change surprised not me, for I had been witness more than once to the like transformations and even in less time, and with others too, gentle and mild as he had been. The long rich curls of yellow hair had disappeared, of course, long ago, and given place to the short common place Titus crop; the slender, elegant, but somewhat sickly stripling, had grown into the stout heavy-footed soldier; the fair and delicate complexion, once so transparent, so changing, that it was almost girlish, was now tinged with ruddy bronze, the effect of exposure to sun and wind; the large and soft blue eyes had grown smaller and more overshadowed; while the thick moustache which shaded his upper-lip, added to the coarse soldier-like air which pervaded his whole person.

"Notwithstanding all this, he was still handsome; and many would have thought him far more prepossessing than before; but the soul which had formerly lighted every feature, was gone for ever, and it was not thus that Paquerette had been used to shadow forth the idol of her day-dreams—the spirit of her sleeping visions. It was not thus she had imagined his return.

"He stayed late that evening. Paquerette spoke but little; she was, in fact, so sad and silent that the kind-hearted Françoise rallied her; but Melanie, who was in high glee, laughing and ogling most unmercifully, declared that she was sure one of the maiden's genius fits was coming on, when she would weep and sing, and weep and sing again such melancholy

strains, that they would make people shiver all over, and make them dream of despair, and death, and lonely graves, and all sorts of horrid things. Of course the subject of her profession was brought upon the *tapis*. This I knew that Paquerette had dreaded most of all, she feared the effect it might produce upon Louis, the creature of her imagination, whose sensitive delicacy would have made him shrink from this public display of her he loved. But here fell the last stroke which dispersed at once all her fairy visions. I dared not seek to look upon her face when he roared forth his applause, at the step which she had taken, declaring that he was glad to have returned so soon were it but to support her *début*.

"'For,' said he, 'when the fellows who form the cabal see with what lusty force I can applaud, they will not care to risk the trusting of their crowns to encounter with my fists.'

"She turned paler at these words, and presently framing some weak and faltering excuse, she hurried from the room, and sought her chamber. I followed her thither after the lapse of a few moments, and found her on her knees with her arms thrown wildly around her beloved geranium. Her face was buried amid its branches, while her tears fell like rain upon its broad and fan-like leaves; and when, at the sound of my voice, she arose, I perceived that, in her nervous agitation, she had pressed and crumpled the plant almost to death, and that the brightest of its buds and blossoms lay scattered at her feet.

* * * * *

"I descended when she had grown more calm. I did not re-enter the lodge, for my heart was aching; but as I passed by the illuminated case-ment, I saw the party seated at supper round the oaken table, and the shouts of laughter made my ears tingle as the names of 'Clarisse,' and 'Rose,' and 'Isabelle,' and of such-like garrison beauties, were toasted with roars of applause, as the vulgar nickname appended to each, burst forth from accents already hoarse, and trembling with wine.

"I could not help shuddering as I thought of Paquerette in her lonely chamber, and fancied the echo of that rude mirth, to sound like the mockery of malignant fiends rejoicing in the despair of a fallen and repentant angel.

"From that very day a change came over the spirit of Paquerette. A disgust, a weariness of existence seemed to steal into her very soul, and to paralyse all her energies. She sought not the society of Louis, but then she avoided him not. I never could tell whether she beheld with indifference, or if she beheld at all, either the vulgar coquetry of Melanie, and her little manœuvres to attract the attention of Louis, which convinced me, an uninterested looker-on, that she was deeply smitten, or the *laissez-aller* with which he on his part would suffer himself to be flattered by her cajoleries, and encourage her undefined hopes by his military gallantry, until she would regard as a bore the trombone player of the opera band; and vow to have nought to say to the second tenor's double.

"There were moments when Louis would show a sudden change of manner: he would rouse himself as it were and redouble in tenderness and attention towards Paquerette, and then I could see that for a moment her heart would betray her, and she would faintly dream that Louis Girardot, the poor, the friendless, and the confiding, would again be restored to her. He would at these intervals tear himself from the company of

Melanie, although I, the watchful, jealous friend of Paquerette, could see that each time the effort cost him more and more. He would then resume his painting and endeavour to sketch by the side of Paquerette as heretofore; but his hand had grown heavy and his fancy dull, and he would give it up in impatience at his own unwonted awkwardness.

"It was during one of these brief intervals, however, that the long looked-for *début* of Paquerette was fixed to take place. The fact was made public with all due pomp and mystery by the manager, who merely placed in the announcement that the principal part of the new opera would be confided to the young lady who had performed with Mademoiselle G. some time before. He knew well enough, however, that this would be sufficient to attract all who were present on that memorable evening and all those besides who had heard of the delight and surprise which the heavenly voice of Paquerette had then produced. He was right in his supposition. Long before the night of the performance arrived every place was taken, and the manager full of glee at his own good luck and full of promises to Paquerette. The piece in which she was to perform was written expressly for her by a young author, now alas! no more. He owned to us that the story had been inspired to him by the mere sight of her peculiar and poetical style of beauty. It was a wild dreamy tale, and he himself had dramatised it beautifully.

"It was the part of a lone and solitary spirit of the woods which Paquerette was to play. No character could be more in keeping with the style both of her voice and countenance, both so shadowy and melancholy, they seemed of another world.

"The night arrived—the all-eventful night of which I think not even now without a creeping of the flesh and a quivering of every nerve."

The *bouquetière* paused once more, and this time longer than before. We respected her silence, and did not urge her to proceed, but waited patiently until her courage had returned. When she did renew her story it was in a soft low voice, as of one speaking in the chamber of sickness.

"The whole of that day," continued she, "I thought but little of my own affairs, for I was too deeply interested in the crisis of the fate of Paquerette, to attend to aught beside, and I was busied the whole morning in weaving the wreaths and bouquets which were to be thrown upon the stage at the close of the performance. The little knot of friends who loved the poor maiden were all to be gathered in a box at the side of the scenes. Françoise and Melanie, Louis, and myself, were all to whom her *début* bore any other interest than that inspired by the curiosity which every new face will for ever excite upon the stage. I was struck with the demeanour of Louis when I asked him of what *his* offering should be composed, should it be emblematical of truth and constant love, or of hope and confidence in *her*?"

"'No, no, let it be none of these,' said he, while his lip and his cheek became suffused with a crimson tinge, 'let it be a bunch of the purple bruyère.'

"'Nay, Louis that must not be,' said I, laughingly, 'knowest thou 'tis the emblem of chance—of change—and of a roving mind, and must not be given to one who is all truth and faithfulness.'

"He coloured yet more violently, and said hastily,

“ ‘Well, ’tis no matter, ’twas my first fancy, still let it be as I have said; she will love the plant for it speaks of liberty, and all the bold thoughts which liberty begets.’ ”

“ ‘Stay a moment,’ returned I, as he moved to depart, ‘a bright idea has struck me, we are no longer poor as once we were. Say, shall I make a bouquet as nearly alike as possible to the one thou must remember so well, the one that was composed of the rsth and scented Eastern flowers.’ ”

“ He started and drew back as if he had trodden upon a viper in his path. He gazed wildly into my face, but my countenance bore trace of no more meaning than my words conveyed, and he replied in a quick and trembling voice,

“ ‘No, no, not that—not that, I pray you, any thing but that; rather, far rather, let it be as I said at first—a bunch of the purple bruyère.’ ”

“ He hurried away, and I gazed after him in some perplexity, to guess at the cause of his emotion, resolving to watch him narrowly, for somehow, I cannot tell you why, but a sudden suspicion shot like lightning through my brain—a suspicion that he was betraying Paquerette de Fontenay; but then again, ere long, I had discarded it as too absurd. Why, he was in every way unworthy to lift her shoe-latch; he no longer the aspiring and gifted artist whose pencil might in time possess the power of the magician’s wand; but the common hard-souled soldier of fortune, while she was still the creature of romance, and the beautiful, the gifted, the high-souled, the high-minded—no, no, I must have been dreaming to have imagined it for a moment. *It could not be*; and with this conviction I dismissed my first suspicion entirely from my mind. For Melanie, I made a huge bunch of gay and variegated flowers, which caused the late maiden to leap for joy, for she declared it set off her crimson dress and complexion to the best advantage. For myself, I was content with a bouquet of the dark blue violet, for I knew that the memory of Paquerette would serve her well, and that she would love them as a memento of the past.

“ It was late when all this business was over, and then I repaired to the theatre to see if I could be of service, and to bear with me the wreath which she had chosen I should weave for her head-dress. I found her alone in the little tiring-room which had been allotted to her use. She was kneeling; already half undressed, absorbed in reverie before the blazing fire upon the hearth. There was no other light in the apartment than that afforded by the blue flame. She looked, I thought, even paler than usual in the half light, and I have remembered since, that I was struck by the lustre of her large dark eyes as she raised them to my face. The dress of green and silver gauze, which she was about to wear, lay extended on a chair beside her, and I laid upon it the garland which I had made to adorn her hair. It was of my own imagining, and owed all its grace and beauty to the poetry of the character she had chosen to represent, being composed of the simplest wood flowers—the dark blue myosotis, the woodbine, and the coral plant, the pale anemone, and the neurphar, and all which love the lone forest dell, or to view their own dim beauties in the dark waters of the lonely pool.”

A FEW MONTHS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL E. NAPIER.

CHAPTER VII.

MACOMO THE GAÏKA CHIEF.

Though never yet hath daybeam burn'd
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire.—*Lallah Rookh.*

MANY of the Kaffir tribes, against whom we have lately been carrying on hostilities, derive their respective appellations from some powerful chief, renowned either for successes in war, riches in cattle, or the number and extent of his tribe.

Such was Hāhābee, the grandfather of Gaïka, whose subjects, the Hāhābees—at present known as the Gaikas—have for several years past been located in a portion of the territory lying between the Buffaloe and the Great Fish Rivers, their chief stronghold being the wooded fastnesses of the Amatola mountains. They were first led to this part of the country by the notorious robber chief T'Slambie, who, on the death of Omlao, his elder brother, and the rightful successor of Hāhābee, became guardian to his nephew Gaïka, the infant son of the former.

Gaïka, on arriving at manhood and assuming the command of his tribe—which, by-the-bye, was most unwillingly given up by his uncle—soon quarrelled with the latter, and the wars of the Gaikas and T'Slambies towards the end of the last century, or about the time we first obtained possession of the Cape of Good Hope from the Dutch, not only kept the whole of Amakosa Kaffirland, but also the entire eastern border, in a constant state of fermentation and disturbance; for on the defeat of either party, refuge was immediately sought by the vanquished, within our boundaries; whither they would be followed by the conquerors, and on such occasions both the pursuers and the pursued invariably carried on—at the expense of the unfortunate colonists—a ruinous system of theft, plunder, and devastation.

As polygamy is allowed with the Kaffirs, and division of territory and property amongst the sons of the chiefs appears to be the established custom with them, these combined circumstances no doubt frequently give rise to disputes as to the succession; there seems, however, to be in this respect an invariable rule, which grants the supremacy to one son over the rest of his brothers, and this privilege is affected not by priority of birth, but by the superior rank of the mother,—the eldest male offspring of the “great wife” of a chief being invariably considered as the representative of the family, and therefore superior to his senior half-brothers of less illustrious maternal descent.

Such was the position in which, on the death of Gaïka, was placed his infant son Sandilla, whose mother, Sutu, was that chief's “great Tambookie” wife.

During the long minority of Sandilla the regency was assumed by his step-brother Macomo, whose name has for so many years been conspicuous in the course of our transactions with the Kaffirs—who was long considered as the most talented and energetic of their chiefs—and who for the last quarter of a century has rendered himself no less notorious for his treachery and ferocity, than for the evils he has been the means of inflicting on the eastern province.

As a penalty for their unprovoked aggression on the colony, and sudden attack on Graham's Town in 1819, and as a security against the recurrence of such repeated outrages, the Kaffirs were then expelled from that fertile tract of country running between the Keis Kamma and Great Fish rivers, which, under the name of "Neutral Territory," or "Ceded District," it was then decided should remain entirely unoccupied, save by a few of our military posts. However, a short time after the adoption of this resolution, and when the above plan had been duly carried into effect, government, actuated by that mistaken leniency and vacillating system of policy which has so long marked our conduct towards these savages, most unwisely permitted Macomo, with his Gaika followers, to occupy on sufferance, and under the promise of good behaviour, the upper part of the Kat River Valley, at a place situated a few miles to the north of Fort Beaufort, and within the bounds of this "Ceded District."

But Macomo's promises were as binding as those of any other Kaffir; and his people soon commenced their usual system of plunder on the colony; moreover, in a war he waged with the Tambookies, he defeated and pursued some of that tribe across our border, and then committed such excesses, that he was, as a punishment, ordered to leave the Kat River Valley, and remove eastward with his followers, to the banks of the Chumie.

This event happened in 1829, when the colonial government, having thus partly rectified one gross error, immediately fell into another equally great, by establishing on the locality recently vacated by Macomo, a settlement of Hottentots under missionary superintendence, which ill-advised measure—suggested, it is said, by Sir Andreas Stockenström, and encouraged by the spurious philanthropy of the day—instead of proving a protection to the frontier, served to congregate together on its border a dissolute and idle set of vagabonds,* who, under their meddling spiritual directors, were constantly in communication with the Kaffirs, fomented the discontent of the latter, encouraged them in nourishing the remembrance of imaginary wrongs as to their expulsion from the Ceded District, but more particularly from the Kat River, where the missionary establishment, thus injudiciously located, is allowed to have been one of the main causes which led to the disastrous Kaffir war of 1834 and 1835.

"This irruption may be traced to the remissness of government, in allowing a fatal diminution of the military force on the border; in failing to watch and check the first symptoms of aggression on personal subjects in Kaffir-

* See Chase's "Cape of Good Hope," pp. 45, 85; and Sir Henry Pottinger's Despatch (No. 13) to Earl Grey, dated Graham's Town, 13th March, 1847; also Despatch No. 17, where he says, "I wish I could here stop regarding this ill-conducted and hitherto worse understood settlement, but it is not possible. I can do so with a proper regard to the public interests, and my own exculpation and credit," &c.

land, and on colonial property within the boundary; and also in neglecting to curb certain intriguing demagogues and mischievous partisans in the colony, who, under the mask of philanthropy, tampered with the ignorant natives on the subject of their imaginary wrongs, and thus precipitated them upon their own countrymen, the unoffending settlers.*

Sir Benjamin d'Urban in his official letter to Lord Glenelg, of June 9, 1836, states in direct terms, that "the chief cause which led to this calamity was the injudicious and dangerous tampering with the discontents of the Kaffirs, by Dr. Philip, of the London mission, and his subordinate partisans," together with the baneful doctrines propagated by a colonial publication, edited by the relative and organ of the above-named reverend gentleman.

So much for Hottentot establishments under missionary superintendence!

However, to return to Macomo, his expulsion from the Kat River, backed by such incentives, was ever with him a theme of constant grievance and complaint; and when in 1833, for further misconduct, he was ordered to quit this side of the Chumie, his fury became unbounded, and he resolved on revenge, by carrying into effect the long meditated invasion of the whole eastern extent of the colonial territory, purposing further, to preface the measure by inviting Colonel Somerset, the commandant of the frontier, to a personal interview, in which he was to have been treacherously massacred with all those who might have accompanied him.

"This intended deed of treachery and blood had a peculiar aggravation in the fact, that those chiefs who had projected it, Macomo and Tyalie, had for many years been treated with the greatest personal kindness by Colonel Somerset, had been frequently guests at his house for days together, had been almost domesticated in his family, and had been in a thousand ways objects of his favour and munificence."†

Colonel Somerset fortunately received timely intimation of this nefarious design, otherwise there is little doubt but that he would have shared the same fate as the father of the present Sir Andreas Stockenstrom, who, in the war of 1812, was murdered in the Zureberg mountains, during a conference held with these treacherous savages.

An account of the sudden and unprovoked irruption on the colony,—which, under the direction of Macomo, and without any warning on his part, shortly afterwards ensued, and which led to the Kaffir war of 1834—35,—would be here out of place; suffice it to say, that during its continuance this chief displayed in the manner of conducting his hostile operations an equal degree of ability, ferocity, and determination,—which then acquired for him the reputation, he long afterwards retained, of being the most skilful as well as the most dangerous of our numerous Kaffir enemies.

On the conclusion of the war of 1835, and after the fruits of Sir Benjamin d'Urban's labours, and Colonel Smith's valour, had been scattered to the winds, in consequence of the adoption of an absurd system of policy, emanating from missionary misrepresentations, and colonial intrigue,—Captain, now Sir Andreas Stockenstrom, was established in the important

* From *Chapman's "Cape of Good Hope,"* pp. 84, 85.

† From Sir Benjamin d'Urban's official letter to Lord Glenelg, dated 9th of June, 1836.

post of Lieutenant-Governor of the Eastern Province, and intrusted with the direction of carrying into effect "the Stockenstrom Treaties," so called, as being supposed to have originated chiefly from suggestions of his own.

In consequence of acting on these suggestions, greater scope than ever was given to the Kaffirs; not only was the territory lately annexed to the colony by Sir Benjamin d'Urban, under the name of the Province of Adelaide, surrendered to them, but the Ceded District which we had obtained in 1819, likewise in "just and retributive warfare," was also given up; the numerous forts and military posts, which at great expense had been erected to maintain these conquests, were demolished, and amongst others Fort Willshire, lately rebuilt at an expense of 50,000*l*.

Still, in prosecution of our wretched policy in South Africa,—as if determined to be only consistent in inconsistency,—after thus admitting the claim of the Kaffirs to the Ceded District, we gave them cause of discontent by withholding that portion before adverted to, as located by the Hottentots in the valley of the Kat River.

This portion of territory is, from its situation and fertility, greatly prized by the Kaffirs; Macomo laid a particular stress on its restitution, as being the place of his birth, and where he had spent his early youth and manhood. Several years afterwards, when Sir George Napier had a conference on the frontier with the Gaiqua chiefs, he continued to urge this as one of his greatest grievances, and its non-redress is even said to have been amongst the many concomitant causes of the war of 1846.

Whether to console himself for this supposed ill-usage, or in consequence of inheriting from his father Gaiqua a strong predilection for the bottle, Macomo, at the conclusion of the war of 1835, took to excessive drinking, and, to indulge this propensity, he became a frequent visitor to Fort Beaufort, the canteen of which place he was constantly to be seen in the most disgusting state of intoxication, and in this condition he was often carried away insensible by his wives, some of whom always accompanied him on his bacchanalian expeditions.

These continued excesses must have at last affected both the physical and intellectual powers of Macomo, and at the outbreak of the last war, he no longer showed himself the same energetic and active leader, who in 1834 headed the congregated hordes of the Amakosa, across the colonial border. Enfeebled in body and mind, loathing those hostilities which prevented him from indulging in his favourite, and now to him indispensable recreation at Fort Beaufort, Macomo, after some preliminary negotiations, came to the head-quarters of our forces, then established at Block Drift, and finally surrendered himself, unconditionally, on the 10th of November, 1846.

* * * * *

By one of those sudden and extraordinary transitions of climate, so common in the summer season of this part of Southern Africa, a day of such intense heat, that, as we used to say,—the mercury ran up to the very top of the tent poles, was succeeded by a night of rain, during which the cold was so severe, that blankets, sheep-skins, and boat-cloaks were, under our canvass habitations, considered most desirable bed-fellows. The following morning still continued wet, raw, and uncomfortable, and a small, drizzling rain, might have almost made us suppose

ourselves amidst the bleak highlands of Scotland instead of being denizens of "Afric's burning clime."

Such was the unpropitious state of the elements at Block Drift, on the day of Macomo's surrender, and I shall never forget the drenched and miserable appearance of the chief and his party, as they awaited for instructions at the outer precincts of the camp. He had brought with him his whole "hareem," consisting of about a dozen wives, queens, or concubines, with no end of little Macomos, his brother "Ned," a few attendants, and his private stud of horses.

On visiting this motley group, I found it huddled up in a dripping mass; Macomo, wrapped in a blanket, with an assegai in his hand, stood in the midst of his female domestic circle, who, seated on their scanty baggage of a few skins, mats, and calabashes, were endeavouring, whilst assiduously smoking out of short, gipsy pipes, to protect their own persons and those of their offspring from the damp, by closely shrouding themselves in their ox-hide karosses, which now soaked with rain, clung closely, and with the utmost pertinacity, to their shivering forms, whose outlines were thus fully developed.

In Southern Africa, the "tanner's" opinion that there is "nothing like leather," appears fully to prevail; every thing here is coriaceous, from the Hottentot "crackers" to the Kaffir "inghubo," or kaross, but at the same time it can easily be imagined that nothing is more unpleasant to the wearer than a garment of this material, when thoroughly saturated with wet.

No time was lost in allotting quarters to these illustrious captives, who were forthwith installed in a sort of outhouse attached to the abode of Mr. Stretch, the former political resident at Block Drift, and which, in comparison to their own confined and smoky huts, must have been considered by them a princely residence.

Desirous of basking as much as possible in the sunshine of royalty, I was frequently an inmate of Macomo's new quarters, where a large well-filled brandy-flask, some tobacco, and a few sixpences, always gained me a ready admittance. I thus soon became as it were domesticated in his family circle, and, by the assistance of the above bribes, was able to obtain sketches of the chief himself, and of most of his family, together with whatever imperfect information I occasionally gleaned through the unsatisfactory medium of an interpreter.

A glass of brandy was always the price of a ten minutes' sitting from Macomo, who, though apparently reduced to a state of idiocy through drink; or, according to the opinion of some who well knew him of old, only simulating that state, was ever sufficiently on the "qui vive," to insist on a bumper, regardless of the size of the goblet; but, whether really imbecile, or only for purposes of his own, feigning to be in that condition, he certainly did not, at this period, answer the following description of a late writer, who had an opportunity of seeing him under the very same roof, but more auspicious circumstances, when, in 1838, Sir George Napier, then governor of the Cape, visited the eastern frontier; though even at that time, Macomo was said to have been "excessively addicted to drink."

The celebrated chiefs, Macomo and Tyali, who took the most prominent part in the late Kaffir war, dined with us at Mr. Stretch's, and behaved like gentlemen, seeming quite accustomed to European habits,

and perfectly at their ease. We had much conversation with them by means of an interpreter. They showed a quickness of repartee, and a tact and dexterity in conversation, which would have done credit to civilised men.”*

Great is the change which, since then, appears to have come o’er the spirit of Macomo; for the only reply we could now elicit to any question was: “*nazelah*,” a present, or “*coubah*,” and “*kiolah*,” tobacco and brandy; on which objects all his ideas appeared exclusively concentrated; in fact, never could I have imagined a more complete picture of brutalised barbarism, than that presented by this chief and his “domestic circle,” in which there was certainly not a vestige to be seen of aught either “gentle” or royal.

In person, Macomo is below the usual Kaffir height, but muscular, and powerfully built, with a most forbidding expression of countenance, strongly indicative of ferocity blended with subtlety and cunning: he is of a very dark hue, nearly approaching to black; in short, altogether much more resembling a Fingoe than the generality of Kaffirs.

Divested—whilst in this domestic retirement, and surrounded by his amiable family—of the usual attributes of his rank, he no longer sported either his leopard-skin kaross,† or my Lord Glenelg’s handsome gift—the gold-laced diplomatic suit of clothing; but now comfortably smoked his pipe and enjoyed his bottle, in the easiest undress furnished by nature, or, at least, with no other garment save the “*noutchee*.” Thus during the wet weather, which had lately set in, he usually passed his time, in a “*dolce far niente*” state, by the side of a fire lit in the middle of the apartment, which always blinded his English visitors with smoke, but appeared to have no effect on Macomo’s visual organs or those of his sultanas and numerous offspring, which latter crawled about in all directions over the mud floor, naked, and with distended abdomens, like so many huge dark-coloured toads, nearly bursting from excessive repletion.

The fact was, the poor wretches—men, women, and children—had apparently been, ere Macomo’s surrender, in a state nearly approaching starvation, and now that they were supplied with as much commissariat beef as they could possibly devour, they knew not how far good “digestion might wait on appetite,” and—particularly on the first day of their arrival—tore the bleeding flesh—generally speaking scarcely warmed in the embers, and in some instances perfectly raw,—with such hearty goodwill, as might have caused the envy of many a satiated gourmand or “blazed” epicure. In short, it would have been difficult to conceive that human nature could have possibly approximated so nearly to the brute creation; the very infants, like the ravenous whelps of wolves, appeared to have an innate relish for blood, and whilst these royal imps, in the fearful state of repletion above alluded to, were disputing with hungry curs the possession of a few morsels cast to them by their affectionate parents, the followers outside the shed were equally busy with the more disgusting offal, which had been rejected from the regal repast; at the conclusion of which the royal paws, covered with the greasy residue of the feast, would be purified by ample ablutions of cow-dung!

* From “*Bunbury’s Residence at the Cape of Good Hope*,” p. 157.

† The kaross, or mantle of leopard-skin, is the distinctive mark of a Kaffir chief.

The reader will ere this have, no doubt, entertained the wish to drop all further acquaintance with these specimens of African refinement, but I cannot close the subject without saying a few words relative to the sable queens, to whose transcendent charms I often paid homage in that courtly circle.

Beauteous Clinah! graceful Nomah! charming Gāamah! with some further half-score of frizzly-headed sister houries—would that I could immortalise in song one tithe of your personal and mental perfections!

The facility with which the huge mouthed Nomah could at a single sitting devour pounds of nearly raw beef, well seasoned with wood ashes, with which the gentle and meditative Gāamah, through a little “doudeen,” converted into smoke a well-filled pouch of tobacco, or the graceful manner in which the golden-coloured* Clinah performed the most charitable offices on the woolly head-pieces of her sister queens, whilst with truly maternal solicitude imparting nourishment, *over* her shoulder, to the dark cherub securely strapped to her back; all these, and a thousand other touching instances of female grace, delicacy, and refinement on the part of these ebon queens of the great Macomo, would require a far abler pen to award them the full justice they deserve; and were those attractions duly recorded according to their deserts, the long famed beauties of the courts of Charles II., and of Louis Quatorze, would sink into insignificance, and henceforward hide their diminished heads!

Neither shall I attempt to descant on the dazzling charms of the royal princesses, relate the conquests achieved in camp by the captivating “Miss” Macomo,† the number of hearts she seared with her piercing “glances,” or the proofs of affection she could show, duly embodied in “nāzelahs,” and safely secured in the shape of drams, tobacco, and six-pences; all this would be foreign to the subject, and I shall, therefore, return to the hero of my tale, whose story now draws to a close.

Macomo after his surrender, became more than ever addicted to drink; he made several attempts to reach his old haunts at Fort Beaufort, but being ever foiled in these endeavours, the savage grew morose and sullen to a degree; in his real or feigned insanity, gave way to uncontrollable fits of fury, during which, he not only unmercifully used blows and violence towards his wives and children, but is even said to have seized one of the latter by the legs, and dashed out its brains against the floor.‡

Terrified at the consequences of his ungovernable temper, and probably glad to escape from their tyrant, Macomo's wives and attendants gradually deserted him, till at last having no one left on whom to vent his rage, I have seen him mounted on his horse, furiously galloping about with the most frantic gestures, and probably in search of those who were thus absent “without leave.” At length his conduct becoming so completely

* The natural hue of the Kaffir appears to be a dark bronzed *bistre*, but it becomes many shades lighter when crossed with the Hottentot or Griqua race.

† Amahkaia, the eldest daughter of the chief, was as complete a flirt, and as thorough a coquette as ever issued from the most fashionable “seminary for young ladies.” An officer of rank used to be much bantered on the subject of “Miss Macomo;” but he constantly avowed the attachment to be purely “platonic.”

‡ See “United Service Magazine” for July, 1847, p. 390.

that of a maniac, it was necessary to have him placed under personal restraint, and confined in Fort Armstrong, from whence he was subsequently conveyed to Algoa Bay, which, I believe, continues to this day the scene of his reclusion.*

The above outline of Macomo's career and general character, founded chiefly on official documents, is, I believe, not the least overdrawn; yet in the class of writers before alluded to,—as having by false statements respecting this part of the world, so long misled the public,—there are not wanting some who attempt to palliate, if they cannot justify, the most sanguinary acts of this ferocious barbarian. "Macomo," says one of these veracious historians, "is acknowledged by all who have been personally acquainted with him, to be a man of superior sense, talent, and integrity!"†

When we find such statements as these, regarding a man notorious for every crime by which humanity can be defiled,—backed by grave assertions of "Pato becoming a convert to Christianity," of "Macomo doing his utmost to promote the same cause," of European encroachment and oppression of the Kaffirs—it is no longer matter of surprise, that the British government and British public should have been so long blinded and kept in the dark as to the real state of our relations with the native tribes of this part of the world; that the latter should hitherto have been considered as "more sinned against than sinning"—that the laws consequently enacted, instead of having been framed for the protection of the colonist, were invariably in favour of the savage; that thus treated with a most mistaken leniency, a set of ruthless and treacherous barbarians have always been countenanced and encouraged in their lawless depredations on our territory, until one portion of its unfortunate inhabitants have been driven in despair to emigrate, *en masse*, across the border, whilst others have been irretrievably ruined—immense loss of life and property has ensued, with the finale of a disastrous and inglorious war, causing a drain of nearly three millions on the exchequer of Great Britain!

A brighter prospect, however, now dawns on so valuable, though long-neglected and ill-used portion of the British dominions. Our possessions in Southern Africa are at present governed by a man, whose long experience in this part of the world—combined with a thorough knowledge of the Kaffir character—of "philanthropic" misrepresentation, of missionary pretensions, and colonial intrigue—added to his well-known activity and determination of purpose, fully qualify him for the difficult task, and—unless his hands be tied—the most beneficial changes may now not unreasonably be looked for in the state of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, under the paternal, though firm and energetic rule of Sir Harry Smith.

* Since the above was written, the last notice we have of Macomo is his interview at Port Elizabeth with Sir Harry Smith, who, ordering the drunken savage to crouch down before him, placed his foot upon his neck, saying, "This is the way in which I shall treat the enemies of the Queen of England!" A much more suitable posture for such a wretch than the one in which he is described by a recent author as seated at the table of our political agent, and delighting the company present by his "tact, in conversation, and readiness of *repartee*!"

† See Tringle's "South African Sketches," p. 108.

THE COURT AND TIMES OF JAMES THE FIRST.*

THE most marked features of the times of James the First are the Romish plots and religious dissensions that sprung up with the progress of puritanism and the frequent struggles of the British Parliament against the encroachments of the royal prerogative; but there are also events of a less prominent character, which impart their peculiar stamp to the same times. Such, more particularly, was the royal foible of favouritism, which gave its whole tone to the court, and materially infected the habits and manners of the people. Such are also the great episodes of the time, the gunpowder-plot, the romantic marriage of the Lady Arabella Stewart and William Seymour, the mysterious fate of Sir Thomas Overbury, the rivalry of the Scotch and English, and the frequent duels that resulted therefrom, the fate of the gallant Raleigh, the ignorance and superstitions of the day, the persecutions and unconstitutional interference of royalty with public and private concerns, and the masques and manners of a licentious court.

Two bulky volumes of a kind of correspondence which took the place of newspapers in those days, could not fail to contain much interesting matter upon most of the leading topics of the day. For there were then professed writers of news, or "Intelligencers," as they were called, who were employed by ambassadors in foreign countries, and great men at home, to furnish them with a continual account of every event that came under their observation. Such a person appears to have been John Chamberlain, Esq., to whose correspondence Dr. Thomas Birch has been most indebted for his illustrations of the times of James the First, and whom the editor introduces to us as a gentleman and a scholar, who enjoyed the respect of some of the most eminent statesmen of this and the following reign, but evidently in reality the "Intelligencer" of the celebrated diplomatist Sir Dudley Carleton.

We are indebted for some interesting correspondence upon the subject of the double plot to alter the succession, in which the Lords Grey and Cobham, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Griffin Markham were involved, upon the advent of the new king, to Lord Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury. Even upon the authority of these letters of the Secretary of State, and the implacable foe of Sir Walter Raleigh, there seems to have been very little ground for implicating that distinguished man in this conspiracy.

Concerning Sir Walter Raleigh's commitment, this hath been the ground, First, he hath been discontented *in conspectu omnium*, ever since the king came; and yet, for those offences which are taken from him, the king gave him 300*l.* a year during his life, and forgave him a good arrearage of debt. Secondly, his inwardness, or rather his governing the Lord Cobham's spirit, made great suspicion that in these treasons he had his part. Whereupon, being sent for

* The Court and Times of James the First; illustrated by Authentic and Confidential Letters from various Public and Private Collections. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by the Author of "Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea," &c. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

before four or five of the council, and asked of some particulars, before he was sent to prison, he wrote a letter secretly to the Lord Cobham, advising him, if he were examined of anything, to stand peremptory, and not to be afraid ; for one witness could not condemn him. After which, the Lord Cobham being called in question, he did first confess his own treasons as above said ; and then did absolutely, before eleven councillors, accuse Raleigh to be privy to his Spanish course, with further addition and exclamation, that he had never dealt herein but by his own incessant provocation. Whereupon he (Raleigh) was committed to the Tower, where, though he was used with all humanity, lodged and attended as well as in his own house ; yet one afternoon, whilst divers of us were in the Tower examining some of these prisoners, he attempted to have murdered himself. Whereof, when we were advertised, we came to him, and found him in some agony, seeming to be unable to endure his misfortunes, and protesting innocently with carelessness of life ; and, in that humour, he had wounded himself under the right pap, but no way mortally, being, in truth, rather a cut than a stab, and now very well cured, both in body and mind.

The main accusation, that of Lord Cobham, was subsequently withdrawn, in the most emphatic language. The curious scene enacted at the simulated execution of Grey, Cobham, and Markham, preceded, however, by a real tragedy, is well told in a letter of Sir Dudley Carleton's, but is too much matter of history to be referred to here.

Such details as relate to the gunpowder plot, are chiefly contained in letters of Sir Edward Hoby. This gentleman remarks upon the capture of the conspirators at Lyttleton's house in Worcestershire, "One thing is very worthy of note, that as these men would have wrought by powder, so by their own powder, which was casually set on fire at Lyttleton's house, they were much distressed ; otherwise, it is thought, that the sheriff had not so easily come by them."

The secret marriage of the Lady Arabella Stewart and of William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, view it as we will, could not but have been disagreeable to the king. The Lady Arabella was, like James I., descended from Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII., she had also been chief mourner at the funeral of Elizabeth. William Seymour also possessed claims to the crown as a descendant of Mary the sister of the Princess Margaret. The marriage, however, appears to have been one of affection, without *arrière pensée*, the persecution that it entailed was as severe as it was unjust and uncalled for, and the stolen interviews of the unfortunate young couple lend an interest to the event, which the subsequent conduct of Seymour scarcely justifies. Sir Dudley Carleton writes like a heartless courtier when he says, "I cannot get out of parliament affairs, else I should tell you some news of a secret marriage betwixt my Lord Beauchamp's younger son and the Lady Arabella, for which the poor gentleman doth penance in the tower, and the lady's hot blood, that could not live without a husband, must be cooled in some remote place in the country."

We have the first mention of Sir Thomas Overbury's having fallen into disgrace, for having ventured to remonstrate with the favourite (Lord Rochester,) respecting his intimacy with the Countess of Essex in a letter of the Rev. Thomas Lorkins, to Sir Thomas Puckering, Bart., dated June 24, 1613. The next intimation from the same hand, bearing date August 29th of the same year is to the effect, that "Sir Thomas Overbury is like to run a short course, being sick unto death. The lieutenant of

the Tower, and the physicians that were there about him have subscribed their hands, that they hold him a man past all recovery."

Sir Thomas Overbury, it is well known, died the day before the divorce of the Earl and Countess of Essex was pronounced (Sept. 24, 1613) and in less than two months, Robert Carr having been created in the interim, Earl of Somerset, married the divorced lady, who it is related impudently appeared at the nuptials with her hair flowing to her waist, the custom of a virgin bride. Upon this subject we have only the following short notice in a letter from John Chamberlain to Mrs. Alice Carleton, which also contains an allusion to the bride's hair.

The marriage was upon Sunday, without any such bravery as was looked for. Only some of his followers bestowed cash upon themselves, the rest exceeded not, either in number or expenses. She was married in her hair, and led to the chapel by her bridemen, a Duke of Saxony that is here, and the Earl of Northampton, her great uncle. The Dean of Westminster preached, and bestowed a great deal of commendation on the young couple, on the Countess of Salisbury, and on the *Mother Vine*, as he termed her, the Countess of Suffolk. The dean of the chapel coupled them, which fell out strangely the same man should marry the same person, in the same place, upon the self-same day, (after six or seven years, I know not whether) the former party yet living. All the difference was, that the king gave her away the last time, and now her father. The king and queen were both present, and tasted wafers and hippocrass, as at ordinary weddings. I hear little or no commendation of the masque made by the lords that night, either for device or dancing, only it was rich and costly. The masquers were the Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Pembroke, Montgomery, Dorset and Salisbury, the Lord Walden with his three brethren, Sir Thomas, Henry, and Sir Charles Howard; Lord Scroope, Lord North, and Lord Hay. The next day, the king, prince, bridegroom, and others, at the ring, and yesterday there was a medley mask of five English and five Scots which are called the high dancers, amongst whom Sergeant Boyd, one Abercromby, and Auchtunouty, that was at Padua and Venice, are esteemed the most principal and lofty, but how it succeeded I know not.

Speaking of the discovery of Sir Thomas Overbury's murder, Sir Simonds D'Ewes in his autobiography says :—

It came first to light by a strange accident of Sir Ralph Winwood, knight, and one of the secretaries of state, his dining with Sir Gervase Elwise, lieutenant of the Tower, at a great man's table, the Earl of Shrewsbury's, not far from Whitehall. For that great man commending the same Sir Gervase to Sir Ralph Winwood, as a person, in respect of his many good qualities, very worthy of his acquaintance, Sir Ralph answered him, that he should willingly embrace his acquaintance, but that he could first wish he had cleared himself of a foul suspicion the world generally conceived of him, touching the death of Sir Thomas Overbury. As soon as Sir Gervase heard this, being very ambitious of the secretary's friendship, he took occasion to enter into private conference with him, and therein to excuse himself to have been forced to connive at the said murder, with much abhorring of it; he confessed the whole circumstances of the execution of it in general, and the instruments to have been set on work by Robert, Earl of Somerset, and his wife.

Sir Ralph Winwood having gained the true discovery of this bloody practice from one of the actors, beyond his expectation, parted from the lieutenant of the Tower in a very familiar and friendly manner, as if he had received good satisfaction by the excuse he had formed for himself, but soon after acquainted the king's majesty with it, who having at that time fixed his eyes upon the delicate personage and features of Mr. George Villiers, he was the more easily induced to suffer the Earl of Somerset to be removed from his court and presence to the Tower of London.

All the circumstances of the case, indeed, tend to prove that this was no discovery, but a charge purposely got up against the favourite, for as Losely remarks, "King James was wearye of him. Buckingham had supplied his place." The enemies of Somerset had played off George Villiers against him with success, while Somerset had on his own part not only contrived to excite the enmity of his less fortunate fellow courtiers, but it is evident, from a letter lately published (Halliwell, "Letters of Kings of England," vol. 2, p. 126), that he had by his conduct for some time tried the patience of his inconstant master.

It was made to appear on this trial that Lady Essex had used sorcery to estrange the affections of her husband, and to gain those of Rochester. There is an allusion to this in a letter of Mr. John Castles to Mr. James Miller at Southampton (November, 1615), wherein the writer says,—

I have sent you two letters of the countess's, urged at Turner's (Mrs. Turner who procured the poison) arraignment. You will see by them, how abusively her lust wronged those great judgements that spake for her separation from that noble Essex, upon whom she practised *magiam maleficam*. If Cornelius Agrippa were again to compile his book "*De Beneficiis*," I doubt not but he might have from her magicians such *arcana* to increase and recommend it, that Bohemian ladies would more value him than to suffer him, as they did, to die like a poor beggarly knave.

The progress to distinction of the new favourite was not always smooth. The "Intelligencer," writes to Sir Dudley Carleton by date of April 20th, 1616.

Sir George Villiers hath been crazy of late, not without suspicion of the small pox, which, if it had fallen out, *actum erat de amicitia*. But it proves otherwise, and we say there is much casting about how to make him a great man, and that he shall be now made of the garter, but *non credo*. His great friend and favourite, Sir John Grimes, a known courtier, died about a fortnight since, and was solemnly buried in the night at Westminster, with better than 200 torches; the Duke of Lennox, the Lord Fenton, the Lord of Rothsay, and all the grand Scottish men accompanying him; in an apish imitation whereof, as it was suggested, certain rude knaves thereabout buried a dog with great solemnity in Tothill Fields, by night, with good store of links, which was so heavily taken, that divers of them have been whipped by order from the council, though, upon examination, the matter proved not so much in derogation of the Scots, seeing some of them were found to be ring-leaders in that foolery.

It is not a little singular that frequent reference to the occasional craziness of the new favourite occur in this correspondence, and coming also from divers sources, would show that there must have been some grounds for the imputation. Already, in December of first year's favouritism, the "Intelligencer" writes,

There is a *sourd bruit*, as if the blazing star (then Lord Viscount Villiers), at last were towards an eclipse, and that there is some glimpse or sparkling of a less comet of the Lord of Montgomery's lighting. There hath been, of late, both big words and looks from him and the Lord Hay towards the present favourite, which is taken for ominous, and, withal, he hath been crazy ever since he went to Newmarket.

The wish was here, however, father to the thought. The "Intelligencer" was mistaken.

Letters of John Chamberlain and of the Rev. Thomas Lorkin, record at length the great features of Sir Walter Raleigh's death. As is the case

with regard to what Nelson said at Trafalgar, and Wellington at Waterloo, no two authorities agree as to the precise words uttered by the unfortunate man previous to laying his head upon the block. "When the hangman," says Mr. Chamberlain, "asked his forgiveness, he desired to see the axe; and feeling the edge, he said, that was a sharp medicine, to cure him of all his diseases and miseries."

"They then cleared the scaffold," the Rev. T. Lorkin relates, "which being done, he takes up the axe and feels the edge, and finding it sharp for the purpose, 'This is that,' saith he, 'that will cure all sorrows,' so kissing it, laid it down again."

It is needless to enter here upon such matter as bears upon the long controverted question as to Raleigh's guilt or innocence. The editor is strongly in favour of the latter. Certain it is, that his accuser, Stukeley, was at the time generally looked upon with ill favour.

Stukeley, (says the Rev. T. Lorkin) notwithstanding, hath been at court since, offering to his majesty by way of his own justification, to take the sacrament upon it, that what he laid to Sir Walter Raleigh's charge was true; and to produce two other witnesses, free from all exception, that would do the like. "Why, then," replied his majesty, "the more malicious he to utter those speeches at his death." But Sir Thomas Badger, who stood by and heard it, "Let the king," said he, "take off Stukeley's head, as he hath done the others, and let him at his death take the sacrament, and his oath upon it, and I'll believe it; but otherwise I shall credit Sir Walter Raleigh's bare affirmative before a thousand of his oaths." And it is strange to see how every man at court declines that Stukeley's company as treacherous.

It is not a little remarkable that this very Stukeley (Sir Lewis) was committed close prisoner to the gatehouse, in little more than two months after Sir Walter Raleigh's execution "for clipping of gold."

He had received out of the exchequer, some week before, 500*l.* in recompense for the service he had done in the business of Sir Walter Raleigh; and began, as is said, to exercise the trade upon that ill-gotten money—the price of blood. The manner of the discovery was strange, if my occasions would suffer me to relate the particulars. Upon examination, he endeavoured to avoid it from himself, by casting the burthen either upon his son, or man. The former plays least in sight, and cannot be found. The servant was committed to the Marshalsea, who, understanding, as they say, that his master would shift over the business to him, is willing to set the saddle on the right horse, and accuses his master.

This was indeed an era of executions. Bold spirits kept ever and anon declaiming against the usurpation of the royal prerogative with ominous frequency and audacity, and that notwithstanding that torture, "by express command of the king," and death not uncommonly brought about by his majesty's influence over the judges, were employed to silence them. Such were the cases of young Owen, of the family of that name at Godston, Oxfordshire, and of Ogilvie, executed at Glasgow for traitorous speeches. Nor were these the only subjects for capital punishment.

In March 1612, Legat the Arian, was burnt in Smithfield, very early, "he said little, but died obstinately." "There was another fanatical felon," says the same authority, John Chamberlain, "condemned for blasphemous heresies, and sent down to Lichfield where he was to be burnt as on Friday last, if he have not recanted."

What a picture of the state of society during this dissolute reign does
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not the following extract from a letter also of John Chamberlain's, dated July 6th, 1616, afford?

There was a seminary priest hanged at Tyburn on Monday that was banished before, and being taken again offered to break prison. That morning early there was a joiner's wife burnt in Smithfield for killing her husband. If the case were no otherwise than I can learn it, she had *summum jus*; for her husband having brawled and beaten her, she took up a chisel, or some such other instrument, and flung at him, which cut him into the belly, whereof he died. Another desperate woman coming from her execution, cut her child's throat, alleging no other reason for it but that she doubted she should not have means to keep it. The same day likewise, another woman poisoned her husband, about Aldgate. And divers such like foul acts are committed daily, which are ill signs of a very depraved age, and that judgments hang over us.

The superstition that mingles itself with this evidence of a depraved state of society is also characteristic of the age. In February, 1623, the tides exhibited a rare phenomenon having, it is reported, ebbed and flowed thrice in twelve hours. "But the greatest wonder," adds the "Intelligencer," "was that it continued so two or three days, which I have not known or heard of before. It breeds much talk among the vulgar, and even at court, it is said that some that were noted not to be superstitious are somewhat appalled at it." But by far the most remarkable instance happened to the king's own person. It is related in a letter of the Rev. T. Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, Bart., bearing date May 4, 1619, as follows:—

The last week, there met the king in Theobald's Park a gentlemanlike fellow, one that had been a soldier, and exercised some command in the wars, who saluted his majesty with a "Stand, O King! I have a message to deliver from God!" His pretended message was this in effect:—"Thus saith the Lord, have I not brought thee out of the land of famine and danger into a land of plenty and abundance? Oughtest thou not therefore to have judged my people with righteous judgment? But thou hast perverted justice and not relieved the oppressed. Therefore unless thou repent, God hath sent the kingdom from thee, and thy posterity after thee."

"If the man was not a prophet," the editor remarks, "his assumption of the character was singularly perfect." The unconstitutional acts of the monarch, his frequent encroachments upon the rights and privileges of parliament and interference with the liberty of the subject, might well by that time have awakened a spirit of mistrust and suspicion which in a mind tinged with a natural love of the marvellous, must have lent much importance to so small an incident. We find in this lengthy correspondence many instances illustrative of the aforesaid state of things. What should we think in the present day of the king's brewers being sent to prison because they would not serve the king without money, his majesty being in their debt 16,000*l.*, an enormous sum for the time, and what is worse, when the said brewers attempted by law to remove themselves, and to try their case, there came a mandate from the king whereby it became a matter of state, and out of the compass of law. What also should we think if so dangerous a precedent as sending a privy seal to one Roberts of Truro, Cornwall, for 20,000*l.*, with intimation that whereas, by law, the king could seize on all gotten by usurious courses, he was of his clemency content to borrow this sum without interest!

King James being impressed with the most sovereign idea of kingly power, was constantly at issue with his parliament. The latter not only began in this reign to reform itself, but also to oppose the king in his exercise of his supposed prerogative in making any use he pleased of the lives and properties of his subjects. The committal of four unruly members to the Tower only produced a pasquinade.

The council, in committing four,
Sent eight members to the Tower :
Hoskyns by fits merry and sad ;
Dr. Sharpe soberly mad ;
Sir Charles Cornwallis carelessly precise ;
Sir Walter Chute ignorantly wise.

But the fitful dissolutions of the house paved the way to important results to the successor of James I. to the crown.

The dissolute, unprincipled, and intemperate character (generally) of the higher classes, naturally also, influenced the lower classes of society. Ben Jonson's Court Masques were more harmless than refined ; but the court ladies, all painted so exactly alike, and with their hair frizzled and powdered, so that one could not be told from the other, were not remarkable either for their prudery, or their prudence. In a letter of J. Chamberlain's, dated February, 12, 1620, the writer says,

Our pulpits ring continually of the insolence and imprudence of women ; and to help forward, the players have likewise taken them to task ; and so to the ballads and ballad-singers ; so that they can come nowhere but their ears tingle. And, if all this will not serve, the king threatens to fall upon their husbands, parents, or friends, that have, or should have power over them, and make them pay for it.

Nor were the gentry faultless in their conduct towards the ladies. We see an example of it in this very correspondence, wherein, under date of March 6, 1619, J. Chamberlain says, in coarse, ill-natured language, "The Lord Sheffield, in a doting humour, hath married a young Scottish wench, daughter of one Sir William Urwin, that was a kind of dancing schoolmaster to Prince Henry."

Now this Sir William Irwin was a gentleman-usher of the privy chamber, instead of dancing-master, and the Rev. Thomas Lorkin says of the same marriage, "My Lord Sheffield, upon Thursday fortnight last, married a fair young gentlewoman of some sixteen years of age, Sir William Irwin's daughter, and is (for the country's sake, I suppose) highly applauded by the king for his choice."

This jealousy of the Scots and English not only led to constant cabal and detraction, but also to sanguinary contests, the frequency of which attracted a good deal of attention. Among the most remarkable of these duels was that fought betwixt Sir Edward Sackville and the Lord Bruce, of Kinloss, betwixt Antwerp and Lille, which, in another age, formed a subject for the pen of Sir Richard Steele (*Guardian*, Nos. 129 and 133), and which has been still more recently illustrated by Lord Stowell ("Archæologia," vol. xx.) Such, also, was another duel thus narrated by Sir Dudley Carleton.

There was, a fortnight since, near Salisbury, a desperate combat betwixt Douglas, the master of the king's horse, and Lee, brother to the Avenor, who

began their quarrel at Windsor. Douglas was left dead in the field, with three hurts, and was buried three days after in Salisbury Church, with a kind of solemnity at which the duke, the Scottish lords, and all other, Scot and lot, were present; Lee was hurt in four places, but lives, and is like to escape. He is not much followed by the Scots, because they hold there was fair play between them. The younger Douglas has his brother's place, which doth somewhat help to appease the quarrel.

A more murderous fight took place in the Palatines Court, the details of which are given by the Rev. T. Lorkin.

For news, that which is of chiefest moment is this. There hath lately happened in the Palatine's Court, a strange quarrel between the English and Scots, and that in this manner and upon this occasion. Sir Andrew Keigh, a Scotsman, that is in some office about the Palatine, happening, one day to contest with my Lady Harrington upon some point in her grace's presence [he proceeded] to that insolency at the length, as he gave her the lie; and not content therewith (to verify that of the orator, "*qui verecundiæ fines semel transierit, eum benè et gravitèr oportet esse impudentem.*") fell to debase my lord likewise with base and opprobrious speeches. Mr. Bushell, who, as I understand, was the only man of all my lord's followers that was then present, finding Keigh not long after in a fit place for that purpose, offered him the combat in defence of his lord's and lady's honour; and as both were ready to draw, another Scotsman, who was in Keigh's company, interposed himself, and suffered not them to proceed there any further. Being thus parted, my Lord Harrington sent for Mr. Bushell to his chamber (whether to wish him to be quiet, or for what other occasion I know not). In the mean time this Keigh [at the] head of four or five Scotsmen more, himself being provided, besides his sword, with a square bastinado and a dagger, the rest with the [sword] only, lies in wait to set upon Mr. Bushell at his return; [who, as he was] coming from my lord, and not dreaming of any such enterprise, and going to put his foot in his stirrup to mount up upon his horse, for my lord's [lodging and his] were far asunder), lo! Keigh steps forth, striking him, [and with the] bastinado fells him; yet presently he recovered himself, and offering to rise, received a second blow upon the head, and was felled a second time. Notwithstanding all this, he recovered himself again, and drew out his sword in his own defence, being all alone; when all the rest laid about him with their swords, and, being five to one, wounded him very grievously, as having run him through the body, and into divers parts no less than twelve times. During this conflict, Mr. Gray, another of my lord's gentlemen, coming forth, received a thrust in the hand, but not without leaving some of the marks likewise upon them. After that came her grace's coachman, and took part with Mr. Gray (for Mr. Bushell was now left for dead), and hurt two or three of the Scots; who, not daring to abide to fight any longer, partly for fear of others that might come in, and partly for that they supposed their chief enemy either dead or not likely to live, presently quitted the place and betook themselves to flight. But there was suddenly way made after them, and they all brought back again. Sir Andrew Keigh was confined to his chamber under a sure guard, the rest committed to the ordinary prison; and a messenger presently despatched over into England to understand his majesty's pleasure touching this subject; who has scarcely as yet received the news thereof. Mr. Bushell nevertheless is yet living, and not without hope of recovery.

This part-taking of numbers of English and Scots, when a quarrel took place between two, was by no means an uncommon thing. John Chamberlain relates (March 11, 1611), that there had been a great race or running at Croydon, where, by occasion of foul play, or foul words, one Ramsey, a Scottishman, struck the Earl of Montgomery with his riding-rod. Whereupon the whole company was ready to go together by

the ears, and like enough to have made it a national quarrel. But, for want of weapons it was pacified. Even the notorious Moll Cutpurse was a duellist, if we are to believe Mr. Chamberlain. *

And this last Sunday, Moll Cutpurse, a notorious baggage, that used to go in man's apparel, and challenged the field of divers gallants, was brought to the same place, where she wept bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tipped three quarts of sack before she came to her penance. She had the daintiest preacher, or ghostly father, that ever I saw in the pulpit, one Radcliffe, of Brazennose in Oxford, a likelier man to have led the revels in some inn of court, than to be where he was. But the best is, he did extreme badly, and so wearied the audience that the best part went away, and the rest tarried rather to hear Moll Cutpurse than him.

It is not surprising that with such examples before them, the apprentices of London should, also, have taken to fighting. The great objects of their hostility appear to have been the Spaniards, and the Rev. Joseph Mead thus relates an illustration of the length to which this feeling was carried.

Three 'prentices standing before their master's door in Fenchurch Street, it chanced the Spanish ambassador came by in his litter, whereupon one of the 'prentices said to the other, "Sirrah, knowest thou what goes there?" Quoth the first, "There goeth the devil in a dung-cart;" which being repeated, and a laugh rising thereupon amongst them, one of the ambassador's company perceiving it, said to the second 'prentice. "Sir, you shall see bridewell ere long for your mirth." "What!" quoth the third, "shall we go to bridewell for such a dog as thou?" and therewith gave him a box on the ear, and struck up his heels. Complaint hereof came, ere long, to the mayor, and the matter being examined, though the mayor, as some say, would have been glad they could have excused themselves; but their sentence was to be whipped from Aldgate through London, which on Wednesday, the former week, began to be performed. They were tied to a cart's tail and whipped. At the first, it was not much known what the fault was; but it being soon learned, and notice given, when they came to Temple Bar there were about 300 of all sorts made the rescue, took them from the cart, and beat the marshal's men sore; and happy it was thought to be that there was little or no resistance made, for there were said to be coming up Fetter Lane and Paul's Chain the best part of 1000 who, seeing the rescue already made, dispersed themselves again. Hereupon it is said, that the ambassador sends to the lord mayor to know what the government of the city was, and how a man should have remedy that was injured. To whom the lord mayor answered angrily, that he was not to give an account to him of the city government. Hereupon Gondomar intended to complain to the king, at Theobald's, of the mayor and the city, but was better advised by a Catholic English gentleman to complain only of those who did the injury, lest otherwise things might so fall out, that he might deprive himself of the opportunity of residence within the city. But, as soon as the notice of these came to the king, which was on Thursday, he presently takes post from Theobald's, and arrived at London in the evening.

It happened, in the whipping time, that a brewer had offended either in word or deed, who therefore was to be whipped on Friday morning; but the expectation being great, there came command from the council, when he was tied to the cart's tail, to take him away, and suspend the execution; and presently there was news that his majesty was coming to the Guildhall; whither, when he was come, he made a long speech, and threatened to put a garrison into the city, and make them maintain them, if there were no better rule kept, and take away their charter and sword, &c.; but concluded toward the end more fairly, if these things might be amended hereafter. So, upon Saturday,

the brewer was whipped, with the sheriffs of London and 100 halberdiers attending the cart ; every constable in his precinct, and a strong watch in every precinct, and every householder standing at his door with a halbert : the which continued until three o'clock the next morning.

On Sunday comes forth a terrible and strict proclamation. In this proclamation, as I understand it, the city government is much taxed ; and it is strictly commanded that no man, so much as by countenance or look, abuse or express any irreverence for strangers, especially to ambassadors and their followers. Whosoever looks on, unless he presently apprehends the offender, and draws him to justice, shall be punished as deeply as if he had offended. His majesty will require every misdemeanor in this kind at the hands of every alderman in his ward, and not take disability or ignorance as an excuse.

While the proclamation was reading, a gentleman in the crowd trod upon a Spaniard's foot, who took him a box on the ear. He asking what reason he had for it, he gave him another, and the gentleman took both patiently. This I saw just now in a letter.

A letter of Dr. Meddus's, dated April 6, 1621, says, "One of the three whipt 'prentices is dead, as is generally here affirmed by those who have been at London ; but thought not so much through the severity of whipping, as the indiscretion of the executioner, who, meaning to favour him, by the speedy running of the cart, is said to have tied him too near it, so that he got some blows upon the breast." And the doctor adds, "They talk, also, this week that there had been a Spaniard beaten in the Exchange, for drawing upon and misusing some gentlemen, who, when they had done it, slipped away in the crowd, and are not known."

This is not very feelingly related, and the physicians, indeed, generally appear to have been as ignorant in the time of James I. as they were worldly. Speaking of the death of Prince Henry, Mr. Chamberlain says, "The extremity of the disease seemed to lie in his head, for remedy whereof they shaved him, and applied warm coeks and pigeons newly killed, but with no success !" When such scientific treatment failed, the doctors used to vary it by prayer ; which unorthodox proceeding, however, did not fail to bring them into collision with the clergy.

The Earl of Bedford hunting in a park of his own, by the fall of his horse was thrown against a tree, and so bruised, that the report went that he was dead, and it is doubted yet that he is in danger, for that his skull is said to be cracked. His lady, who should have gone to the spa but for lack of money, shows herself again in court, though in her sickness she in a manner vowed never to come there ; but she verifies the proverb, *Nemo ex morbo melior*. Marry, she is somewhat reformed in her attire, and forbears painting, which, they say, makes her look somewhat strangely among so many wizards, which, together with their frizzled, powdered hair, makes them look all alike, so that you can scarcely know one from another at the first view. Dr. Burgess, who is termed physician, was much about her in her sickness, and did her more good with his spiritual counsel than with natural physic ; and his manner of praying was so well liked by Monsieur Mayerne, or Turquet, that, thinking to do him a pleasure, he commended him to the king, who was so moved that he should dogmatise (as he called it) in his court, that he commanded the archbishop to look to it ; who, sending for him, used him somewhat roughly, and enjoined him not to practise within ten miles of London.

Anne of Denmark placed most faith in the receipts of Sir Walter Raleigh, and would, on that account, have saved his life, had it been in her power.

Prince Charles, it is well known, proceeded to Spain in company with

the Duke of Buckingham to urge his suit personally with the Infanta Donna Maria. There is a curious anecdote in a letter to the Rev. Joseph Mead, in reference to the manner in which the young prince was treated at the Spanish court.

The prince, whilst he was in Spain, was so well entertained by the king and his confessor, that they both called him heretic to his face, which he bravely disproved, and being grafted to see a church in Madrid, though he entered bareheaded, yet, because he would not bow down to the host, where they said Christ was, they forced him again out of the church, and if he had made the lesser haste back, they would have thrust him out by head and shoulders. This, and much more the prince told Dean White on Sunday night, as he since told me.

No wonder that the suing did not come to a satisfactory conclusion ! We must terminate our notice of this interesting work with a little bit of court scandal, in reference to the Countess of Buckingham. It is contained in a letter of the Rev. Joseph Meads to Sir Martin Stuteville, and bears date June 8, 1622.

I doubt not but you have heard that the Countess of Buckingham was banished the court, and that for her professed popery. But it was not directly so, nor for that cause ; at least, not only. For she is not banished, but still stays there till the progress, and then to take occasion to go into the country, and return no more. The chief reason is said to be this : when the emperor's ambassador was departing, the king, meaning to bestow some jewel upon him, caused one to be fetched. A chain of Queen Anne's, of 3000*l.* value, was brought him ; but refusing to bestow it, being a woman's chain, and of that value, upon him, and saying wherein had he deserved so much at his hands ? Another, of lesser worth, was brought, and pleased him. Then some question being made, what shall be done with the chain, the prince told his majesty, that neither of them both had yet bestowed any thing upon the Duchess of Lenox since she was married. If his majesty would dispose of it in that way, himself would be the carrier, to present it in his majesty's name ; and so should they have both thanks. The king assented ; the prince carried it, and put it about her neck, which was taken by all for an extraordinary and unusual honour done unto her. Which so grieved the countess, that such an honour should be done unto any but herself, and that a thing of that value and quality should miss her hands, that the next day she took upon her, in the king's name, to send for the chain again, pretending some use thereof ; and that it should be requited with as good a thing. The messenger, who went in the king's name, and not in her's, being sounded by the amazed duchess, at last confessed he was sent by the countess, who had it from his majesty ; whereupon the duchess bade him tell the countess that she would not so much dishonour the prince who brought it, to suffer it to be carried back by any hand but his or her own ; for, if his majesty would have it she would carry it herself, which the next day she performed, desiring to know wherein she had offended his majesty. The king, understanding the business, swore he was abused ; and the prince told him that he took it for so great an affront on her part, that he would leave the court if she staid in it : with no small expression of indignation. My author for this was Sir William Bounser, of Uppingham.

T I C K ;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD ETON BOY.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT, AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE COLONIES; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF AN EMIGRANT."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THERE is nothing that helps to make acquaintance among the reserved inhabitants of this country so readily as eating and drinking together. The remark is not particularly novel, but it is a just and illustrative one ; and what is the use of a proverb if it cannot be quoted occasionally ? With the French an acquaintance may be made with a pinch of snuff ; with the Germans over a pipe of tobacco ; with the Dutch by paying money ; and, to come nearer home, with the Scotch by being from the same country ; and with the Irish by fighting together (no matter whether for or against) in the same row ; but with the English the only recognised mode of commencing an acquaintance is by a dinner.

Breakfasts are too cold and too stiff ; luncheons too evanescent ; suppers since the practice of late dinners which have superseded them, are rare ; although when they do take place sociability is promoted more by such meetings than by all other convivial reunions—if the term "convivial" is admissible at all in reference to the formal parties which the stoicism of the national character enables English people to endure in the discharge of their social duties.

I must guard myself, however, against being supposed to assert that it is settled law in the social code of this country, that the circumstance of sitting by a guest of the male or female sex at a dinner-table constitutes *ipso facto* an acquaintance. The most that it does is to invest the propinquists with what lawyers call an "inchoate" right to acquaintanceship, which, to be perfected must be followed out by other forms and observances. Neither must it be imagined by the readers of these pages (in distant countries and after ages) that the solemn libation of a glass of wine between the parties is to be considered in any other light than the observance of a superstitious custom, now almost obsolete, and which has no force whatever in developing the relations of the social compact beyond the intercourse for the time being. Foreigners are not a little astonished at this repudiating reserve of the English people ; and I remember an anecdote on this point of our national character which I will take advantage of these desultory memoirs, to record for the benefit of the thinking portion of the public.

It happened, that, a French gentleman in stepping from the packet-boat at Dover when the water was a little rough, fell into the sea, and in the bustle and confusion of the landing might have been drowned, if it had not been for the interference of an Englishman who quietly slipped down the ship's side and held the stranger up till they were both helped on shore. The Frenchman, in the enthusiasm of his gratitude, would

have embraced his deliverer in the French fashion ; but that demonstration was gently repulsed by the Englishman, who returned no other reply to the Frenchman's unbounded expressions of friendship than by a bow in the English style. After this, they both went their respective ways.

But it chanced, that, a few days after, they met before dinner at the house of a mutual acquaintance. The Frenchman sprung towards his deliverer with the vivacity of his nation, and in the most cordial manner,—but was abashed at being received in a very stiff way by the Englishman, and with a look which was barely one of recognition ; and, in short, as if the parties were strangers.

The grateful Frenchman was puzzled at this behaviour ; if he had not considered himself as under a most important obligation to the other, he would have been inclined to resent the slighting of his acquaintance as an intentional affront, and perhaps would have insisted on settling the matter with pistols for two before dinner. But, fortunately, observing the master of the house at that moment disengaged at the other end of the room, he instantly entreated him to explain the mystery of his deliverer's conduct towards one who was bound to him by such a debt of gratitude as the preservation of his life !

"You were not acquainted with that gentleman before you met in the packet-boat?" asked the master of the house.

"We had never spoken," replied the Frenchman.

"Then perhaps you have never been introduced?"

"Introduced ! He introduced himself to me in the sea and saved my life !"

"Oh !" replied the host, "we don't consider that as any introduction at all."

"But," exclaimed the Frenchman, in astonishment, "are we not considered as introduced to each other as the guests of the same friend about to sit down at the same dinner-table !"

"Not exactly," replied the host ; "you see, my friend, we English people have our customs which on this point are, perhaps, rather peculiar ; but I will soon set this matter to rights by a regular introduction."

The regular introduction was made accordingly, and the prescribed movements were executed by both parties respectively :

Mr. Stiffstarch :—

The Frenchman attempted to grasp Mr. Stiffstarch's hand ; but that gentleman only bowed and retreated behind his neckcloth :

Monsieur Bonenfant :

Mr. Stiffstarch made another bow over his neckcloth, and the ceremony was completed.

"Can you forget," said the Frenchman, "that you saved my life !"

"Don't mention it," said the Englishman ; "it was nothing ; hope you didn't catch cold."

"But why," asked the Frenchman, some time after, and when they had become intimate, "why didn't you know me when you met me again ?—you who had saved my life !"

"We never know one another in this country," replied his English friend, "unless properly introduced by a mutual acquaintance. This is a custom observed by all, by the highest and the lowest, although it is adhered to most punctiliously by the middle classes, and by those of an

uncertain rank who are monstrously fearful of compromising their dignity by allowing themselves to be spoken to by one of inferior position."

"How of inferior rank!" asked the Frenchman; "are not all persons of education and good manners of the same rank among those whom you designate as belonging to the middle classes?"

"By no means," answered his English friend. "The gradations of rank in this country are infinite; among the middle classes especially. There are the great merchants and the little merchants, and the less; and the great shopkeepers, and the little shopkeepers, and the less in endless degrees. There are those who live in large houses, and those who live in small ones; and then again there are those who live in apartments in fashionable, or respectable, or inconsiderable streets; and these are divided into classes of greater or less consideration according to the particular floor which they occupy in the house. Thus a first floor lodger would die rather than speak to a ground floor one; and the ground floor would consider his social position compromised by association with the second floor; and all would regard with horror any approach towards intercourse from the inhabitant of the attic whatever might be, in other respects his education, or acquirements. Then there are the numerous classes of carriage people varying in rank according to the character of their equipage, from the occupant of the close carriage with a footman behind it down to the one-horse chaise. And nothing short of a general conflagration would induce a member of any one of these numberless classes knowingly to enter into social intercourse with a member of the class which he considers beneath his own."

"Is it possible!" said the Frenchman.

"Such a state of things seems to many foreigners impossible; but it is the fact. There was a curious case illustrative of this that occurred not long ago. Two men were to be hanged the same morning; they were of the doubtful class; one was to be hanged for forgery the other for highway robbery. When they were placed under the fatal beam with the nooses round their necks, the Newgate chaplain exhorted them to pray together before they were turned off; at which there was a visible hesitation. The parson urged them more earnestly not to lose the few moments of opportunity which remained for a joint supplication for mercy; but the pair continued silent. At last, Jack Ketch (that is the name we give to the last executioner of the law) who was a very civil sort of person, remembered that the two gentlemen had never been introduced to each other, and therefore according to the received laws of English etiquette could not exhibit any signs of acquaintanceship even on the gallows. He remedied the defect without delay, and indeed there was no time to be lost, for the urgency was pressing:—

"'Mr. Swell—Mr. Hounslow; Mr. Hounslow—Mr. Swell.'

"The new acquaintances could not see each other as the caps were drawn over their faces, but with their manacled arms behind them they interchanged a touch of the fingers, the singularity of the occasion it is to be presumed, allowing them to innovate on the established custom of acknowledging a first introduction only by a bow. The ice being thus broken, they immediately joined in an extempore prayer with the excellent chaplain who regarded the scene with English phlegm and composure, and who considered the affair rather as creditable to the good breeding and politeness of his penitents than otherwise; and they were immediately

turned off by Jack Ketch with a gentleness and consideration peculiar to that functionary, and with a good-natured attempt to cheer their spirits by 'wishing long-life to their honours, and better luck another time.'"

"Ma foi, c'est trop fort," said the Frenchman.

"I can't vouch for its being quite true," replied the Englishman, "but I tell the story as it was told to me."

"Au moins," observed the other, with French vivacity, "according to your description of the reserve and the customs of your countrymen, if the story is not quite true, il merite bien de l'être."

But to return to the party whom we have left at the supper table.

The closing incident of the scenes described in the preceding chapter will make the intelligent reader aware that the acquaintance between my father and his heretofore rival at the auction was commenced under most favourable auspices, for the supper was abundant and the wine was good. The explanations which I made as briefly as I could, were readily accepted by the papa, although they were received as it struck me by the aunt rather stiffly, and with some appearance of incredulity; for she said nothing, and seemed to meditate profoundly. However, all passed off very well, and the two governors seemed to take to one another more kindly than I expected. The old gentleman was chatty and agreeable and showed every disposition to be polite and hospitable, and with the exception of a slight shrinking which he betrayed on my father's request "to borrow" the bottle on his right hand in order that he might have the honour of taking wine with Miss McDragon; with the exception of that ominous word so disagreeable as I afterwards ascertained to the ears of the man of bank-notes, nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of the company.

Miss McDragon, to be sure, looked rather glum, occasionally, at me and Lavinia, as if she suspected the existence of some antecedents to our present acquaintance of which she was not a confidant. My mother remarked that I was unusually silent and dull; but although I was silent, I was not inattentive; and I observed that she scrutinised the young lady and the furniture, and the general style of the place with a maternal curiosity. As to Lavinia, she did not speak one word, but sat with her eyes cast down on the table-cloth in a very demure way, and seemed afraid to look at any one, especially at me, partly, doubtless, from bashfulness and timidity, and partly from awe of her aunt, who looked at her from time to time through an immense pair of round-eyed spectacles with a severe and doubtful aspect.

As soon as the supper was over, she begged leave to retire on the plea of head-ache and indisposition, and this broke up the party, my father paying her many compliments, and my mother thanking her for her attention to me, and embracing her fondly, which made the tears rush to Lavinia's eyes with emotion. I put out my hand to bid her good night, and was about to say something appropriate; but before I had time to speak, she slipped away without shaking hands with me, which surprised and pained me excessively, and I remained for a brief space with my eyes directed towards the door through which she had disappeared, wondering, and endeavouring to find out how I had offended her? My mother roused me from my reverie by touching my arm, and smilingly reminded me that we were going home. After a little laughter on all sides at the oddity of my dress, and apologies for "borrowing" the old gentleman's

clothes, and a faint attempt on my part to make some humorous remark on the circumstance of my being dressed "on tick" which was lost on the old gentleman as he did not understand the meaning of it, we got into the carriage and proceeded homewards.

"Well," said my father as we rolled along the road, "people are not so bad when one comes to know them a little as one is sometimes inclined to suppose; this Mr. — what's his name, behaved very civilly: but you see, my dear;" he said to my mother, "I was right in wanting to buy that place; it's a good house on a compact little estate; and the possession of land increases one's influence in the county."

"Better as it is," replied my mother; "you know we could not have paid for it except by borrowing money, and that's always a worry; and those bankers of yours are so particular in having it paid back again: really I think they're very mean, for as they can make plenty of their own bank notes, I'm sure I don't see why they should be stingy about lending them."

"This is a subject, my dear, that you don't understand," replied my father: "as indeed women seldom do understand business and the meaning of money; but I will try to explain . . ."

"Now pray don't explain it to me any more," exclaimed my mother; "you have explained it so often that really I am quite tired of it, and the more you explain it the more confused you make me." But as to the house, as you say, it's a nice house enough; and I must say that the daughter—Lavinia is her name isn't it?—is a very lady-like girl and very handsome . . ."

(I thanked my dear mother in my heart for this eulogium, and mentally vowed never to offend her again.)

"That Miss McDragon, though, was an odd-looking person; who is she, Leander?—a relation?"

I explained that she was an aunt by the female side.

"Oh! then, the name of the young lady's papa is not McDragon. Well—I am rather glad of that, for really it does sound rather formidable! But what is his name then?"

"Ah!" said my father, "what is his name? It's very remarkable that we have been sitting at a man's table and have not known his name! The person who gave us information of your accident said that it was opposite Willow Lodge, but I never thought of asking him the name of the owner. I suppose you know his name, Leander?"

"No," said I, "I don't; I never thought of asking; and indeed if I had, I doubt if any one could have told me, for they were all so scared by my apparition that I don't think they could have remembered their own names."

"Perhaps the coachman may know," said my father; "or the man in the rumble: it's a great omission!"

"But neither the coachman nor the man in the rumble could tell us."

Upon this I ventured to suggest, that it would be well for me to ride over early in the morning and ascertain the facts

"Do so," said my father.

"I dare say 'Lavinia' can tell you," said my mother.

"Dare say!" said my father; "what nonsense! Do you suppose the girl does not know her own name?"

"Why, as girls—especially handsome ones with good estates—may

have the idea that they may have to change them," said my mother in a laughing way, "they may not think it so much worth their while to remember their temporary ones ; and this Miss Lavinia seems a sort of prize in the marriage lottery, for she is unquestionably very handsome, and it may be rich besides : being an only daughter is a great point. No doubt she will have plenty of offers before long, if she has not had them already."

This mention of many "offers" suggesting as it did the vision of "many rivals," produced a prodigious disturbance in my ideas, and I determined to lose no time the next morning in ascertaining the young lady's paternal name for my father's satisfaction, as well as some other particulars more interesting to myself. With this resolve I went to bed and went to sleep.

I believe it would have a more romantic and loverlike air to say, that I dreamed all night of "Lavinia ;" but I didn't ; I was very tired, and slept very sound, and did not dream at all. Indeed, for any thing I know to the contrary I might have slept on till the middle of the next day, for I was fairly knocked up with the fatigues of the day before ; but I was waked by a persevering knocking at my door, at which I was first inclined to be savage, but was presently appeased by the delivery of a note folded in the form of an isosceles triangle, and delicately scented, evidencing thereby its feminine origin without mistake. This exciting sight made me jump up wide awake in a moment. I shied my night-cap into the middle of the room, and seizing the note eagerly, and it must be confessed, a little nervously, for I had not yet become hardened by the frequent repetition of such missives, I tore it open.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I FORGET who was the philosopher who first called attention to the astonishing number of recollections, hopes, fears, and anticipations which may pass through the mind in that brief interval which occurs between falling out of a window or from a horse to the ground, or from a vessel into the water ; on such exciting occasions the events of a life time are called to remembrance in a moment, and the adventures of long years become microscopised to an instant of time and a point of space in a way that has puzzled and still puzzles metaphysical enquirers.

I am aware that the above enumeration of occasions is open to the cavil of ill-natured persons who may object, that, in falling from the top floor of a dwelling house in the old town of Edinburgh the illustration would not hold good, inasmuch as there would be ample time for the adventurer not only to make a prodigious quantity of observations, but also to collect an immense store of information in his descent, before he reached the street ; and I am not forgetful of the anecdote of an individual who on the occurrence of such an accident could not refrain from indulging slightly in the Scotch habit of prelecting by remarking to a crony on the thirteenth flat as he passed him on his way down, "sic a fa' as I shall hae !"

I am aware of the force of this objection so far as the particular instance goes ; but it does not disturb the general truth of the theory—which may be verified by the curious at any time by experiment. In my own case my knowledge has been derived from the experience of this very note which I have mentioned. Between the first sight of that note, which my * imagination immediately pictured as having proceeded from the hand from which I most desired to receive one, and the opening of it (and

which in my eagerness to learn its contents, was instantaneous), how many thoughts and hopes and fears, remembrances, and exciting anticipations presented themselves, and with the rapidity of electric light crowded through my mind ! The hand I recognised at a glance as feminine ; there was no great difficulty in that perhaps ; for it may be observed that very few women indeed write a masculine hand, and that nearly all women write alike ; they all seem to make use of similar fine nibbed pens, and they make the same long thin strokes, with the same long tails to their ys flying into infinite space, and the same gs plumped up like their own dear bustles, and all present the resemblance of the same fairy hieroglyphics equally difficult to be deciphered.

Feminine as the writing decidedly was, there was an air about it, however, which convinced me at once that it was not from the hand of Miss McDragon. From that awful aunt I could conjecture could proceed nothing but harsh angular marks and horrid scratches, altogether different from the flowing and delicate letters which my eye was delighted with. The note must be from Lavinia ; of that I was convinced before I opened it ; and the whole circumstances of my first acquaintance with her in a moment rushed through my mind ; the entanglement of her bonnet with my fish-hook ; our meeting ; her modest evasion ; the revelation of the bonnet ; my quest of her by the river ; the alarm of the mad dog ; my plunge into the stream ; the dialogue of the nurses ; the kiss bestowed on the dead ; the adventures of my apparition ; the fainting, the catastrophe—all presented themselves vividly to my memory, with a thousand other thoughts and remembrances besides, and all in the instant of time which elapsed between grasping and opening the letter ! It was thus expressed :—

“The family at Willow Lodge present their compliments to Mr. Leander Castleton, and take the earliest opportunity to forward to him his clothes which were wetted in the water when he so generously attempted to rescue the daughter of the master of the house from the mad dog. And they hope he has not suffered any inconvenience in consequence of his unfortunate immersion. Papa also requests that Mr. Castleton will return his own things which he borrowed, and which the bearer of this note will bring back.

“Willow Lodge, May 10.”

After I had read this note over several times, I was struck with the remarkable omission of the name of “the master of the house :” and then it occurred to me, that, the form of expression “the family at Willow Lodge” was an evident and forced substitution for the Mr. ——— whatever his name might be, which ought to have appeared there ; and I amused myself with imagining all sorts of reasons for its omission. But imagine as I would, I could not hit on any satisfactory one, so that at last I was obliged to leave the solution of the mystery to time which “unravels all things.” But as I considered that, as on this point as on most others, there was no time like the present, I at once made up my mind to ride over to Willow Lodge without delay, in order to learn the name of its owner, for the satisfaction of my father and mother.

I remembered on looking back to the sale that the father of Lavinia had evaded, as it now appeared to me he did, giving his name to the auctioneer ; shrouding himself under the symbolic appellation of “Henry

Hase," which seemed to me and others at the time as an ebullition of the excessive self-complacency of the man of bank-notes and ready money. But the circumstance now struck me in a different light; and I could not help coming to the conclusion that the old gentleman himself had a reluctance that his name should be known; but why and for what object it puzzled me to imagine. However, as I drew nearer to the lodge, this inquiry assumed only a secondary importance in my thoughts, and I became more and more anxious to know what sort of reception I should meet with from Lavinia, as well as from her father on my second visit, and lastly from her aunt of whom and of whose spectacles I had conceived an incipient dread. But little did I guess what was in store for me.

Coming events, it is said, cast their shadows before; and I may say, by the way, that the doctrine of presentiments is so deep-rooted in the feelings of mankind, that it is difficult, at times, for the most incredulous philosopher not to be affected by its influence. Some such influence that morning affected me; for although I rode forth from the paternal mansion buoyant and joyous, full of life and strength and confident in hope, I found that as I approached the place of my destination, my courage oozed away, and that I was assailed by all sorts of doubts and fears. The redoubtable Miss McDragon I conjectured had discovered my former interview with Lavinia, which harmless as it was, would be regarded by one of her rigidity as a reprehensible concealment which would cause her to assume an antagonistic position unfavourable to my views, and some indication of which I feared I had discovered in her watchful aspect of the preceding night. Then I began to worry myself with what the papa would think of me on further reflection, and of the character of my adventures in his grounds and in his house, and especially of the somewhat suspicious attitude in which he had seen me in relation to his daughter. Perhaps he would consider my insensibility as a sham and a trick in order to gain admittance to his house with some ulterior design, and would be offended at the liberty which I had taken of dressing myself up in his clothes for the execution perhaps of my own frolics, and for the fun of frightening the residents in the house. There was no knowing, I thought, how he might view the matter when he came to learn all the particulars, for I had been very brief in my narration and had told no more than was absolutely necessary, and that not very clearly.

Nor was I at all at my ease in respect to Lavinia. The sacred kiss which she had imprinted on my forehead supposing me to be insensible to its impression, was excusable under the conviction that it was a mortuary farewell given under solemn feelings to one who had lost his life to save her own. But its bestowal on a young man who, as it proved, was a living person, was a very different affair: I had reason to fear, as I thought, that on reflection she might be shocked and embarrassed at her maidenly modesty having been outraged by such an act, which sacred and holy as it was towards the dead, assumed the shape of a freedom of a very awkward kind towards the living. Considering the matter in that point of view, I feared that I had reason to apprehend that she might be offended with me to an unpardonable extent for having allowed her, by feigning insensibility to her presence which my conscience reproached me with having done, to compromise her by an act which although committed with perfect innocence and unconsciousness of impro-

priety, and which emanated from high and religious feelings, was still a "great fact" and was irrevocable.

Full of such thoughts and the doubts and fears which their revolvment gave rise to, I took no notice of a stranger, young but older than myself, who walked away from the house towards the shrubbery as I came up to the front-door ; and I quite forgot to ask the servant who opened the door about the "name," but stammering out something about the "young lady," I was forthwith ushered into the best drawing-room in which Lavinia was not ; but in her stead appeared the awful person of her aunt and duenna, Miss McDragon.

From the grimness of her aspect, and from the excessive stiffness with which she returned my affectionate salutation, I at once divined that the store of wrath which she had retained for the last two days was then and there to be discharged for my especial benefit. I observed, that, I had no sooner entered the room than, like a bottle of spruce-beer partially uncorked, she began to fiz ;—and it was not long before her steam exploded with a violence commensurate with the force of its previous compression.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE irate duenna was sitting when I entered with her spectacles on a small round table before her ; but on the announcement of my name, she uprose, and "shipping her barnacles," as the sailors say, fired some preliminary menacing glances through the port-holes while she saluted me with a terrific courtesy. At the same time I observed there was a tremulous shaking of her head from side to side that boded mischief.

I made two bows ; the one the bow proper, the second the bow reflective ; like taking a pinch of snuff while considering an impromptu ; for seeing that the lady was in a state of proximate explosion I sought for time to consider how to deal with so dangerous a combustible. She gave me ample opportunity to arrange my thoughts, for contrary to my expectation she remained silent, and returned my attempts to look unconcerned and to smile (which I did with all my might) by a similar forced smile which however bore an expression so very dreadful, that, added to the tremulous shaking of her head which momentarily grew more convulsive, it was calculated to excite alarm in the heart of the most intrepid beholder. This reception abashed me, and confused my thoughts, so that I could not find words to address to her. It was clear that my only chance was to adopt the soothing system ; but not having had any experience of the way of dealing with so ancient a virgin, I was at a loss how to mollify one whose air and look said as plain as looks could speak, that, she would not be mollified. In this embarrassing position, to me at least, we both stood for a time which seemed to me immeasurably long, but which, when the silence was broken, I heartily wished had been longer, presenting the appearance of a diminutive cutter lying under the guns of a square Dutch Brig afraid to begin an attack on the vessel of superior guns and heavier metal, but apprehensive that it would be more dangerous to fly than to stand the issue of a fight.—It was not much longer, however, that I had to wait in a state of uncertainty ; nor indeed was it possible for the passions of my antagonist, like an unruly crew, longer to retain their fire ; the battle was begun by a broadside from Miss McDragon :

"So sir ! So ! Mr. Castleton—Mr. Leander Castleton So ! it was all a trick after all ! a trick ! a trick to get into other people's houses ! And

you must be a ghost too ! to frighten us all ! not that I was frightened ! To frighten us out of the house ! so as to have it—and a poor young girl—a child—all to yourself ! To surprise her—a poor young thing ; because she is thought to be a heiress ! Yes to surprise her into some engagement or something . . .”

“ Madam ! . . .”

“ But I know it all. And so ? you were the fisherman, were you ? Yes—it’s pretty plain now what was the fish you came for ! But she’s not a gudgeon for you young gentleman—at least I am not. You’ll find me too old—that is too cunning a fish to be taken in by your bait . . .”

“ Madam ! . . .”

“ All very well contrived—wasn’t it ? Oh ! capitally contrived ! only, Mr. Leander Castleton, it won’t do for me ! You must carry your nets somewhere else, sir, and your lines and your fish-hooks ! Upon my word ! young fellows seem to think they may do any thing now-a-days ! Took it out of some play-book I warrant ! A pretty way to steal a match with an heiress ! But there are those here who can match you, sir ! And pray, sir, how long have you been carrying on a clandestine acquaintance with my niece ? Tell me that, sir ! That I have a right to know at least ! I insist on knowing how long you have been carrying on a clandestine acquaintance with my niece ?”

This explosion when it came did not disconcert me in the manner that I expected ; on the contrary, it rather reassured me, as the charges which were brought against me were such as I thought I could easily refute : but I saw that my only chance was to adopt the soothing system, and to endeavour to fish out the extent of the aunt’s knowledge of all the scenes which had taken place between me and her niece, knowing well that the only witness that could be brought against me was Lavinia herself ; and on this point I had an instinctive persuasion that she would not communicate any circumstance that would tell either against me or her own maidenly propriety. Bearing in mind the Norman proverb “ *qui s’excuse s’accuse*,” I took care not to volunteer any defence of misdemeanours that I was not charged with. I confined myself, therefore, to a calm narration of the facts of the case. I protested, solemnly, that I had never seen the young lady before the morning when that accident took place, which was rather ludicrous than serious ; and with respect to her supposition of my having practised a trick by feigning insensibility when I was taken out of the water, I put it to her own good sense whether that was either likely or possible ; and I appealed to the testimony of all the servants of the house who had seen me at the time whether my total unconsciousness was not positively a fact beyond question. As to the unintentional alarm which I had occasioned among the household by my unexpected appearance in the kitchen, I endeavoured to show that it was entirely accidental ; and I wound up by assuring her that I should never forget the debt of gratitude which I lay under to *HER* through whose timely help and continued care I had escaped as it were from the very portals of death—a risk which I had run, as I hinted in the most modest and guarded manner, from my eagerness to save her niece from a fate more deplorable than the death which I had nearly met with. Having got to this point, without interruption, and observing that the lady was not ready with a fresh volley, I ventured, by a natural transition, to

enquire after the young lady herself, but I was met by a shot which the old lady evidently wished to be decisive :—

"My niece, sir, is too much indisposed to be seen to-day ; besides, she requested me to say—after the very improper manner in which you alarmed her last night, that she declines seeing you."

Although this was said in a very peremptory tone, and was evidently intended as a settler, there was something in the tone of the old lady's voice, and a shade of embarrassment in her manner, that convinced me that Lavinia had said no such thing, or at any rate had not said it in terms so repulsive and conclusive ; and then I began to ponder on the visible disinclination of the old lady to receive me in the light of a possible suitor for her niece ; which under the circumstances struck me as remarkable. I was the only son of a gentleman of some standing in the country, of good repute, and of presumed good estate, and I was not aware that there was any thing objectionable in the character or person of the said Leander Castleton. Nor did it seem to me that the occurrences which had taken place between me and Lavinia, even if they were all known, (which I perceived they were not or they would have been brought against me at the time by Miss McDragon) were of a nature to act as a bar to my forming an acquaintance with her niece either in the ordinary way of residents in the same county, or with ulterior views of a nearer connexion with the family at Willow Lodge. "There is something in all this," I thought to myself, "that I can't understand ; there is a vigour in the old lady's opposition beyond the the occasion. I wonder what Lavinia herself would say ?"

All this passed through my mind during the short pause which ensued in consequence of the aunt's freezing communication ; but while I was revolving the sweet and bitter thoughts which it had engendered, a clue was suddenly presented for the unravelment of the mystery which opened my eyes to a suspicion of the fact, by the following very simple announcement of a footman at the door :

"Mr. McDragon, ma'am, presents his respects, and wishes to know if you have any commands for him before he takes his ride ?"

"Tell my nephew," returned the aunt, "that I have nothing more to say ; but to remember that we dine at four o'clock."

"Oh ! ho !" thought I, "there's a nephew in the case, is there ? a he-McDragon ! for whom the heiress is doubtless reserved :—I begin to see daylight !"

"And master bid me say, ma'am," continued the footman, "that he will be happy to see Mr. Castleton in his counting-house—I mean his study."

In obedience to this intimation I immediately made my bow to the aunt, which was responded to by another courtesy as stiff as the first ; and then I followed the messenger to the study which on this occasion at least, as, much to my surprise, I presently found, was to serve the purpose of a counting-house.

The apparition of part of a female dress disappearing at an opposite door made my heart bump a little, but my attention was quickly arrested by the sight of the same stranger whom I had cursorily observed on my arrival, and whose name and position were without delay revealed to me by the master of the house :—

"Mr. McDragon, my sister's nephew ; that is, my late wife's sister's nephew—and my nephew—by marriage that is : and this is Mr. Leander

Castleton of whom you have heard so much this morning, who was nearly drowned in trying to save your cousin from the mad dog. . . Narrow escape Mr. Castleton ! and we all feel much obliged to you for your good endeavour, her cousin especially (the devil he is, thought I) ; but you put them all in a sad fright by your sudden appearance*among them—poor Lavinia especially ; my sister is a little angry with you for that—for frightening her I suspect ; for she used to boast that she never was frightened by man or woman in her life ; however, you were neither the one nor the other at that time—at least they supposed so ; and their fright was excusable perhaps, under the circumstances. Now Peter—(Peter ! so his name is Peter) you may leave us : I will settle this matter with Mr. Castleton (what can that be ? thought I) but don't forget to be back by dinner time ; and remember if you take the road through the gravel-pits you'll save the turnpike."

Mr. Peter McDragon, who I observed had been scrutinising my appearance as anxiously as I had been noting his, upon this, advanced with much show of civility, and extended his hand with which he grasped mine ; but for the life of me I could not return the pressure, so that my hand remained in his like a piece of warm putty which he could not fail to remark ; but really I conceived an instantaneous dislike to the fellow so strong, that I could no more have taken hold of his hand to give it a friendly shake than I could have caressed the paw of a toad or a hyena ! For it instantly struck me, that this was the very person whom the circumventing Miss McDragon had in her eye, when she endeavoured to raise up a bar of separation between me and Lavinia, by believing or pretending to believe that I had made use of unworthy practices to engage her niece in a familiar and clandestine acquaintance with myself.

I felt a twitch of jealousy also, which was very disagreeable, and which proved to be a foretaste of what was to come, at the opportunity which this Mr. Peter McDragon (confound him !) had of making way with his cousin ; and that, perhaps, at that very moment he was having a private conversation with her from which I was debarred ! This reflection was by no means calculated to put me in a good humour ; but bad as that aspect of the affair was it was nothing compared to what was reserved for me in another shape. Even at this interval of time I cannot look back at the whole proceeding without shuddering with vexation.

"Pray sit down, Mr. Castleton : a very odd thing has happened, Mr. Castleton. You are aware perhaps that I have retired from business, but my nephew who has succeeded me has not ; a very excellent, worthy, pains-taking, industrious, frugal, economical young man ; quite a man of business. He thinks of nothing but business. He scarcely gives himself time to take his meals ! His ledger is his Bible ; never was there such a young man for book-keeping. However, this perhaps is not very interesting to you."

I begged to assure him that it was very interesting ; although to myself I wondered what the deuce the old gentleman was driving at.

"Well—Mr. Castleton ; the odd circumstance that I was about to mention is this—although in business odd things do sometimes occur ; you see my nephew in the way of business has to deal with bills—I mean bills of exchange,—inland as well as foreign ; you know the distinction between an inland and a foreign bill of exchange, of course ?"

"Yes," said I, in rather a faint voice, "of course ; we attend particularly to these matters at Cambridge where we have," said I, (and that was true enough) "a great deal of experience with all sorts of bills."

While I said this I felt myself breaking out in a cold sweat, for a horrid presentiment told me that some confounded bill of mine had something to do with the old gentleman's communication.

"Well—as I was saying, the odd circumstance is this; a bill of your's has come to my nephew's hand; what is the amount? Oh 80*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* at six months, six weeks overdue; and as he was coming down here to-day he put it in his pocket, and he has asked me to present it, which is of course a thing I cannot do; but as you happen to be here, as business is business, I have thought it the shortest way to tell you of it."

"Upon my word," said I; "I remember now—but really I had quite forgotten the circumstance; yes; it is a bill I accepted at Cambridge."

"Forget it—Mr. Castleton! Excuse me sir; you know age has its privileges; but how is it possible that a man can forget a bill that he has accepted! I never heard of such an instance before! Why they would not believe it on 'Change! Don't you keep a bill-book?"

"Really," said I, "my transactions in those matters are so few that a bill-book would be a superfluous thing for me. But really," I exclaimed, "it is curious how soon these things come round."

"That is a remark," said the old gentleman, "which I have often heard before. I have heard it observed by one of the most intelligent merchants of the city of London who afterwards served the office of sheriff, that nothing comes upon us so quick as an acceptance—except a hanging; that is, when the hanging relates to oneself, you understand. An old crony of mine, Tom Spicer—he was in the grocery line but my trade was a dry-salter—Tom Spicer said a good thing once:—a friend of our's, Jack Singleton, was going to take a domestic partner—that is going to be married; but he put it off till after he had taken stock that he mightn't be in a muddle with having too many things to do at once; and then when he had put it off he wasn't satisfied with that, but wanted to hasten it on, and have the new account entered, as it were, in his ledger, out of hand; and in short he was very bad company indeed all that time, and nobody knew what to make of him on 'Change, and one day he was near having one of his bills protested because he was away in the country a-courting. Well—he was complaining to Tom that the time seemed plaguy long till the wedding-day, and said Tom to Jack, said he, 'stick your name to a good fat bill to fall due on the same day, and then you will find the time will go quick enough!'"

I got up a laugh at this joke as well as I could, but in truth it was not very hearty; and to have a joke poked at me at such a moment when the spectre of my own acceptance was brought to appear to me was not very pleasant; but as the old gentleman laughed and seemed to enjoy it immensely, I could not help joining if only from politeness and from deference to the master of the house and the father of Lavinia.

"Well—my young friend, as to your bill;" (thought I—the bill); "you must not suppose that I mentioned it to worry you about it. Young men I know at college want money sometimes and are not always ready to take up their bills; so what I wanted to say was, never mind it for the present; I have told Peter not to present it; it's the least he can do in return for the service you wished to do his cousin" (I winced at this); "and don't mind being under a little obligation to Peter for he is a very good-natured fellow, and he will let it lie over till you can retire it. But let me give you a bit of advice, my young friend; never set your hand to a bill unless you are sure you can take it up when due."

"But I never said I could not take up this bill," said I. . . .

"Oh! that's another matter; but I thought to be sure there was a hitch, because you see it's six weeks overdue already; and whenever a bill is overdue and not taken up, we all consider, in the city, that it's a bad one—excuse me Mr. Castleton it's the fact—or at least that it can't be a very good one. But Peter, you see, knowing your father's position in the county—that was through me—thought he might venture on it."

"But I am quite ready to take it up," I repeated. (This ability I was aware, at the moment, was unhappily hypothetical; but my disinclination to be under an obligation to that abominable Peter made me venturesome.) "I will ride home and bring the money, this very day."

"Very well, then you can settle it with Peter; I have nothing to do with it. All that I wanted was to put you at your ease about it's immediate payment; and that was why I asked Peter. . . ."

"I will ride over instantly," said I, "and bring back the money."

"Do so then if you like, and that will bring you back here in time for dinner; mind we dine punctually at four o'clock. I hate to be kept waiting for dinner; there's more time lost between waiting for dinner from people not being punctual than would serve to keep a man's ledger! Whatever you engage to do, Mr. Castleton be punctual; Tom Spicer used to say, that the easiest way for a man to acquire a good character was to be punctual; he might be ever so bad in other matters, but if he was only punctual, particularly in paying his bills, that would carry him through; and so, do you always remember, Mr. Castleton, that business is business."

He let me go with this parting admonition; and glad enough was I to be off, and away from the house, albeit that it did contain Lavinia. And in a pretty stew also was I to know what to do with this confounded bill, that had started up in the very place and at the very time when it was most annoying! And the worst part of the business was, that I no more knew how to raise the money to pay it than I did to square the circle or discover the longitude. Nor was this all my embarrassment and my shame. I did not know how to break the matter to my father, whose allowance to me at the university had been ample; and who already had discharged for me some extra expenses, not without a severe admonition to avoid such expenditure in future. And now I was engaged—positively engaged—by promise, to carry back the money by four o'clock; and there was the abominable Peter who would be waiting to receive it! Never before did I suffer so much vexation; and never before did I feel so humiliated. Ten thousand times did I curse my own thoughtlessness in putting my name to that confounded bill; and ten thousand times did I mentally swear that never! never! would I put my name to a bill again!

I had ridden rapidly back to my home; but when I reached it I feared to enter it, and to encounter my father. But something must be done! If I did not confess it, the next day to a certainty, the inexorable Peter, outraged by the breaking of my promise, and not sorry perhaps, for private reasons, to make a breach between the families, might come and present it in person!—That idea was too horrible to be dwelt on!—At all risks my father must be made acquainted with my difficulty and the worst must be encountered! With what poignant anguish did I then feel the retributive action of the fatal practice of
TICK!

A VISIT TO THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF CRESSY AND AGINCOURT.

IN LETTERS ADDRESSED TO H. P. SMITH, ESQ.

By H. L. LONG, Esq.

LETTER I.

PASSAGE OF THE SOMME AT THE FORD OF BLANQUETAQUE.

To your suggestions, my dear Smith, I owe the pleasure I have derived from an excursion to Cressy and Agincourt. I could have wished that the same kindly stars which conducted us in early life to explore the Plain of Marathon together had on this occasion combined our visits to the scenes of the glory of the Plantagenets. I should have rejoiced, too, in the guidance of a friend already acquainted with the localities, for our countrymen, who penetrate everywhere, and cannot be supposed to have left unvisited two celebrated spots almost within sight of England, have not, as far as I could discover, published memoranda for the service of succeeding travellers; true it is that the elaborate work of Sir Harris Nicolas on Agincourt has left us nothing to desire in the way of a narrative of the campaign of Henry V. ; but the plan of the battle-field is erroneous, and we have no descriptive sketch of it, or of its approaches from any recent inspection. As far as Cressy is concerned, no English work, that I know of, has appeared on the subject. Froissart is the great authority for Edward's Campaign, and those readers to whom his antique style and language may not be attractive, find him admirably "done into English" by Johnes, who has, with a peculiarly happy spirit, preserved in the translation the quaint gossiping flow of the original. It would seem from Johnes's own showing that the manuscripts of Froissart present considerable diversities, and since his time M. Rigollot has published in the third volume of the "*Memoires de la Societ  des Antiquaires de Picardie*" various fragments of a MS. of Froissart's which exists in the library of Amiens. From this work M. Louandre in his "*History of Abbeville and Ponthieu*" has drawn copiously to illustrate his account of the Battle of Cressy. M. Bucher des Perthes, whom I had the pleasure of seeing at Abbeville, recommended me M. Louandre's volumes as containing the best and most recent details of the action, and from his stores I shall not hesitate to borrow whenever I find any thing likely to prove of interest to you, and to illustrate the subject of my letter.

The whole campaign of Edward from Cherbourg to the gates of Paris, and thence to Calais, would form an agreeable outline for a drive through France—his terrific march,

Amazement in the van with flight combined
And sorrow's faded form and solitude behind !

with its various scenes and events would be the main object of examination, while an abundance of collateral sources of interest would fill up any vacancies which might occur in the progress of tracing his steps. For ourselves, we confined our observations to Picardy, and approached the scene of action at the mouth of the Somme.

You remember how Edward, while Warwick and Harcourt advanced as far as St. Germain and St. Cloud, remained in the nunnery of Poissy until the middle of August, and celebrated there the feast of the Virgin, "sitting at table in his scarlet robes, without sleeves, trimmed with fur and ermine;" and how his adversary, Philip, had quitted Paris, much to the sorrow and terror of its inhabitants, and fixing his head-quarters at St. Denis, collected an army of imposing strength, and of unusual splendour, for three kings served under his banners. It soon became apparent that the English forces could no longer maintain their position in the face of such formidable numbers, and Edward commenced a retreat towards Calais, which had the appearance almost of a flight, inspiring the French with an energy and activity wholly wanting before, and encouraging them to an immediate pursuit of their enemy. But the march of Edward was impeded on reaching the Somme, the bridges were all either destroyed or in possession of well-fortified hostile forces, and Philip approached fully expecting to shut the English up between the river and the sea, and to starve them into a capitulation, or fight them with every advantage on his own side.

On the 23rd of August, 1346, we find the relative positions of the armies to have been thus. Philip was at Airaines, which the English had quitted so precipitately that the French on entering found meat on the spits, bread in the ovens, "*et moult tables que les Anglais avaient laissées.*" Edward after ineffectually attempting to force a passage at Abbeville, had retired, "*moult pensif,*" to Oisemont, and there, apparently not knowing by which way to proceed, proclaimed rewards and liberty to any one among his prisoners who would guide him to a ford by which he might pass the river with safety. A "varlet" of Mons, by name Gobin Agace, undertook to conduct him to a spot, where "twice a day," in the words of Froissart, "the river is passable for twelve men abreast, with water not higher than their knees, over a bottom hard with gravel and white stones." The English king caught joyfully at this information, and quitted Oisemont at midnight, in order to outstrip the enemy, and reach the river in time to avail himself of the proper state of the tide for effecting the passage. A *chemin-de-travers* extends from Oisemont to St. Valery; of this Edward seems to have availed himself, and although the distance cannot be less than fourteen or fifteen miles, he reached the river at the desired spot at five o'clock in the morning of the 24th of August. It was low-water, and the ford, perfectly practicable, lay before him; but upon the opposite bank was posted a Norman baron, Godemar du Fay, with a force of some thousand men prepared to dispute the passage. No time was to be lost, for an hundred thousand men were close upon his rear, and Edward ordered his marshals with the best of his men-at-arms, to advance into the river, nor did the French wait until their enemy had gained dry ground, but rushing into the bed of the river, the combatants met and fought furiously in the water. The battle was, however, of brief duration, the English column reached the opposite bank, Godemar was totally defeated, wounded, put to flight, and pursued up to the gates of Abbeville.

In the mean time, Philip, following previously from Oisemont, and imagining his prey now fairly within his grasp, reached the south bank of the Somme, time enough to destroy some few unlucky stragglers of the English army, but too late to pursue it across the ford. The tide

was returning, and without exposing himself to the fate of "Busiris and his Memphian chivalry," he could not have attempted the passage. He retired "tout dolent" to Abbeville, and took up his quarters in the monastery of St. Pierre.

The village of Noyelle, less than a mile from the ford of Blanquetaque, was defended by a garrison and a strong château, which now "n'offre plus qu'une vaste butte de décombres entourée de quelques débris de murailles, et de fossés profonds." The labours of the English army, after effecting their passage of the Somme, and putting to flight the forces of Fay, were not entirely over. Noyelle, however, was soon taken, the village was burnt, and the castle would have shared its fate, had not its noble lady, Catharine d'Artois, Countess d'Aumale, found favour in the eyes of Edward. It was true that her daughter's husband and his father were in arms against him, serving under the standard of Philip, but the father (doomed to perish within a few hours on the field of Cressy!) was brother to Geoffroy d'Harcourt, Edward's favourite marshal, and Catharine herself was daughter to his equally favourite adherent, Robert d'Artois, whom he had created Earl of Richmond; thus was she connected with two great men in Edward's service, who had both quitted that of the French monarch out of some pique or disgust, and who, however valiant and faithful in their fealty to their adopted master, can be regarded as little better than traitors. Catharine, too, although constrained to admit Philip's garrison within the walls of her castle, partook of the general dislike, which all the French noblesse at that period entertained towards that monarch. She threw herself at the feet of Edward, and by the intercession of Geoffroy d'Harcourt, preserved her castle and her liberty.

At Noyelle, the English army halted for the night, and Edward's good faith towards his guide, "the varlet," Gobin, is recorded so carefully by the chroniclers, that it seems to have been a surprise to them that he adhered to his promises. Gobin was presented with a hundred nobles of gold, a horse "pour se sauver," his freedom being granted together with that of his companions.

Thus it was that the English monarch owed his preservation and that of his army to the happy accident of finding among his humble prisoners a "varlet," who, acting the part of the mouse in the fable of the lion caught in the toils, was enabled to point out the means by which the great enemy of his country could conquer an apparently insuperable obstacle, and extricate himself from his embarrassments. It was reserved for our own days to witness the converse of this remarkable circumstance, when a French sovereign was indebted to English prisoners for his passage across an adverse river. I allude to Napoleon at Givet, on the Meuse; and the anecdote is too curious and too little known, to require an apology for introducing it here as a parallel to the above. I am indebted to a friend for extracting it from the "*Guide Pittoresque du Voyageur en France* (Paris, 1834)."

"On communique des deux Givets par un beau pont en pierre, dont la construction décrétée par l'empereur en 1810 fut achevée en 1816. Voici à quelle occasion Napoleon ordonna cette construction, l'empereur revenant de la Belgique arriva à Givet par un temps affreux; la Meuse, grossie par de longues pluies, avoit rompu et emporté le pont de bois qui existait depuis longtemps et tombait de vétuste. Ce contretemps

contraria beaucoup l'empereur qui avait hâte d'arriver à Paris ; le passage par bateau était extrêmement dangereux, aucun batelier ne voulut le tenter : cependant l'empereur se souvint qu'il y avait à Givet un dépôt de prisonniers Anglais ; il ordonna qu'on en fit venir quelques uns devant lui, et aux quels il demanda leur avis sur la possibilité de passer la rivière ; un grand nombre de ces marins assurèrent que la traversée, quoique présentant quelques dangers, était cependant possible, et offrirent leurs services, l'empereur en choisit vingt ; et, plein de confiance en leur habilité, parvint heureusement à l'autre rive. Les vingt Anglais reçurent avec la liberté, un habillement complet et une récompense pecuniaire. A son retour à Paris Napoléon ordonna la construction du beau pont qui lie aujourd'hui les deux parties de la ville."

I considered the ford of Blanquetaque possessed of quite sufficient interest to invite us to its examination, and accordingly we quitted the great post road at Nouvion, and taking a sandy track over an open undulating country, we drove to Noyelle, and thence by a little road bearing the magnificent appellation of Chemin des Valois, and connecting the eastern end of the village with the bank where the ford begins, we reached Blanquetaque. The wide bed of the Somme, a mile and a half in breadth, and enlarging towards its mouth, where the towns of St. Valery and Le Crotoy confront each other, seemed at first sight an awful place for the existence of a ford of any description. We arranged to arrive there at low water, but the wet sands as we approached them did not present any other appearance than that of water, giving a most perilous aspect to such extensive shoals through which an army would have to wade. But its dangers disappeared upon examination ; the sands are perfectly solid and safe, and the current of the Somme occupies but a very narrow space, and is not above a foot and a half in depth ; a very civil person employed on the spot as a *douanier*, explained to us the usual track adopted by any vehicles traversing the river, but at the same time intimated that he was in the habit of walking almost everywhere—even direct to St. Valery itself.

It is not improbable that in the days of Edward, there might have been far greater hazard attending the passage ; the continual drift of sand all along this coast must have had no inconsiderable effect in the embouchure of the Somme, and, moreover, a portion of its waters have been diverted from their course to form the canal on the south side of the river between Abbeville and St. Valery. The name of Blanquetaque is nothing more than the Picard pronounciation of *Blanche tache*, or "white spot." From this circumstance, and from the words of Froissart quoted above, I expected to find in the bed of the river, "gravel and white stones." It was, however, one waste of common sea sand, such as one gallops over on the Sussex coast, between Worthing and Littlehampton. The name is properly given, and well derived from another circumstance. It is well known to all such as attend in the least to the geological features of this part of France, that the chalk hereabouts, sinking under the tertiary formations, forms the lip of a basin of which we are supposed to have the western margin in Hampshire. It is exactly at Blanquetaque that the chalk unites with the superior strata, and exhibits itself for a moment before its disappearance under them in a little cliff formed by the action of the waves at high water. This little cliff, or bank, is the "*Blanche-tache*," which, serving as a landmark, guides the traveller across the

ford in a direct path from the southern side. This chalk is of the soft or free sort, and has this peculiarity, that it appears shivered into small cubiform pieces. It is possible that in its direction southwards under the bed of the river, it may have some effect in supporting and consolidating the sand, forming a sort of natural barrage, which may be the remote cause of the existence of the ford.

It is not, by-the-bye, without some risk of excommunication that I have proposed natural causes to account for the ford at Blanquetaque. The monkish mythology of Picardy assures us of its enjoying a very different, and far more sublime origin. The town of St. Valery bore anciently another appellation, and owes its present name to its famous eponymous saint, the great apostolic hero of Ponthieu, and it is to his miraculous powers that the ford of the Somme is to be ascribed, the "gué, que le corps de St. Valery franchit en 981, n'étant pas connu alors on fut persuadé que les eaux au fleuve se separarent par miracle pour laisser passer cette precieuse relique." But after all, the claim of St. Valery, dead or living, to the merit of being the first of mortals who crossed the estuary of the Somme is not altogether undisputed. "After this, the King of England marched towards Pountife, upon Bartholomew's day, and came to the water of Some, where the French king had laid 500 men-at-arms, and 3000 footmen, purposing to have kept and stopped our passage, but thanks be to God, the K. of England and his host entered the same water of Some, *where never man passed before*, without loss of any of our men," &c. So says Northburgh, the king's confessor, and companion in the campaign, in a letter dated from Calais. Northburgh's testimony, as he afterwards became a bishop, must be entitled to implicit credit, but we will leave the saint and the bishop to settle their own differences.

We could not look upon the distant towers of St. Valery, without reflecting upon the other event in English history, more mighty than Edward's adventure, which has distinguished the mouth of the Somme. From St. Valery, Duke William's expedition set forth to overthrow the Saxon dynasty in England, and commence an era for us from which we seem to begin to date as a nation. A note in Thierry's "History of the Norman Conquest," defeats all claim of St. Valery-en-Caux to dispute the honour of witnessing the departure of the Normans.* The Conqueror little thought that within the lapse of three centuries, his descendant and successor on the throne of England would be leading an army of Saxon yeomen into Normandy and Picardy, to requite at Cressy the debt of blood contracted on the fatal field of Hastings.

Not to lose sight of Edward, I must remark that, after passing the night at Noyelle, he proceeded on his way the following morning,

* "Some respectable savans have considered that the place to which William's fleet was thus driven, was Valery-en-Caux, and not Valery-sur-Somme, situated beyond the limits of Normandy; but the manuscript recently discovered at Brussels sets all doubt on the point at rest:—

'Tuque, velis nolis, tandem tua litora linguens,
 Navigium vertis litus ad alterius.
 Portus ab antiquis Vimaci fertur haberi,
 Quæ vallat portum Somana nomen aquæ.
 De super est castrum quoddam Sancti Walarici,
 His tibi longa fuit difficillique mora.' "

Widon.—*Carmen de Hastings prælio. Chroniqua Anglo-Normandes*, iii. 3.

August 26, adopting the same order of march he had employed in Normandy. His army broke into three divisions, and while his captains right and left of him carried havoc to the gates of Abbeville and St. Ricquier on one side, and to Le Crotoy and Rue on the other, he himself, with the main body, took the road to Cressy. When he ascended the hills, which gently sloping decline to the waters of the Somme, he would have had before him, at the distance of four or five miles, the dark outline of the forest of Cressy, bounding his horizon to the north; and although a "chemin vert" led directly through it to the town of Cressy, and neither the season nor the soil were likely to have rendered the road difficult, yet it is generally asserted by the French authors that he avoided a passage through the wood, and making a circuit to the right, by way of Titre, and La Motte Valeux, fell into the main-road, leading from Abbeville to St. Omer at Canchy; then, quitting it almost immediately, he turned to the left by way of Marcheville to Cressy. I own, I can find no sufficient proof for this apparently needless circuit; but, however, it may have been, the sun of the 25th of August went down, leaving Edward with his re-assembled army admirably posted on the heights above Cressy, and his adversary, Philip, feasting with his royal and noble chiefs at Abbeville. The French monarch had remained inactive during the whole day, but of respect to St. Denis, whose fête it was. After the supper, the last convivial repast to the greater portion of his guests, he is recorded to have given them some counsel, which, had they followed it, might have stood them in good service on the following day: "*Qu'ils fassent l'un à l'autre amis, et courtois sans envie, sans haine et sans orgueil.*"

Hereafter,* from the month of September next, when it is expected that the railway to Paris will be opened as far as Etaples, the localities of Blanquetaque will become sufficiently discernible to all travellers approaching Paris by that route, for at the identical spot where this famous ford is found, the railway, running in a course nearly due south from Rue, comes upon the bank of the Somme, and then making a gentle inclination eastward, ascends the valley of that river as far as Amiens. The dreary bed of the river, the scene of Edward's hazardous exploit, will be easily surveyed from the right windows of the carriages whenever the trains happen to be passing at the moment of low-water, but when the tide is up and a south-westerly gale brings the waves close up to the side of the railway, it will appear almost incredible that human beings could ever have walked across such an expanse of raging water. As the travellers proceed along the valley they will continue along the line of Godemar du Fay's flight towards Abbeville, and will observe from the left windows the agreeable hilly slopes crowned with beech-wood, where he is stated to have rallied some of his forces, and for a few minutes to have attempted ineffectually to renew the combat. This Norman baron has been suspected of treachery, but Chateaubriand, in his "*Etudes Historiques*," has vindicated him from the reproach. He has also been accused of retiring from his post "*sans coup férir, comme le prétendent à tort des auteurs qui oublient qu'il était Français.*" The Norman family of Fay appears to have had a branch established in England, for I ob-

* It is hardly necessary to say that the entire line of railway from Boulogne to Paris is now open to the public.

serve some individuals of the name recorded as holding certain estates and manors in Surrey during the reign of Henry III.

The excavations attending the foundation of a small bridge over which the railway passes immediately on leaving Blanquetaque, brought to light some thirty or forty skeletons. All of them were the remains of men who had perished in the vigour of youth; this was clearly discoverable from the perfect state of the teeth, and the natural and only inference is that they all fell together in battle. It is highly probable they were some of the victims of Godemar's defeat. There are, however two or three tumuli visible on the hill close by, and in one of them the singular interment was discovered of a great many human skulls, separated from their trunks, and arranged together in a sort of cone. All this gives evidence that Blanquetaque must have been the scene of battles before the days of Edward—*vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*. Even the legend of St. Valery himself, claiming the establishment of the ford, expressly for the convenience of his own sacred exuvix, will not destroy the presumption that these Celtic interments, and the ancient "chemin vert" leading to the river, indicate that a knowledge of the ford existed in very remote times, although perhaps rarely used, and accompanied by greater danger.

We drove along an excellent departmental road from Blanquetaque to Abbeville, and passed some pretty country. The valley first exchanges its wide sandy aspect, as the bed of a tide river, for green meadows, and then for wooded marshy fields, among which is seated the antique city of Abbeville. Here we remained for the night, at the well-known Hôtel de l'Europe.

DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

"This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown."—KING HENRY IV., *Part I*.

THE decadence of the British drama has not prevented—perhaps, indeed, it has been the cause of—a tendency towards theatrical exhibitions by those who are not professional in their endeavour to "hold the mirror up to nature" and amuse the public.

The recent example of a number of literary men, who have devoted much time and personal exertion in the cause of their less-fortunate brethren,—to say nothing of a host of "Histrionics," "Shakspearians," and others, whose object was simply self-gratification,—has not been without imitation, and that too, we are assured by a highly competent authority (Mr. Sm—th, a clerk in the H—me Off—ce), in a very high quarter. In a word, the rage for private theatricals has invaded the g—v—rnm—ntal departments, and the m—n—sters themselves (aided by a few friends) have resolved upon laying claim to the hitherto-exclusive title of "Distinguished Amateurs." Rehearsals have for some time been going on, and we are enabled to state (through the kindness of Mr. Sm—th), that a public performance will shortly take place.

When it is generally known that the object of this performance is for the EXTINCTION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT, it is impossible to suppose

that the efforts of the m—n—sters will not be rewarded by the presence of a very crowded audience.

When the C—b—net Council had finally decided upon the question, that it was desirable they should make an exhibition of themselves,—at a cheaper rate than within the walls of W—stm—nster Palace,—the next point to be considered was, what pieces should be performed. As the servants of a Q—een,—independently of the higher claims of the period,—the distinguished amateurs gave the preference, as a matter of course, to the Elizabethan age; but which dramatist to select for the play itself, became the cause of some difference,—almost of schism. Some, and these were the more active-minded members, who knew how to combine the practical with the poetical, were for a play of Shakspeare; others, of a crabbed turn of disposition and disposed rather towards forms than essentials (red tapists, in fact), stood out for Ben Jonson; while one or two, who delighted in mad or dreamy impossibilities, were loud in their advocacy of Marlow, Massinger, or “Beaumont and Fletcher,” those dramatic “double cherries on one stalk,” whose literary union has no parallel, save in the sacro-lyrical partnership of Sternhold and Hopkins. The partisans of Shakspeare had the wider range, those of the other dramatists the more peculiar.

But the difficulty which the supporters of Shakspeare met with was, that of adapting themselves to the amazing variety of characters in his plays, all of which demanded the exercise of first-rate ability—a thing not often found in C—b—nets, even when composed of “all the talents.” Had they been at liberty to pick and choose, to dove-tail one part with another, in short, to make a hash of the drama, as they do of p—l—tics, the affair might easily have been arranged. Earl Gr—y could then have enacted *Timon*, and have hated mankind at leisure, or personating *Cicero* (in “Julius Cæsar”), have most naturally represented the man who would

“———— never follow any thing
That other men begin.”

Sir John H—bh—s could have appeared to advantage as *Sir Toby Belch*, and “drank healths as long as there was a passage in his throat;” Lord P—lm—rston might have shone forth as *Parolles*, against whose door “disgraces have of late knocked too often;” Mr. M—c—lay might have played *Henry the Sixth*, and been buried in Windsor Castle, as well as have dated his letters from thence; and little Lord J—hn himself might have had the run of all the first business, from *Hamlet* to *Shylock*, or from *Falstaff* to *Touchstone*, as suited his tragic or comic propensities, for the time being.

But this amalgamation being unsuitable, as far as the drama is concerned, the selection of parts at will was over-ruled, and the plays of those authors whom we have already named were examined. Marlow’s “Faust,” though it contains some strong language, and one or two good situations, was rejected because there were so many candidates anxious to play the devil, as they undoubtedly would have done with the part of *Mephistophiles*, no less than they do with Free Tr—de, the Ch—rch, and the Nav—g—tion L—ws! Massinger came next, but “A New Way to pay Old Debts” was set aside, in spite of the strenuous efforts of Sir Charles W—d to monopolise the character of *Sir Giles Overreach*, to which he laid claim as the exclusive property, from time immemorial,

of the Ch—nc—llor of the Exch—q—r. Beaumont and Fletcher fared no better, notwithstanding that "The Noble Kinsmen" and "The Elder Brother," offered conditions which were absolutely realised in the C—b—net. The distinguished amateurs had, therefore, no help for it but to fall back on surly old Ben, and, once more following a good example, made choice of "Every Man in his Humour." There was a great advantage in this, for the play had already been made popular, and popularity was too valuable a thing for m—n—sters to neglect. The commodity is, indeed, as liable to taint as mackerel at Midsummer—as perishable as a poppy when plucked.

The eyes of the public have of late been directed with more than usual anxiety towards the councils in D—wn—g—street; the frequency of these *réunions* has led the world to suppose that m—n—sters have been engaged, if not in restoring dynasties, and propping up thrones that had toppled down, at least in devising plans for keeping Ireland quiet, for satisfying the Chartists, for making "finality" infinite, and such other impossible feats of statesmanship; but the real fact is, that they were wholly and solely engrossed by rehearsals.

Every one who has had occasion to accompany a deputation to the H—me Office (and the difficulty would be to find a person who had not perilled his peace of mind by such an act), must remember the room in which Sir George Gr—y sits, with its double door, well-baised to deaden sound, and its screen of many folds, as serviceable as that of *Joseph Surface*. In this room the rehearsals took place, but before we speak of them we must describe the cast of the play, and touch upon a few of the incidents belonging to that undertaking.

The promoters of the scheme, a select few of the C—b—net, first of all took counsel together. These were, the First L—rd of the Tr—sury, the three S—cret—ries of St—te, and the Chief C—mm—ss—ner of W—ds and For—sts. Doubtful of their own ability to accomplish any thing unaided, and depending more upon the generous assistance of their enemies than on their own resources, it was proposed, before the play was read, to beat up for recruits. Lord J—hn R—ss—ll suggested that Sir R—b—rt P—l would prove a valuable ally; who, he asked, could play the part of *Brainworm*, who carries himself successfully through three disguises better than he? The versatility of the ex-pr—mier was fully admitted, but another noble lord was free to confess, than in transmigratory qualities, whether of mind or body, he could see no one equal to Lord Brough—m. His lordship, he said, was not only capable of undertaking any given number of parts, but possessed the faculty of being ready for them at a moment's notice; he was very quick of study and his memory was remarkably retentive of *other people's words*. To this Lord P—lm—rston replied, he should have had no objection to Lord Brough—m's joining the company if the play selected had been the "Tempest," he might then have doubled the parts of *Trinculo* and *Caliban*, and have used "his forward voice to speak well of his friends, his backward voice to utter foul speeches and to detract," but as the case now stood, he owned that he felt more inclined to give his suffrage in favour of Sir Robert P—l, as the best representative of a character like *Brainworm*, who made a point of deceiving his own friends. After some further discussion, Lord P—lm—rst—n's opinion prevailed, and it was

decided that the part of the intriguing serving-man should be confided to the hon. m—mb—r for T—mw—rth, and as a set-off for his rejection, that Lord Brough—m should have a good part in a farce, or—provided a pantomime were possible, that he should play harlequin.

The next part named was *Captain Bobadil*, and four out of the five present declared that it was a toss-up which was best adapted for it, Mr. Urq—h—rt or Mr. Ch—sh—lm Anst—y, but as those hon. m—mb—rs belonged solely to their own clique, had no weight with the public, and were not in the slightest degree calculated to draw, they were turned down as speedily as they had been brought forward. Somebody next suggested Mr. John O'C—nn—ll or Mr. Sm—th O'Bri—n; but their pretensions also were negatived, the first, because he had not yet died on the floor of the House of C—mm—ns, as he promised, the last because he had anticipated *Bobadil's* beating at the Limerick tea-party. Mr. F—rg—s O'C—nn—r's name was put forward for a moment but immediately withdrawn, the proposer apologising in a very contrite tone for venturing to think that the hero of Kennington could sustain even *Bobadil's* character for more than five minutes.

We have said that four out of five concurred in the first proposition respecting that part; the dissentient was Lord P—lm—rston. The fact was, he was desirous of playing it himself, and when he begged to remind his colleagues of certain passages in his d—pl—matic career, *notamment*, his correspondence with the M—n—ster for F—reign Affairs, in Gr—ce, and more recently the boldness of his onslaught upon the Conde de M—rasol, he entertained little doubt "by the heart of valour in him," that the committee would at once consent to cast him for the bouncing captain. His lordship's arguments prevailed the moment he had stated his case, the only wonder of the committee being their own singular forgetfulness of his qualifications.

Downright came next on the tapis, but here not the slightest difficulty arose. As to any Wh—g playing the part with the slightest chance of success, that was instinctively felt to be an absurdity, and on Lord Mr—p—th's proposing his colleague for the West R—ding, was agreed to by acclamation, and Mr. C—bd—n was at once nominated.

Lord J—hn R—ss—ll was very desirous of knowing if THE D—KE could not be enlisted in the service; it would be a decided help to them, for his name was a tower of strength. But for the decision at which the committee had just arrived (and he admitted that he had given it his full concurrence), he should certainly have proposed the noble and gallant C—mm—nder-in-Ch—f. No one was more plain-spoken than he, no one had made—if he might be allowed the expression—a better use of his *mauleys*,—he spoke figuratively, the committee knew what he meant,—had more soundly thrashed his enemies; there was only one objection, it was a question with him (Lord J—hn) whether the D—ke would consent to serve—he meant, to play—with the Honourable Member for the W—st R—ding; if the Qu—n commanded it, of course he would perform, as an act of duty, but he doubted whether her m—jesty would so far exercise her undoubted prerogative, and, therefore, under all the circumstances, he begged to withdraw the D—ke's name.

The committee then resumed, and the cast of *Kitely* came under discussion. As far as the abstract impersonation of jealousy went, said Lord

P—lm—rston, it would be the easiest thing in the world, both in the C—b—net and out of it, to choose an adequate representative. There was Mr. D'Isr—li, for instance, who was jealous of every body, and particularly of men in office; there was his Right Honourable Friend the P—ym—ster-Gen—ral of the F—rces, whose jealousy of disposition since he had lost his seat for Ed—nb—rgh had, he was credibly informed, been vastly augmented; the committee would, perhaps, think this was impossible, but he assured them he believed it to be the fact; then, again, there was Lord Br—gham, who was jealous, not only of the noble l—rd who sat on the W—ls—ck, but even of the W—ls—ck itself for being sat upon by any one but he; he need not multiply instances, unfortunately they were only too rife, and, therefore, without going any further, he would at once state the name of the individual whom he looked upon as best qualified to undertake the arduous part of *Kitely*. That individual had given so many striking proofs of his infirmity of temper (and no man had experienced their effects more keenly than he),—his jealousy was so readily aroused,—its direction was so purposeless,—it was so manifestly the consequence of a pride that nothing could tame, which looked with an eye of suspicion on all—men, women, and children—who came within his vortex; he was, in short, at once so violent in his anger, and so hasty in his doubts, that he (Lord P——) could not conceive, if you searched both Houses of P—rl—ment through (and the task would not be a pleasant one), that an apter representative could be found than his noble friend the S—cr—t—ry for the C—l—nies. He, therefore, begged to propose the health,—he begged pardon, he forgot, it was not a C—b—net dinner,—that the part of *Kitely* be entrusted to Earl Gr—y. The noble lord thus named, rose hastily, and after a few bitter sarcasms on those who, he said, were always in hot water, from one end of Europe to the other,—he would not be more specific, but Lord P—lm—rston knew whom he meant,—to the surprise of every one at once consented to play the part.

Kitely's attendant and confidant, *Cash*, was soon disposed of, there being not a dissentient voice when Lord M—rp—th proposed that the part should be given to Mr. George H—ds—n.

His lordship's own turn came next; in consideration of his poetical turn of mind, there were points about *Master Matthew* and *Master Stephen* which would have suited him, but when the committee considered that the part of a Yorkshireman and a "country gull" were things incompatible, and that his lordship's experience of London (notwithstanding the city commissioners) equally disqualified him from representing the "town gull;" they decided upon allotting him the part of *Wellbred*; his fitness for which was beyond all doubt.

Justice Clement is a character who, in his judicial capacity, gives universal satisfaction; the Lord Ch—nc—llor was at once set down for the part.

The reasons of the committee did not reach the ear of Mr. Sm—th (though it was glued to a crevice) in fixing upon the man who should do justice to Cob. As the reader knows, he is a water-bearer,—but his affinity with water ends there. The yokes were therefore placed on the shoulders of Sir J—hn C—m H—bh—se. Experience of men and manners, combined with a certain degree of *bonhomie*, characterises *Old Knowell*;

there is no more respectable *père de famille*, and the Pr—sid—nt of the C—nc—l was accordingly set down for it.

Had Lord N—rm—nby been in England, he would undoubtedly have been cast for the gay gallant, young *Edward Knowell*, the man of wit and pleasure about town, but in his absence no better substitute could be found than Lord Cl—nr—c—rde. As the fact of a letter being delivered to the wrong person forms a main incident in connexion with young *Knowell*, it was not thought inappropriate to associate the P—stm—ster Gen—ral with the part.

Formal, one versed in rules, laws, precedents, and enactments, was made over to the Sp—k—r of the H—se of C—mm—ns! one or two wished to have seen Mr. C. Wy—n in the part, but it was objected that his voice was against him, and he was withdrawn.

There now only remained the parts of *Master Stephen* and *Master Matthew* unappropriated; but to fill them adequately was no easy task. If mere folly had been the only thing required, a single haul of the m—n—st—rial net would have brought a miraculous draught of fools from either H—se. But this was not all. *Master Matthew* is a poetaster and given to melancholy, and *Master Stephen* a copyist of every man's absurdity. To find a mere poetaster is, God knows, an easy matter in these days, and there is enough stirring just now to make any one melancholy who has a tendency that way; to discover an imitator, where so few are original, is, moreover, no very difficult undertaking, the delicate part of the business was to put the cap on the head without the wearer being conscious how well it fitted him. There were names without end of those who, like Cinna, had written bad verses. The Pr—m—r himself was a notable example, and they abounded on the Opp—s—tion benches. A host of disappointed candidates for office,—ambitious m—mb—rs who could never catch the Sp—k—r's eye, or were invariably coughed down,—might put in claims on the score of melancholy; and as to absurdity, whether it was advocated by Dr—mm—nd, or M—ntz, or S—bth—rp, the result would have been the same. As the characters run in couples,—as it were,—the Pr—m—r proposed that they should be represented by the joint-s—cr—t—ries of the Tr—s—ry, or better still by the Att—r—ney and S—l—c—tor-G—n—r—l, for as they were in the habit of pleading the causes, and identifying themselves with the habits of fools, as well as knaves, it could be no hardship for them to hold the briefs of *Master Matthew* and *Master Stephen*, and these rôles were accordingly assigned them.

The caste was now complete except the ladies, but as in all amateur performances they are the last to be thought of, and women generally being, as Lord Duberly says, "cuter than men" and readier to assume a part for the nonce, this caused no disquietude. It was settled, if there should, after all, be any difficulty on this head, that the parts of *Dame Kately* and *Sister Bridget* should be offered to the editors of two well-known newspapers, and that Mrs. Cuffey should be requested to play the part of Cob's Wife.

These preliminaries settled, a circular was sent round to all the performers, and as it was dated from the Tr—s—ry, and intimated that "business of importance" required the presence of the individual named in it,—there was a full attendance; the play was read, and every one

entered with alacrity on the enterprise. Some little squabbling of course took place, such things are unavoidable on all boards, public and private, on the stage as well as in the C—b—net, but as it chiefly arose from the laudable desire of every actor to play more than was set down to him, it was wisely left to time to convince each person that if he limited himself to his own part, he would find that it sufficiently taxed his energies.

It is the fashion in some quarters, where dramatic novelties are the theme, to prelude the actual representation by an account of the manner in which the rehearsals go off. This method is, we conceive, scarcely fair to the actors who, for the most part, lack the stimulus which is to give life to their performances until the very moment of projection. Mr. Sm—th, influenced by what he saw through the chink of an unguarded door, has reported very favourably on the whole. He says that Lord P—lm—rston's manner when he described "the leaguer of Strigonium" (with Acre 'possibly in his mind's eye), and "the siege of what-d'ye-call—um" (peradventure one of the detached forts near Paris), was in the highest degree diverting. He fully proved himself a judge of "a Toledo," by his appreciation of Spanish temper; and in the matter of the *stoccata*, all he required was to be held back from doing mischief. If there was any fault in his lordship's performance, says Mr. Sm—th, it was in the way in which he took the cudgelling; it did not sit easily upon him—he lacked that crest-fallen, abject appearance with which the clever artist contrasts his former braggadocio. Mr. Sm—th thinks, however (when he takes away his eye from the chink and casts it round the political horizon), that before the night of performance, further experience may assist Lord P—lm—rston to a better understanding of this feature of *Captain Bodadil's* character.

Sir Robert P—l's *Brainworm* is reported to be inimitable;—the manner in which he takes in old and young, gentle and simple, are perfect transcripts of life; when he passes off his "provant rapier" as a genuine blade, Mr. Sm—th says it forcibly reminds him of Free Tr—de; and when he levies a toll alike upon rich and poor, he cannot for the life of him divest himself of Sir Robert's introduction of the Inc—me T—x.

But we must adhere to the principle we have ourselves laid down, that to anticipate these clever performances is unfair;—let the public judge of their merit when they come before them, which will, we understand, be very shortly, on one of the off-nights of the H—se of C—mm—ns, and within the walls of St. Stephen's Theatre.

We forgot to say that instead of a farce, there will be a monopolylogue by Lord Br—gham, in a variety of languages—those of the several countries of which he is a citizen, which will be interspersed with tumbling and rope-dancing. Stage manager, Lord J—hn R—ssell. N. B.—No orders admitted, the public press excepted; and no money returned.

Vivat Regina.

IRELAND AND THE REPEAL OF THE UNION.

THE union of Britain and Ireland into one kingdom was effected with the view to consolidate the interests of all parts of the British Empire, and more especially to prevent as much as possible such disgraceful exhibitions as occurred subsequent to the French revolution of 1792, when one portion of the country was seen combatting against another, with the assistance of foreign bayonets. This great and important measure held out promises to all well-regulated minds, that the discontent, disunion, and strife which had so long distracted Ireland and perverted her best energies, would cease to operate; and hopes were generally entertained, more especially in this country, that the educated of all classes in Ireland would unite their efforts and influence to promote the welfare of their common country, and extinguish civil and religious animosity from among their countrymen.

Seldom were hopes so justly entertained, destined to be more sadly blighted. We will say nothing about Catholic Emancipation, because it had been generally understood while negotiating the union, that in the event of its taking place, the Catholics might look forward to the removal of all their disabilities. This last great measure of concession failed, however, as totally as any previous one, in effecting the desired purposes of conciliation and orderly co-operation between the two countries. As Ireland was when divided among several independent chieftains, when one of those native princes solicited Agricola to invade his country, as Ireland was under Dermot, King of Leinster, who in a similar manner sought the assistance of England, so also was Ireland receiving aid from the Scots under Bruce's brother, Edward, from the Spaniards under D'Aguilar, from the French under La Hoche, or soliciting it in the times of Lamartine. The same spirit of turbulence, discontent, bigotry, love of change, and of strife that are superadded to many fine qualities, were as manifest in the times when O'Ruarc's wife was abducted, and O'Connor was at the head of a confederacy of native princes, as when the country was over-run by an association of Whiteboys and Oakboys, Steelboys, Rockites, or united Irishmen, associations which instead of being animated with pure patriotic zeal, were frequently nothing better than bands of lawless depredators; or as when O'Connell was at the head of a confederacy of anti-unionists or repealers, who instead of fighting a common battle were separated into two hostile camps of moral and physical force men.

The secret of these national peculiarities it is therefore evident is not to be sought for in the political state of the country. They are attributes common to individuals who in their aggregate impress their tone upon the national character. These attributes are as manifest with the same class of Irish when they are in England or America, as when they are in their own country. They have made themselves prominent at all times, and under all circumstances, and will still continue to do so; till education and social progress shall have brought about great changes, or till a race possessed of as much valour and greater wisdom shall have taught them by precept and example, that industry and discipline are essential to individual welfare, and national prosperity. The science of ethnology unfolds

the history of such a state of things in which politics and even religion only play a secondary part. When the Milesian has no intellect or moral cause for strife, when there is no political or religious opposition, no international jealousy of races or of labour, no faction or feud, he will fight for diversion's sake. As Byron said was his individual case with regard to the affections, so the Milesian may say of strife—it is a matter of necessity with him. The consideration of this peculiar mental and physical constitution of the Irishman, and the organic laws upon which this depends, is too much neglected in legislation, yet there never was a period in the history of the world, in which a true knowledge of human nature was so indispensable as it is at the present day. The grand and fundamental idea of all modern changes is the natural equality of men. That all men are brothers of the same blood, their discrepancies more apparent than real, and even where real the result of accident, and consequently, removable by change of circumstances. This is the theory on which nearly or remotely, rest all modern schemes of social improvement. Yet never was there a greater error or one more readily confuted by an appeal to facts. All history and all human experience have been teaching for ages lessons which speak not of human equality and unity, but of great and permanent diversities among mankind. The adaptability of any two races of men for precisely the same progress is nowhere the same. The striking national contrasts depicted by Tacitus or still less so those represented in the more ancient pages of Herodotus are, it is true, nowhere to be found in the present day; but others are no less prominent or obvious to those who will philosophically combine their study with that of the existing social and political condition of any given country or state. Let the leading facts in the history of any country where barbarism once reigned and was succeeded by civilisation, be passed before the mind, and the result will attest that that civilisation came from without. In the days of the Romans the inhabitants of this country were barbarians. Rome poured into Britain not merely her warriors, but also her commerce, her arts, her science, her learning; and her best as well as her worst blood mingled with that of the vanquished natives during the long period of 400 years. The invasion by the Normans, in like manner, introduced into these realms not only a large portion of the highest chivalry of Europe, but also a large portion of its highest intellect.

Granting to Ireland its absurd claim to a civilisation almost co-eval with the Deluge—a claim that is far more illustrative of the poetry of its patriotism than of its sober wisdom—certain it is, although we know not by what melancholy reverses of fortune this once flourishing state of things was overturned, that when the light of undoubted historic truth first begins to dawn on that island, we find its inhabitants involved in a barbarity fully as rude as that of their British or Gaulish neighbours, and equally certain it is that with the exception of what it was indebted for to certain holy and learned men, who visited the country at a very early period, that Ireland is mainly indebted for its progress in civilisation to its connexion with England. As certainly, also, as the German race will gain the ascendancy over the Polish and Tzech races, so the Anglo-Saxon element will, by its superior capabilities, obtain power and pre-eminence over the Celtic and Milesian. This is not a question of political passions and differences; it is a simple result of the action of the natural laws against which it is vain for man to cavil or to oppose him-

self—it is manifest in the comparison between any two counties in Ireland, where the different elements predominate ; and it will be still more manifest with the progress of events, which will be historical to our children.

"Situate on the western shores of England and Scotland," says Mr. R. M. Martin, in his able work "Ireland before and after the Union with Great Britain," "Ireland in ceasing to be incorporated with Great Britain, must inevitably become her foe, and be re-conquered." This is the geographical part of the argument, or the necessity of position super-added to those peculiarities of race and disposition, which are so sadly opposed to industry, enterprise, order, or steadiness. "There can be no doubt," continues Mr. Martin, "that Great Britain could exist or flourish independent of Ireland, but, unless it were possible to remove Ireland to some distant part of the Atlantic, it must be dependent on, if not united with, England. Granting, for the sake of argument, that the union has caused the evils alleged, the wiser and more practical course would be to endeavour to correct those evils, and to make the union beneficial ; for it is the direct and manifest interest of England that Ireland should be prosperous and happy."

But the fact is that Ireland has derived from the union benefits and advantages innumerable ; and we propose to ourselves to extract from the third edition of Mr. Martin's work just published, a few facts, not only to show that the allegations of the evils inflicted on Ireland by the Union, are untenable and at variance with truth ; but also that the benefits and advantages derived from the said Union would have been greatly enhanced, but for the continued agitation in which she has been sedulously kept for years—an agitation which would have utterly ruined any country connected with a less opulent neighbour, or united with a kingdom of despotic rule. As in the example of Poland, poverty, degradation, and conquest, would now have been the fate of Ireland, had England not been generous even beyond her means and charitable to an extent little warranted by the ingratitude met with in return.

Before the Union 4,000,000 souls derived a scanty subsistence from the soil ; Ireland has now more than 8,000,000 inhabitants. At the period of the Union 1,700,000 lbs. of tea, 200,000 cwts. of sugar, 150,000 lbs. of coffee, 3,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 20,000 loads of timber were retained for home consumption in Ireland. In 1845 the figures amounted to, tea, 6,600,000 lbs. ; sugar, 415,000 lbs. ; coffee, 1,000,000 lbs. ; spirits, 7,600,000 gallons ; timber, 230,000 loads. This according to data obtained by Mr. Martin from the various returns laid before parliament. Now it is evident that if this increased home consumption were merely referable to increase of population, the ratio would be one-half more ; but in that of tea it is threefold, in that of coffee eightfold, and in that of timber nearly twelve times as much as before the Union.

Ireland is essentially an agricultural country, consequently her increased productions testify to augmenting wealth. Thus, notwithstanding an increase in population equal to twice what it was previous to the Union, there still remained to export from Ireland to Great Britain in 1845 a surplus of 3,251,901 quarters of grain and meal, whereas previously to the Union there was not a surplus exceeding 500,000 quarters, so also while previous to the said Union there were only 20,000 oxen and calves exported to Great Britain, there were, in 1846, 192,846 ex-

ported, for no sheep were exported previously. There were 259,257 exported in 1846, and for 6000 swine, there were exported at the same period 480,827.

The eggs and poultry imported into Liverpool alone from Ireland in 1844 amounted to 120,000*l.*; salmon to 40,000*l.*; other fish, including oysters, 20,000*l.*; hides, hair, feathers, porter, &c., 110,000*l.* The total value of Irish produce imported into Liverpool is about 6,000,000*l.*, and into Bristol about 1,000,000*l.* per annum.

The increased export of porter and whiskey from Ireland is equally remarkable. The total quantity exported from all Ireland, from 1772 to 1800, according to Morewood, was only 78,000 gallons. In 1847, to England alone, it amounted to 1,072,450 gallons.

The progress made by Ireland in maritime trade since the Union is surprising. The tonnage belonging to, and registered at, the different ports in Ireland, amounted for the three years, 1797, 98, and 99, to only 112,333 tons, in the years 1846, 47, and 48, it was 737,141 tons, showing an increase in Irish property of 624,808 tons, between the first and last periods. The steam tonnage which entered the ports of Ireland in 1836 was 500,000; in 1846, it was doubled. The total tonnage which entered Ireland in 1836 was 1,600,000 tons;—in 1846, 2,600,000 tons, being an increase of a million tons in ten years. In 1801, the total tonnage inwards was only 456,000 tons, in 1847 it was 2,544,387 tons. Great improvements have been made in Kingstown Harbour, Dublin, and at other ports. The expenditure on Port Patrick Harbour alone, since 1820, has been 165,441*l.* 55,000*l.* was also issued by the Treasury during 1846 for improving the Shannon navigation.

To show how the internal traffic of Ireland has augmented during the same period, it will be sufficient to mention that there were landed on the piers on Shannon waters in 1842, 3960 tons; in 1846, 18,289 tons; there were loaded at the same piers in 1842, 6210 tons, in 1846, 23,152 tons. On the Grand Canal the tonnage amounted, in 1842, to 194,062 tons; in 1845, to 285,602 tons. On the Royal Canal, in 1842, to 73,688 tons; in 1846, to 99,550 tons. The river Barrow navigation presented, in 1842, a result of 68,656 tons, in 1846, of 86,750 tons; the Tyrone navigation rose from 10,211 tons to 17,200 tons during the same interval.

So it has also been with regard to tolls and passengers. On the Grand Canal, the passengers, in 1843, numbered 89,611; in 1845, 111,225. So also with regard to the Irish railways. The passengers by the Great Southern and Western amounted for the five months ending 31st of December, 1846, to 145,485; for the half-year ending 30th of June, 1847, to 217,397. On the Ulster line, there were 425,864 passengers in 1843; and 690,477 in 1847. On the Kingstown and Dublin line, there were 1,758,878 passengers in 1843; and 2,203,910 in 1847.

Of late years attention has been directed to the great mineral wealth of Ireland. The Irish copper ore sold in Swansea, and lead ore raised, was, in the year 1846, 17,471 tons of the one, 1641 of the other, the value of the copper ore being 106,078*l.* The fisheries are also now receiving some attention. This is a very painful subject, whether from want of aptitude, from indolence, or from unwillingness, the Irish are adverse to fishing. The west coast of Ireland, it is well known, abounds in the finest fish in the world; but, excepting at the large ports, scarcely a boat is to be seen devoted to the fishery, and that although 31,687*l.* was

granted by government for the encouragement of this branch of industry. There is, however, a slight improvement. The vessels employed in the Irish fisheries in 1836, amounting to 10,761, numbered, in 1846, 21,075, and the number of men, amounting in 1836 to 54,119, had increased, in 1846, to 99,422.

The country being thus tested as regards augmented trade, shipping, and produce since the Union, it is but natural to suppose that we shall find a corresponding increase of means among the people. The condition of the lower classes in regard to means is best indicated by the accumulations of their frugality in Savings' Banks, and in no respect does Ireland present a more marked feature of prosperity than in this. The number of depositors, and amount of their deposits, were, for example, in 1829, 31,262; deposits, 854,329*l.* In 1841, 77,522 depositors; 2,243,246*l.* deposited. In 1846, 92,859 depositors; 2,792,708*l.* deposited. It may be said the population has increased by one-fourth since 1829. But the amount deposited in 1846 is more than three times the amount of 1829. The total deposits up to the 20th of May, 1847, in the Irish Savings' Banks, were 9,534,522*l.* Latterly endeavours have been made to weaken the confidence of the people in these provident institutions, and it is to be regretted that the trustees at Killarney and Tralee appear to have neglected their duty. There is, however, progress notwithstanding these drawbacks, which are of a description that could only be met with in Ireland. The Loan Funds, which were established in Ireland in 1837, to assist the industrious classes, with small sums of money at a low rate of interest, also indicate progress, there being, in 1846, 250 of these funds with a capital of 408,842*l.* and a circulation of 1,770,397*l.* The yearly increasing sums of money transmitted by post-office orders in Ireland, also testify that there is an augmentation of the available means of the middle and working classes. These sums, which amounted in 1839 only to 111,864*l.* had increased, in 1846, to 1,131,197*l.*

The stamp duty received on legacies, probates, and administrations, shows an increase of 135,247*l.* on legacy duty, between the three years 1821-22 and 1823, and 1846-47 and 1848; and an increase of 143,097*l.* for the same periods on probates and administrations.

The stock transferred from England to Ireland from 1838 to 1848 was 13,945,742*l.*, while that transferred from Ireland to England during the same period was only 6,193,879*l.*, showing a difference of 7,751,863*l.* in favour of Ireland. The annuities for terms of years transferred from England to Ireland in the above years were 214,512*l.*, and *vice versa* only 14*l.* The long annuities from England to Ireland 46,020*l.*, and *vice versa* only 457*l.* These facts attest in the most unanswerable manner the accumulation of funded property in Ireland.

The grand-jury cess, or presentments for the general use of each county or barony, show the increased value of landed property in Ireland. They have been augmented since the Union from about 200,000*l.* a-year to 1,150,000*l.* a-year.

There is, at the same time, a wider distribution as well as an augmentation of property manifested by the increasing number of the middle classes, who are acquiring the elective franchise. The total number of electors registered from the 1st of February, 1845, to the 1st of February, 1846, was 9696. The total number registered on the 1st of February, 1847, was 188,654. There were, however, other influences at work in

cing this vast increase in the number of electors, besides the mere nination of qualification.

The social progress of Ireland since the Union; has been as great and as marked as have been her improved commerce, means, and resources. The extension of education has been very great. The national education schools were commenced in 1833 with 789 schools, 107,042 pupils and with a parliamentary grant of 25,000*l*. This grant has been yearly increased, and amounted in 1846 to 100,000*l*., which provides 3637 schools for 456,410 pupils of all religious denominations. Not more than one-seventh of the children are Protestants, and, therefore, the benefit is mainly for the children of the Roman Catholic poor. There are workhouse schools, gaol schools, agricultural schools for both sexes, and model schools for teachers. Evening and Sunday-schools are also numerous, and well attended. The intellectual differences between the Irish of the north, and the Celts and Milesians of the south and west, is shown even in the number and distribution of these schools, of which there are 1987 in Ulster, 441 in Leinster, 602 in Munster, and only 152 in Connaught. The "Church Education Society," instituted in 1839, for instruction on church of England principles, is wholly supported by voluntary contributions, yet it has increased up to 1846 from 825 up to 1809 schools, from 43,627 pupils up to 96,815, and from 8470*l*. receipts to 41,639*l*. Of the 96,815 scholars in 1846, 29,691 were children of Roman Catholic parents, and 12,832 of Protestant Dissenters. By Act 8 and 9 Vict., *c*. 66, the Imperial Parliament authorised the grant of 100,000*l*. to build three new colleges in Ireland, for all classes of the people, and 21,000*l*. a-year for salaries to professors, &c. Nineteen hundred pounds are also voted annually by Parliament to the "Royal Belfast Academical Institution." In these, as in every other instance, Ireland has received grants from the public revenues at least equal to those made to England and Scotland. By the Act 8 and 9 Vict., *c*. 25, 30,000*l*. was authorised by the Imperial Parliament to be vested in trustees for the improvement of the Roman Catholic college of Maynooth, and 6000*l*. a-year for salaries to the president and professors of the college; which, in addition to 8028*l*. granted in 1844 to the church of Rome in Ireland, constitutes an income of 14,000*l*. a-year. The Protestant college (Trinity College) receives no support whatever from the revenues of the state.

The increase in the number of newspapers in Ireland, and which has extended from twenty-five published in 1800, to eighty-nine published in 1846, exhibits as much an increase of political excitement as it does the spread of intelligence. The liberty, or rather license of language granted to the newspaper-press in Ireland, far exceeds any thing that has ever been permitted to the British press, or has been accorded to the newspapers of Europe or America by their respective governments.

A provision for the destitute, aged, and infirm, by means of a rate on property for the maintenance of the poor, has been established within the last few years, after long opposition from the late Mr. O'Connell and others. The number of unions has progressed rapidly from four in 1840, to 129 in 1846, and the expenditure on the poor from 87,057*l*. to 435,001*l*. in the same interval. The poor of Ireland are indebted to the Imperial Parliament for this legislative provision for their support.

The money sanctioned by the Treasury for each Poor Law Union in

Ireland was, up to the 13th of December, 1847, 1,003,950*l.*; and on the 1st of July, 1847, Parliament granted 600,000*l.*, of which 500,000*l.* was applied in donations in aid of rates by the Relief Commissioners, and 100,000*l.* for works of public utility. The grants by the Imperial Parliament to Ireland since the Union have been,

	£
For charitable literary institutions.....	5,814,171
„ agriculture and manufactures.....	1,427,163
„ public works and employment for the poor	3,886,638
Total grants.....	11,127,972

The prompt and full compliance which has been given to applications for money is one of the most striking proofs of the anxious desire of the Imperial Parliament to promote the welfare of Ireland. If the Irish imagine that they could have ever derived such moneys from their own resources, or obtained such relief from a domestic parliament, they are greatly mistaken. Ireland lives mainly by the wealth and bounty of its sister kingdoms. Not only have the grants to that country alone equalled all that have ever been made to England, with its vastly superior population and its undoubted wants, and to Scotland; but at the same time, Ireland does not contribute its quota to the general fund from whence these grants are to be derived. Ireland is one of the least taxed portions of the British empire. Out of 52,000,000*l.* levied in the United Kingdom, scarcely 4,500,000*l.* is raised in Ireland, from a population equal to half the population in England. The total nett revenue of Ireland, in 1846, was only 4,333,933*l.*—a sum barely more than sufficient to provide the interest of the portion of the national debt assigned to Ireland.

In 1845 there was no charge on the Irish revenue for the royal navy; in 1846 but 8085*l.* Yet Ireland derives as much advantage from this valuable branch of the national defences as any other portion of the kingdom, and were she separated from England, must provide the means for maintaining an efficient naval force. There is no charge on Ireland for the colonies, although she derives a proportionable benefit from those territories.

There are no assessed taxes in Ireland whatever; no tax on lands and tenements; no stampduties on stagecarriages and railways; no tax on soap, bricks, hops, post-horse duties, &c.; no window tax, or taxes on servants, horses, carriages, &c.; no property or income tax. The produce of these, and other taxes, from which Ireland is exempt, was, in 1846, nearly 13,000,000*l.*

Then the stamp duties, licenses, &c., are in many instances lower in Ireland than in England and in Scotland. The favour which Ireland has received from the imperial legislature may be illustrated by the article of spirits, which pays per gallon—in England, 7*s.* 10*d.*; in Scotland, 3*s.* 8*d.*; in Ireland, 2*s.* 8*d.* In her local taxation, Ireland presents similar exemptions; thus, England is taxed locally 12,000,000*l.*, or 15*s.* per head; Scotland 1,000,000*l.*, or 8*s.* per head; Ireland 2,000,000*l.*, only 5*s.* per head. In every respect Ireland has been favoured by the imperial legislature, and by the government of the United Kingdom; and but a very short time ago, and at a moment when so many financial difficulties press upon this country, government refused to tax incomes or property in Ireland,

a portion of the empire which at the present moment costs the British exchequer at least 3,200,000*l.* a-year. Estimating the annual deficiency of Ireland at three millions sterling, the cost of Ireland to England since the Union amounts to 141,000,000*l.* The liberality of the imperial legislature, and of the people of England on every emergency or distress in Ireland since the Union, has throughout no parallel in the history of nations.

Yet this same England stands charged before the civilised world with having conquered Ireland, and destroyed its independence as a kingdom; with having practised the most cruel oppressions towards Ireland for seven centuries; and with having iniquitously contrived, by "demoniac, fraudulent, and corrupt measures," a legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland, which has produced "misery, wretchedness, exhaustion, and destitution; and which has diffused throughout the nation want and woe; bitter discontent, and heart-rending sorrow;" furthermore, it is openly and avowedly alleged, that "there is no truth more undeniable than this, that England has inflicted more grievous calamities upon Ireland than any country on the face of the earth besides has done upon any other. In the history of mankind there is nothing to be compared with the atrocity of the crimes which England has perpetrated on the Irish people;" and it is added, "the voice of the civilised world lays to the charge of the English government the guilt of having produced this exasperation of national feeling, this misery, this wretchedness, this exhaustion, this destitution." Such is the language used by the political agitators with whom it has pleased Providence to visit, as with a sore evil, that unfortunate country. There is an utter perversion of facts, an unblushing assertion of that which is false, and an amount of ingratitude in such charges, that is perfectly astounding—nor would such manifestly absurd and unjust accusations be for a moment entertained or accepted by any other people than those to whom they are chiefly addressed.

To speak of the Irish nation as an homogeneous people, with unity of qualities and individuality of thought and action, is a solecism. The Saxon with his open brow, broad, manly face, ruddy hue, blue eye, clear skin, light hair, and powerful frame, is not more distinct in physical characters from the Gaul or Celt, with high cheek bones, gray eye, rough hair, dingy complexion, and muscular body of short stature, or from the Milesian, with black hair and dark eye, oval face and sinewy form, than he is by his temperament and mental attributes.

The men of Ulster, Saxons by origin, but Irishmen by birth and hereditary descent of more than two centuries, combine in a remarkable degree the prudential thrift and commercial activity of the Scotch, the persevering enterprise and indomitable self-reliance of the English, with somewhat of the buoyant feelings and hasty impulses of their countrymen of other races. Born and living under the same government, the same laws, the same local institutions, as the rest of their fellow-countrymen—dwelling in a comparatively sterile region and inclement climate,—with a disadvantageous geographical position, and no natural advantages, yet they differ from their other countrymen in being steady, industrious, contented, and loyal. The men of Ulster are not inferior in wealth, skill, intelligence, comfort, moral and religious freedom, and a due appreciation of the blessings of constitutional liberty to the inhabitants of any other part of the globe. Such men, it is impossible for a generous nation to hand over to the tender mercies of turbulent and predatory races, for one

of the first results of a repeal of the Union, would be a war against the industry and prosperity of the north and east of Ireland.

The general character of the inhabitants of the south and west of Ireland may be indicated by stating, that in their virtues as in their vices, there is a want of the civilisation observable in the north. The people are ready-witted, of keen rather than capacious intellects, quick in their perceptions, with great mobility of character, ardently strong in their attachments, and ferociously bitter in their hatreds. Fond of the marvellous, they morally as well as mentally, take an erroneous ideal, rather than a practical real, for their standard; vain as well as proud and prone to hyperbole, they yield their confidence implicitly to those who appeal to their passions rather than to their judgment; and easily excited, they are readily roused to the most demoniac deeds under false principles of religion or patriotism. These are the people with whom for so long a time the enthralling despotism of superstition and democracy has been craftily substituted for the inestimable doctrines of true moral, political, and religious freedom.

By means of the Union, this people have obtained a complete participation in every liberty which the united energies of Englishmen and Scotchmen have acquired after centuries of struggle and sacrifice, yet with little or no advantage to them, morally, politically, or religiously. Population has doubled, shipping and commerce, internal and external, has, as we have shown, quadrupled since the Union. By means of this much calumniated Union, Ireland has obtained parliamentary reform, Roman Catholic emancipation, a national system of education, a legislative provision for the poor, a commutation of tithes, a reform in her corporations, a perfect freedom of trade with Great Britain, and many other important advantages, such as she never before possessed, and such as she never could have gained from her local and dependent legislature. And to what purpose? Only to taunt and revile, meanly and ignominiously, those who have so signally benefited her.

What has Ireland to gain by a repeal of the Union? If an extension of the elective franchise, or vote by ballot, or annual parliaments be sought, they may more readily be obtained by co-operation with those who are seeking the same legislative changes in England and in Scotland. Have the proprietors or occupiers of land any benefit to expect by what is now masked under the name of repeal? but which in reality would end in separation from England, and an attempt, equally ruinous, to form an Irish republic. Were such a disastrous measure accomplished, the large proprietors would soon learn that "tenant-right" meant permanent occupancy, free of rent, and the possessors of estates, who have received their property from former confiscations, would find that the names of the alleged rightful heirs are still carefully registered, and that re-confiscation would be of easy enactment by a mob parliament elected by universal suffrage. The small cultivators would soon ascertain the loss of the English markets for every thing the earth can produce, and would not find in French fraternity or American sympathy much compensation for the constant ready-money customers they had cast off. Indeed, to no class would a separation from England be more ruinous than to the small cultivator of the soil.

How soon after a separation from England would religious discord—the old bane and curse of Ireland—commence? Most assuredly the Protes-

tant Ulster men would endeavour to resume their former dominant position, not from ambition, or from dislike to their Roman Catholic countrymen, but because they would consider their dominance the only security for their lives and property, and the only means of preserving their political liberty. The Roman Catholics, numerically superior, would not permit this dominant power: civil war, with all its attendant horrors, must ensue; the property of Ireland would side with the Protestants; the Romanists, after a terrific struggle, would be subdued, or the power of Great Britain would be solicited to restore peace; to re-unite Ireland with England, and to re-establish that perfect religious freedom and social equality which now so completely pervades Ireland.

No person who has studied the past history of Ireland and who knows the present temper of both Protestants and Romanists, can doubt that such would be the inevitable course of events; and, that after years of bloodshed, an incalculable destruction of property, and a fostering of evil passions which a century might not subdue, Ireland, even if restored to peace, and re-united to England, would have retrograded centuries in wealth, comfort, and social order.

There can scarcely be a doubt in the mind of any loyal and intelligent British subject, that at any cost, at any sacrifice, whether of blood or of wealth, this most desolating and most pernicious agitation in Ireland must be suppressed; it is political suicide for England, even as regards herself, to permit its continuance; for the effect of such lawless demonstrations—of such marked contempt of the constituted authorities—of such an utter violation of the decencies of civilised language (in the foul epithets applied to the ministers of the crown, and to the whole British nation), of such an entire abuse of the privileges of constitutional freedom, as have emanated from the Irish repealers, is already making itself painfully felt in this country, witness the outcry, in reference to the convict Mitchell, at the late Chartist meetings in London.

No government in Europe or in America would, before the revolutionary frenzy of 1848, have tolerated the system of political-religious agitation that has been pursued in Ireland for the past ten years. The examples of events on the continent of Europe should attest in the strongest possible manner the necessity for putting an end to the diffusion of ideas, which, however false in principle, are engaging from the enthusiasm and talent with which they are advocated, which are catching with an inconstant and excitable people, which are daily the cause of outrage, threats, riots or murders, which are insinuating themselves even into the Irish portion of the British army, which can do nothing but gain strength by time and indifference, and which if allowed thus to go on, will render civil war, however sanguinary, preferable for the loyal and well disposed part of Ireland. Brute force, the assembling of men in serried array and countless masses, and the falsehoods daily prepared and disseminated by an efficiently organised assembly in Dublin, are rapidly destroying confidence between man and man, and undermining the whole fabric of government and of society.

In such an extremity, there is but one safe and certain alternative—it is the measure advocated by Mr. Martin—himself an Irishman, and to whom we have been so much indebted for many of the facts contained in this brief exposition—and that is to pass an act of the imperial legis-

lature declaring that all persons found guilty of aiding or promoting in any way the Repeal of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland as by law established, be transported beyond the seas, and their property confiscated to the crown. Such a measure will be denounced as unconstitutional by many well-thinking persons, and will be most strenuously opposed by those whose occupations will be then gone by—but all infringements of the law are punishable, why not the infringement of the law, by which 523 members of the united House of Commons declared their determination to preserve for ever the Union inviolate? Each successive ministry dislikes the responsibility of bringing the question to an issue—but when the lives and property of so many millions of our fellow subjects are at stake, there is no longer time to hesitate in having recourse to the most decisive and effective measures.

THE RICHEST COMMONER IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER X.

THE SURPRISE.

WHEN Charles Summerley left his uncle, he was elated beyond expression. He went along the Strand, now capering, now running, now singing, now laughing, now rubbing his hands, now hop, step, and a jumping, in a way that would have caused him to have been taken for a lunatic had it been broad daylight. As it was, several of the passers-by who met him in the full glare of an extra lit shop, or under a lamp, turned in astonishment at the unusual sight of a happy Englishman. The crossing-sweepers had retired, or he would certainly have tipped every one in his line. He felt a strong inclination to give away money, a sure sign of an elated mind.

He turned from the crowd, and the loud laugh that spoke more than the vacant mind of Waterloo Place and Regent Street, into the quiet back streets and passages, where all was still and quiet as the country, and walking onwards, careless of his course, at last found himself wandering up George Street, Hanover Square, with the noble portico of its splendid church—that church towards whose dome so many fervent aspirations have been turned, and of which there are so many pleasurable recollections—standing imposingly before him.

The Glauberend end walk, the offer, the wedding-ring tray, the recent interview with his very dear but rather alarming old mother-in-law,—all the rapid events of the last few days flashed upon his mind, and while his thoughts thus wandered, his legs almost involuntarily carried him onwards to Bryanston Square.

At length he stood before the loved house, and commenced much such a survey from the garden-rails as he was indulging in when Mrs. Dooley caught him at Glauberend. It was an imposing looking house. He now felt, for the first time in his life, the amazing difference there is between one house and another. There was a height and a breadth and a depth and a space about the Dooley one, that in the still gloom of an

autumnal night filled his mind with awe, and somewhat melancholy musings. The young moon now rose, and threw her silvery light over the whole outline of the solemn looking fabric, from the dove-cot looking windows in the roof, down to the tops of the strongly iron-guarded ones of the kitchens in the area. There were the substantial looking dining-room windows, where he had regaled himself at supper after the annual Dooley ball. He had not been inducted as a dinner guest, Mr. Dooley confining those entertainments to older and more profitable people. There were the rich fantastically cast-iron mouldings of the spacious balcony, into which a flight of choice exotics would alight on the eve of a ball, and as suddenly disappear in the morning; there were the long plate-glass windows opening into it from the rich yellow satin furnished drawing-rooms, where the fantastic toe work was done—the rooms all radiant with light and the lustre of the Dooley eyes.

Then above were the more modest six-pane windows, bespeaking nightcaps and repose. Who knows but that is *her* room, thought Charles, fixing his eyes on a window to the left, while his imaginative mind invested the room with her pure spirit thinking of and praying for him.

Having exhausted the ethereal, his thoughts began to take a worldly turn. He again took a comprehensive survey of the whole—began considering what such a house as that would cost, calculating how much it would take to furnish it—considering how many servants it would require to clean it, pondering on how much meat it would require to keep the servants; and thus by a sort of “This is the house that Jack built” process, he drew out a lengthened and alarming panorama of wants and necessities, including a swell lady’s maid, and a footman, dressed out *à la* green linnet. The more he thought, the more confused he got, and then Mr. Dooley’s long list of matrimonial involvements rushed in to perplex him still further.

“Four hundred a year will not do much towards all that, I fear,” thought he, as he looked at the house, and thought of what he paid for a bed-room and sitting-room in Jermyn Street; from which comparison it appeared that the whole amount of his income would be swallowed up in rent. “Then taxes,” continued he to himself; “confound it, I never thought of taxes, and there are taxes on servants as well as on houses,” thought he, “and taxes on carriages,—and, oh dear me! there’s the buying of all these things at first. Why a carriage costs I don’t know what, and then there must be somebody to drive it and somebody to wash it when it comes in, and there’s the harness and the stuff to clean it with, and the horses to buy, and to keep, and to groom, and to shoe, and to I don’t know what.”

He soon worked himself up into a grand state of fidget. The more he looked at the great frowning house, with its broad balcony and massive blinds, the more he thought of the fine entrance hall, with the crested chairs, the spacious staircase with the midway greenhouse, and then of the noble suite of drawing-rooms with all their china and glittering ornaments, as shown off on a well-lighted up ball night, the more he began to quake and tremble at the terrible task he had undertaken. What before had appeared all plain and straight sailing now became a complete mass of perplexity by his interview with the dear mammal-law. She had opened his eyes in a manner that he had never reckoned

upon. He had never viewed the question in the light of himself as provider. He looked upon himself as the elected of Miss Dooley and not as a person who had aspired to her hand. He didn't therefore quite understand the old lady's "over-hauling," as detailed in Chapter VIII., though his delightful infatuation could not allow him for a moment to imagine that she was other than perfectly right, still he didn't see how it was to come out. Having pro'd and con'd all these points in his mind, he left his position opposite the house and began to reconnoitre it more closely. He was never so struck with the difference between one door and another as he was now.

There are many things in this world that we never give ourselves any trouble about, never examine or ask the price of, indeed have not the slightest idea about until we happen to want one, and then we get "possessed" as it were of the thing, and go running about looking for them here, there, and everywhere, and asking every body we find with one the price of theirs.

The Dooley door was a most substantial one, dark, and broad, and strong, with massive mouldings, very unlike the fragile pea green one at their house at Glauberend. The area, too, was spacious and imposing, and was protected with iron pallsades of most substantial castings. "It's a deuced large house," muttered Charles, as he rested his chin on his arm, now placed along the outer ledge below the spikes.

"You *may* say that, my covey," whispered a voice right into his ear, adding, "but if you'll come with me I'll show you a small one that's quite as strong."

"Come with you!" exclaimed Charles; "what should I come with you for?"

"I'll tell you when we get to the station-house," replied the policeman, taking him rudely by the collar with one hand and producing his truncheon with the other.

"You, you, you—im—im—impudent fellow," stammered Charles; "what do you mean by such conduct?"

"Vot do I mean by sich conduct," mimicked the policeman. "I'll tell you vot I mean by sich conduct if you'll jist condescend to company me."

"I'll—I'll—I'll not do any thing of the sort!" exclaimed Charles, "what—what—what business have you to interfere with me?"

"I'll tell you all that when we gets to the station," replied the man, still keeping his grasp, and pushing against Charles, to make him move in the direction he wanted. Our friend, however, stood firm.

"Come, come," retorted the policeman, "it's no use resisting, I'll call for help in a minute, and it will only be worse for you."

"But—but—but tell me what I've done and I'll—I'll—I'll either explain or go with you at once," exclaimed Charles.

"You're *my* prisoner," replied the policeman, "and I'll discharge myself of you at the station, so come along quietly if you're wise, and if not, why I'll just have to make you;" so saying, he again applied his strength to pushing him in the direction he wanted him to go. He was a thick-set, powerful fellow, and seeing there was no help for it, Charles yielded.

Police-station houses and lock-ups are about the only remnants of the good old fashioned system of punishment, where the very edifice

inspired awe and did as much to check crime as punishment itself. The old black, mouldy, massive, small-windowed, iron barred dungeons, that used to stand so centrically in towns, like scarecrows in the fields, making the passer-by form a strong resolution not to get in (if he could help it), have all disappeared, and been replaced by splendid free-stone mansions, a little in the country, where criminal friends visit them rather with a feeling of pride at having a relation in so fine a place than with the sense of degradation the contact with a dungeon inspires. Every thing is done to make crime as comfortable as possible. Barring the Old Bailey and another slow coach or two that are in arrear of the times, there is nothing appalling in the appearance of our prisons. We know several that might be taken for baronial castles. Nor are the insides one whit behind the exteriors. The low, dark, vaulted passages, where the lantern was required day and night, have been succeeded by light, airy galleries which the sun illumines by day, and his able deputy, gas, by night. Altogether our prisons are very salubrious, and an invalid might go to a worse place to recover his health.

Police station-houses are a little behind the spirit of the age in delicacy and refinement. There is not sufficient attention paid to making the exterior pleasing and attractive, nor are the *custodiers* sufficiently careful in keeping out of sight the implements of their calling, which are well calculated to shock the sensitive minds of casual occupants. Handcuffs, staffs, bull's-eye lanterns, oil-skin capes, glaze-crowned hats, are left unceremoniously about, all tending to dispel the delusion of a man being "quite at home," as the saying is. All this should be remedied if they are meant to keep pace with the larger concerns. There should be Venetian blinds to the windows, geraniums and flowering shrubs peeping out, and the harsh matter-of-fact wood-work shutters, with their heavy cross-bars, should be shrouded in muslin, or at all events ghintz curtains.

When Charles Summerley and his newly-formed acquaintance, the policeman, arrived at the station, business had began to be pretty brisk, and there was a good deal of in and out work at the mouth of the hive.

The inspector had commenced his series of night-charges, and was sitting in state with his important charge-sheet before him, entering a case or two of drunkenness, when our friend was brought in. Having disposed of them, his all-searching eye turned towards where Charles stood beside his keeper, to whom he addressed the inquiry,

"Who have you there?"

"Me—that's to say I'm brought here, sir, by this man, sir!" exclaimed Charles.

"*Silence!*" roared the inspector, with a voice of thunder, and a look that shot through Charles's inmost man.

The man in authority then proceeded to nib his pen.

Having performed this ceremony in a very leisurely way, Charles fortunately had time to collect his scattered wool-gathering thoughts, and the first thing that occurred to him was that he had a good chance of being what they call "in the papers." Now being in the papers is any thing but a pleasant thing, especially for a nervous, timid, young gentleman, wholly unused to public appearance and to the polite vagaries of the press. Indeed, practised hands sometimes object to the liberties

the reporters take in describing their personal appearance and manner, for it may be observed, that though these gentry are capital hands at converting very moderate looking articles of woman into "interesting young females," they seldom or ever have a good word to say, or ever do any thing in the way of polishing off a lame dog of a member of their own sex.

Now Charles Summerley's newspaper reading not running much* to Spanish affairs, Austrian armies, Danish conflicts, or the foreign intelligence of the day, he was pretty well "up" in "Police reports," "Fashionable arrangements," "Balls were given," &c., and he foresaw that if he underwent the attentions of the reporters in *propria personâ*, he would stand a very good chance of being *chasséed* by Mrs. Dooeey if not by Moley herself, and very likely obtain a *soubriquet* that would stick to him for life. He therefore determined to christen himself by some other name beginning with an S.

"What's your name?" asked the inspector, dipping his pen in ink, just as the foregoing resolution alighted in our friend's mind.

"Charles—Charles—Charles Smith," stuttered our friend in a way that as good as said it wasn't.

"Ah! come, that won't do," replied the inspector; "we have too many Smiths brought here to believe that—you don't look like Smith—I know Smith better than that: all the Smiths are fair—you are dark. You'll be *Brown*."

"Yes—yes—yes—," stammered Charles, "it is Smith."

"Well," said the inspector, "I'll take it as such, though of course if we find out the contrary, you'll take the consequence of it."

Not anticipating it possible to make out any thing criminatory, Charles adhered to the statement, and the inspector having written it down, asked, with great dignity,

"Who prefers the charge?"

Number something, of the K division, then turned his collar to the inspector, and giving a preparatory hem, drew himself up to his utmost altitude, and thus commenced.

"As I was a goin' my rounds at 'alf past nine or from that to a quarter to ten, I saw this indiividual a reconnoitrin' of an ouse in Bryanston Square, in sich a suspicious sort of a way, that I determined to watch him. He stood maybe a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes in front, under the shade of a tree in the garden, and I was under another a little further on without his perceivin' of me. At last he walks across and tries the door, and findin' that fast, he made for the harea gate, when I comes hup and apprehends him."

"*Humph*," pondered the inspector, running the matter over in his mind, and thinking that the newly listed number "something" of the K division had been rather premature in his movements. "*Humph*," repeated he, sticking out his legs and tickling his lips with the plume of his pen. "Had he any thing in his hand, any centrebit, or jemmy, or any thing of that sort?" at length asked he.

"Number something," though a young hand, was a promising swearer, and immediately caught at the suggestion. "He throwed a somethin' away into the garden," replied he, "but what it was I couldn't see, and not havin' no one to assist me, and the indiividual being werry obstrope-

rots, I thought the best plan was to bring him here, and then go back and search."

"Very right," observed the inspector; "very right—safe bind, safe find."

"Well, sir," said he, turning to Charles, now perfectly thunderstruck at the accusation and at the manner of sustaining it;—"Well, sir, you hear what the policeman says; do you wish to ask him any question?"

"Yes—yes—yes"—stammered Charles; "that's to say, I—I—I—deny—its all false—I—I—I—"

"Stop," cried the man in authority, "that's not the way to ask questions;—you hear what he says, put your questions to meet those facts, but don't let us have any low-lived language here, if you please."

"I—I—I—beg pardon—that's to say, I—I—I—didn't intend, but, but, but, I assure you—he's mistaken, that's to say, I never threw any thing away;—I—I—I—"

"Well, ask him the question, can't you?" roared the inspector, enraged at the idea of a person not being *au fait* at the practice of his court.

This, of course, made matters worse.

"Well—well—well—I—I—I—was intending—I meant to ask him the question, but—but—but—"

"Then *pray*, sir, *do* ask him, them," interrupted the inspector, considering that a person ought to be both awed and at ease in his presence. "*Do* ask him them, sir," repeated he, as he saw Charles's lips opening for the purpose.

Of course our friend could make nothing of it, and therefore the man in authority determined, as other cases came dropping in, to let him appear before the magistrate.

If the station-houses are unsatisfactory, the "lock-ups" are more so. They are generally the veriest mousetraps possible, and there is too much of our volatile neighbours' pet qualities—equality and fraternity—about them to suit the sober taste of the exclusive English. It may be said that people only occupy them for a brief period, but the same may be said of hotels, and yet we require them to be comfortable. Besides, time passes so differently under different circumstances. Hours which, by the side of Moley would have passed like minutes, now dragged their slow length along like days.

It was about eleven o'clock when Charles Summerley found himself in safe keeping for the night, between which hour and the time of appearing before the magistrate there was ample space for—what he had not now had for some days—calm reflection;—he recalled the rapid events that he had been engaged in—the walk with Moley—the offer—the acceptance—the reference to mamma—the stunning inquiry and most alarming hints of that inestimable individual. Then came the recollection of the recent interview with the uncle, all of which delicate and interesting recollections were ever and anon interrupted by the clamorous exclamations of his neighbours and the broken reiteration of a drunken sailor of—

"We won't go home till morning,"

as if it were still in his power to go or stay as he liked.

Charles had so many things to sort and unravel in his mind that daylight—which sooner or later finds its way even into a London lock-up—

dawned upon him ere he had made much progress in his marshalling;—still there was a long time to pass ere he was due at the police-office, to which ordeal he now more particularly directed his thoughts.

Though he was somewhat shocked at the audacious perjury of the policeman, he was too strong in the confidence of his innocence, and, moreover, was too ignorant how to set about it, to entangle himself in the meshes of a lawyer's assistance. These gentry being generally resorted to by guilty and desperate parties, contract a habit of considering every one who applies to them as guilty; and the first, the last, indeed, generally the only piece of advice they give, is, to "say nothing." "Say nothing," is their grand recipe. It answers the lawyer's purpose well enough, for, supposing the party to be guilty, it often prevents him criminating himself, while, if innocent, the truth comes forth much more majestically before a judge and jury than in a police-office, and the disinterested lawyer gets a harvest of a defence at a sessions or C. C. C.,* instead of the mere gleanings of an attendance before a magistrate. The silent system, therefore, acts well for them. Charles, we say, was too inexperienced in these matters to think that one of these gentry could do more for him in the way of demonstrating his innocence than he could himself, it being worthy of remark that there never was a stuttering man in this world who did not avail himself of every opportunity of having a "let off." About half-past nine, therefore, he made one of a somewhat large party in one of those ominous black vans, or bus's, with a crown at one end and a policeman at the other, on his way to the police-office.

Police-magistrates are generally able men, or great geese. The able men are those who either alarmed at the repletion of the bar, or diffident of their own powers, or without interest among those "makers or marrers," the attorneys, seek refuge on the Bench, through the influence of their friends, before they have given themselves a fair trial at the bar; and once there, they remain, unless some one leaves them a fortune, or grim death takes them in execution for his debt. Many of them, however, are men who have been tried, and found wanting; and these, again, may be divided into two classes,—those who will be guided by their clerks, and those who won't be guided by any body. A very moderate article, who can look solemn and repeat what the clerk whispers or writes on a slip of paper and lays before him, or shows him in a printed book, may pass for a very sensible magistrate; so potent and influential are the words that fall from a judicial chair. Your real wrong-headed chap, who won't be guided by any body, soon becomes subject to the polite attentions of the Home Office, which never have but one ending, however long it may be in coming—a hint that he has only to tender his resignation to have it accepted.

Our unfortunate friend Charles was taken before one of the first sort,—before a man who had completely thrown himself away, by taking the appointment. Shrewd, quick, intelligent, thoughtful, and silent, he seemed to dive into the characters of parties brought before him, and to master the cases, as though he had been consulted beforehand. His experience and knowledge of the world enabled him to detect, at a glance, the spurious pretender from the indiscreet youth. The flash neckcloths, the velvet facings, the military swagger, the imperials, the

* "C. C. C.," short for Central Criminal Court.

rings, the chains, the gaudy jewellery, which must impose upon some people or they would not be so much in request, were all lost upon him, or if they had any effect it was only to make him suspicious of the wearer.

Neither did he yield the implicit belief to a suit of numbered blue clothes that some magistrates do. Those who recollect the old Charleys of the metropolis,—the old women in dirty Witneys, with iron-hooked clubs and lanthorns,—remember their rascally perjury, their persecution of the friendless, and inordinate activity, where there was any thing to be got from the rich, must admit that the Police Force is a wonderful improvement; and, perhaps, in the metropolis and large towns, where the supervision is constant and regular, it would be difficult to improve upon the system. Many of the officers are real, keen, vigilant, enterprising fellows, with a decided taste for thief-hunting, just as some men have a decided taste for fox-hunting and sporting. They go into the force because they like the wild exciting sort of life it leads to, and not because it is easier or more lucrative than many they could follow. Doubtless there are some who go in for the mere sake of what they can get by it, but these seldom rise above mere uniform wearers, a better sort of street-keeper, with ability enough to take charge of a case of assault. The Police Force is much better adapted to towns than it is to the country. The men are scattered too wide apart, the opportunities of watchful intercourse and control are too few, and the great unpaid are too easy or too indolent to look after them as they ought to be looked after; in addition to which, the magistrates part with the power of removing inefficient or improper men themselves, by placing the sole organisation and command of the force in the hands of a chief-constable,—too often a broken-down member of their own body,—with genius enough to keep in with the powers that be, and to write a plausible report to lay before sessions. Thief-taking is not the pursuit of a gentleman, and ought not to be delegated to them, unless the party—like a certain baronet's son—has a decided turn that way.

But to our story.

As the poor bashful boy came hustled in, in the unceremonious way used to prisoners and cattle, his worship thought the averted head and drooping eye did not belong to the character described in the charge sheet before him—"Charles Smith charged with attempting to break into a house in Bryanston-square."

The expedition of a police office contrasts strangely with the tedious prolixity of a wig and gown court, where learned gentlemen wrangle about nothings, and every thing is made as much of as possible. The oath, the charge, the answer, and the sentence, run on in much the manner of platoon firing at a review.

"The evidence you shall give, &c.," mutters one.

"As I was going, &c.," deposes the witness.

Chief Clerk—"Prisoner, what have you to say?"

Prisoner—"Nothing."

Magistrate—"Ten shilling, or a fortnight."

Away goes the prisoner, and up comes another. That expedition of course applies to the ordinary obvious routine cases of summary conviction.

After sundry half-crown and five shilling cases had been knocked off, it was at length our friend's turn to be stuck up like a Shrove-tide cock to be pelted at.

"Who prefers the charge?" asked the chief clerk.

"Me," replied the policeman.

"Letter and number?" asked the clerk, without looking off his book.

"Number —, K division," replied the officer.

"The evidence you shall give," &c., gabbled another clerk, while the first wrote the number down, smack went the policeman's lips against a little black bound book, tied with tape, which might be a railway guide, a club list—or any work of light reading—and with a throat-clearing, prefatory hem, the man of the "K" division thus began—"Please your worship, as I was goin' my round last night, I saw this ere individual bearin' werry suspicious in Bryanston-square."

"What was he doing?" asked the magistrate.

"He was reconnoiterin' a house, first lookin' at the winders and then at the doors."

"Did he whistle or make any noise?" asked the magistrate, knowing that there are more objects than one for young gentlemen beleaguering houses.

"No, your worship," replied the policeman, "on the contrary, he was quite quiet and still. Indeed the ouse is shut hup, barrin' an old woman and her usband, wot are left in charge."

"Indeed," observed the magistrate, taking a longer and more scrutinising glance at the prisoner.

"So your worship," continued the policeman, "seeing that his conduct was suspicious, I placed myself where he could not see me and watched him for a great length of time. After examinin' of the 'ouse for some time he crossed over to it, and after looking at the front door he made for the harea gate, when I comes h'up and seized him, he made great resistance, and threw something over the rails into the garden."

"Did he attempt to run away?" asked the magistrate.

"No, your worship, I came upon him unawares, just as he had his 'and on the 'andle of the harea gate, so that he hadn't the chance."

"And have you found what he threw away?" asked his worship.

"No, sir," replied the policeman.

"Have you searched for it?" was the next question.

"No," was the answer.

"No!" rejoined the magistrate in surprise, "why you have omitted the most material thing."

"Please your worship," rejoined the policeman, "as soon as I had discharged myself of the prisoner, I was called away to a fire near the Hedgeware Road."

"Well, you hear what this witness says," observed the magistrate, addressing himself to Charles, "do you wish to ask him any questions?"

"I—I—I, that's to say, beg—that's to say, beg pardon—I mean that I—I—I was only looking—that's to say, I wasn't thinking—"

"That's not the way to ask a witness questions," interrupted the chief clerk, by way of comforting and encouraging him. The clerk had made up his mind that Charles was guilty.

"Ask the witness any questions with regard to what he has said," in-

terposed the magistrate more mildly; "you are now going into your defence, I will hear that after."

Charles stood dumb-founded, not understanding the distinction.

"The witness says that he saw you examining a house very attentively, and detected you in the act of trying the area-gate," recapitulated the magistrate slowly and distinctly, "now if there is any part of that which is not true, question him concerning it."

"I—I—I, certainly was, that's to say I—I—I admit I—I—I—"

"No, no," interrupted the chief clerk, "that's not what his worship means. Ask questions, sir," continued he, twirling his pen about, astonished at Charles's stupidity in not knowing how to do what he himself was so well up to. The clerk forgot, as many clerks do forget, that Charles did not enact the character of culprit every day.

"Well," interposed the magistrate again, "perhaps we had better hear his statement, and then ask such questions as may arise upon a comparison of it with that of the policeman."

"Attend to me, sir!" exclaimed the clerk, eyeing Charles intently, "you have heard the charge against you, you are now at liberty to make any statement relative to it that you think proper, but I caution you, that what you say will be taken down in writing, and if necessary used in evidence against you."

Charles shuddered at the idea of taking down and ulterior proceedings. the great grim, frowning, black, Old Bailey seemed standing before him.

"You can speak or not, as you think right," observed the magistrate, "if you think you can explain away the suspicious circumstances, it may save you further trouble, but do as you think best."

"Well—I—I—I—certainly admit—that's to say I—I—I—was in—in—in Bryanston-square, but I—I—I—deny—that I—I—I—was there for—any improper purpose—"

"Well, do you wish to say any thing about what you threw away? that seems the most important feature in the case."

"I—I—I—deny it—most, most, most decidedly—I swear I—I—I—had nothing whatever in my hand to—to—to—throw away."

"Does any person know any thing of the prisoner?" asked the magistrate, after a pause.

Several of the police, some in uniform, others in plain clothes, took a good stare at him, but though one said he had seen him before, he could not charge his recollection with knowing any thing against him.

"You are sure that he threw something away?" asked the magistrate of the policeman.

"Quite sure," replied he, with confidence.

"Did you hear it fall?"

"I heard it beat among the shrubs about the middle of the garden."

"Well," said the magistrate, addressing Charles, "have you any friend in court that you would like to accompany a policeman to look for it?"

"I—I—I—have no friends—that's to say, not here," replied he.

"Well then, let a serjeant go," said the magistrate, on behalf of the prisoner, calling two or three by name who happened to be in the court, and letting Charles take his choice of them.

The policeman, and a serjeant of the A division, then departed on their errand.

After an absence of an hour and a half, which seemed to Charles like a year, they at length returned, and his worship was summoned from his private room, where he had gone to read the paper, to hear the result. An indifferent spectator might have seen from the countenance of the policeman that the search had been unsuccessful, but our much frightened friend construed it into the moderation of victory and the usual sobriety of justice.

To him it was a moment of intense excitement. The former rapid movement of the wheel of law seemed suspended, and the cogs of justice to want greasing. The clerk's boots creaked in a way that Charles never heard boots creak before, as he passed from the court into the retiring-room, and the rustle of the crisp *Post*, as his worship laid it on the table, broke upon his ear like a clap of thunder.

In another second his worship was wending his way to his chair.

His worship put the following questions to the policeman—

"Have you searched the inclosure of Bryanston-square?"

"I have," replied the witness, in the usual style of answering nothing more than he was asked.

"Did you find any thing?" inquired the magistrate.

"Nothing," was the answer.

"Let the prisoners be discharged, then," said the magistrate, rising to resume his spell at the *Post*.

And Charles was discharged accordingly.

CONTINENTAL POLITICS.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE time is now arrived when the principal states of continental Europe, which have been shaken to their foundations by the consequences of the revolution of February, have reached the second act of the eventful drama of their political regeneration. The time is arrived when the promises vouchsafed by sovereigns in hours of alarm and danger are to be fulfilled, and the concessions so obtained are to be finally accepted by the people. The time is also arrived when the temporary connexion between the friends of free government and the enemies of all governments must be dissolved, if the results of this revolution are ever to assume the shape of regular institutions and established laws.

Yet what do we see in contemplating this wonderful political panorama? France framing itself a constitution doubtful whether to be presided over by poet or astronomer, by a communist, a wily diplomatist, or a doll emperor. Germany also framing itself a universal constitution, yet uncertain whether a federal provisional executive shall be a regency of princes, a presidency, or a republican executive. Each separate state framing its own constitution, the National Assembly being at the same moment, as at Berlin, at the mercy of the mob. In Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, and Croatia, provisional governments establishing themselves independent of the central legislature, whose meetings are to be opened by the emperor in person; while the Slavonian races are asserting that

the time is come for claiming not only independence, but superiority over Magyar and German alike. In Saxony, Hanover, Bavaria, Mecklenburgh, Wurtemberg, Baden, and the lesser principalities, everywhere the same state of democratic excitement. In Denmark war—insignificant in aspect but in reality pregnant with importance to the future. In Poland, inflexible resistance which the sword alone can overcome. And last but not least, the Czar advancing with his hundred thousands of Muscovites to settle by that kind of diplomacy, which is peculiar to half-barbarous nations, all those knotty political difficulties. In Italy provisional governments and constituent assemblies, grouping around the monarch of a kingdom in embryo, at the head of an allied army, the extremities of which are already detached, and carrying on a difficult contest with an army daily increasing in numbers, and superior in discipline, stratagem, and military science. In Naples a constituent assembly claiming the suppression of the superior chambers, as at Vienna, and a reaction followed by provincial insurrection.

Never in the history of Europe were so many elements of strife and discord abroad at the same period. A more eventful epoch never presented itself to the chronicler. It is only difficult to keep pace with incidents of so strange and so remarkable a character. Everywhere, in every country in Europe—even in our own (the great example of constitutional government which is now taken as an example throughout the world)—there exists a certain party more remarkable for its daring and its violence than its numbers, which is the avowed enemy and assailant of all constitutional government and of society itself. Paris and Berlin present the extremes of an evil of this character, and that party must be conquered and brought into subjection by the great bulk of society, before any steps towards a real constitutional progress can be taken with the chance of permanence and security.

Unhappily, amidst the security so justly entertained in this country, it was impossible that we should not feel in some degree the effect of the continental revolutions. Two-thirds of the continent have not been upsetting, destroying, and reconstructing for the last three months without trade being palsied. The distress in the commercial world is great. France is wholly, and Germany and Italy are partially, withdrawn from the sphere of our mercantile correspondence. We are almost at open hostility with Spain. The greater part of the continent absorbed in statesmanship, makes nothing, imports nothing, and orders nothing. When wheels cease to play and jennies to spin, coal and iron become superfluities. Two staple trades are thus struck down in England at one blow.

It is no wonder that in such a state of things men should grow discontented. At any time distress like the present would be acutely felt. But now it is worse than at any other. To expect that men should reason calmly, wait patiently, and suffer silently under such conditions is irreconcilable with the dictates of common sense and the lessons of ordinary experience.

Two panaceas have under these trying circumstances met with public favour. One is an extensive and well arranged system of emigration, the other a new Reform movement. With regard to the first it is to be hoped that some plan or other will be really and energetically carried out. Only grant lands as a freehold tenure to the colonist and his children, and respectable emigrants will not be wanting; let the government,

political and religious of all colonies, be efficiently provided for, and morality, happiness, and loyalty will flow in the same channels as colonial prosperity. With regard to a new reform, we are ready to recognise in the present system many anomalies and grievances. We would correct the one and remove the other. We would put the right of voting upon a broad and intelligible basis—upon that, indeed, which by all men of sober sense is deemed to be the broadest and most intelligible, viz., that of contribution to the national treasury.

But while we recognise the advantage of such changes as these, it is impossible not to feel that there is little or no connexion between the present mercantile embarrassment and distress of the industrious classes and Parliamentary Reform. The cry for Reform is a gross delusion as far as bettering the condition of the lower classes is concerned. Universal suffrage could neither alter the average of prosperity and adversity, or avert the effect of foreign revolutions. Emigration or Home colonisation may diminish the number of sufferers; but the restoration of peace and order can alone bring with it a return of trade and prosperity. Curtail all the expenses of monarchy, and threepence a year would not be saved to the tax-payer. Reduce the army and the navy, break up the apparatus and appendages of a great empire, and Canada, India, and Australia, are flung to the winds. Our position and pre-eminence in the eyes of the world, at once our capital and stock in trade, are gone. Yet there are those in this country, who would undermine all these elements of prosperity and greatness, for the imaginary advantage of a portion of the community. Secure and hardly shaken, this country is now affording an asylum to the exiles of less happy lands, and the victims of less healthy institutions. Slowly and steadily she will reap the reward of great actions and great sufferings. How disastrous, then, at such a moment of just national pride, and when presenting so isolated and so noble an example of order, that any new element of disorder should come to mar the completion of a glorious history, or should, under the pressure of a temporary distress, inflict a wound which all would have reason to deplore.

FRANCE.

To turn, however, to our purpose—to chronicle the progress of events abroad, one of the first steps taken by the National Assembly of France has been to call upon the executive government to take for the rules of their conduct the establishment of a fraternal compact with Germany, the reconstitution of an independent and free Poland, and the liberation of Italy. At the same time that the safety of the Assembly was insured during its sittings by 10,000 troops and a battery of artillery, measures were also taken to send all unemployed operatives not born in the department of the Seine, to their respective departments. Before the month of May had expired a legitimist club had been established in the Rue Pigale, to advocate the restoration of the elder branch of the Bourbons. The adherents of Prince Louis Napoleon were equally active, and those of Prince Joinville, who all alike entered the field in consequence of the attempted usurpation of the 15th inst. were equally sanguine. France was already divided into several hostile camps. Republicans, Communists, Bonapartists, Legitimists, and Orleanists, all had hopes for the future, and that at a moment when a feeling far more pregnant with

importance to power and prosperity of a country, for which so many parties were battling in Paris, was beginning to manifest itself in the provinces, and more especially in Brittany—a feeling of utter disgust at the selfishness of parties and persons in the metropolis, and a strong inclination to separate themselves, and to detach their persons and property from so preposterous a rule. Nor was this feeling diminished by the sight, so offensive to all who beheld it, of tens of thousands of able-bodied men, who, under the name of *travailleurs*, were revelling in idleness and dissipation at the public expense. The *Réforme* estimated the number of operatives inscribed at the central office of the national workshops, on the 17th of May, at 115,000. At the same moment that the National Assembly was voting the re-constitution of Poland and the emancipation of Italy, it was also granting a further sum of 6,150,000 francs for the support of these patriotic idlers! It might more reasonably have voted the re-constitution of its own social system. A collision, it was said, had taken place between the Orleanists and the Legitimists, by which the pretensions of Henri Cinq would be supported by the partisans of the Count de Paris, on the assumption that after the demise of that prince (Duke de Bordeaux) the Count de Paris would succeed to the crown.

The tranquillity of the capital was seriously threatened on the 27th of May. The *rappel* was once more beaten, and National Guards and troops of the line filled all the streets, and occupied all public places. The agitation and alarm came down again upon the city like a sudden thunderstorm. *Attroupemens* and *rassemblemens*, and all the other symptoms of Parisian agitation under a Republican régime, which had begun to subside during the last few days, were renewed in fuller force than ever. Paris was once more its revolutionary self. Even well-dressed women were to be seen in the midst of crowds haranguing the people. The origin of the movement was to be found in the above patriotic idlers, who had risen in insurrection on account of the removal of certain officers in command of the national workshops, or rather pay-shops, and more especially M. Emile Thomas, director-general of the subsidies paid to the working classes. The minister of public works himself appeared in the *ateliers* to announce the fact, that there was not sufficient work in Paris; that the work they did there was the work of idleness; that the public treasure was becoming exhausted; that there was no more money for them in Paris, and that great works of real utility were standing still elsewhere. In vain. The words of the minister were received with scorn and tumult. The insurrectionary workmen declared, in so many words, that they positively would not quit Paris,—that they had made the revolution,—that the results of the revolution were, then, to be for their advantage alone,—that Paris was theirs, and in Paris they would remain; in fine, that if there was no work they could not help it, but that money must be found for them, and money they would have. Proclamations were then issued to calm and appease these turbulent and unruly members of society. The movement and excitement continued as great as ever up to the 29th. On that day the *rappel* was again beaten, the streets were filled with the troops marching to the faubourgs, and cannon were again posted before the National Assembly. To remove this enormous mass of paupers from the vicinity of the legislature and from the faubourgs, all able-bodied men, between eighteen and twenty-five, were called upon

to enlist at once in the regular army, under pain of immediate dismissal from the national pay-shops. Yet, notwithstanding these proclamations, the capital of France was in reality given over to the base competition of 100,000 workmen, converted into paupers by the delusive pledges and the mischievous prodigality of the state; and the Republic, which is responsible for the past and for the future of the nation, whose power it has assumed, tottered under the tremendous crisis, without the means to supply the resources it has already dissipated (including the sum found in the treasury by the Republican government on its accession, and which has never been accounted for), without a man to give a vigorous impulse to the executive power, without even a definite object or a political system to govern the loose and turbulent deliberations of the National Assembly. Is it surprising that in such a state of things, with anarchy and confusion around, revolution in every house and at every door, all the multifarious pursuits of life stopped, trade and industry extinct, and every lover of order overwhelmed with the fatigue of daily and nightly duties in defence, not only of public order, but also of property and life, that the French should already have begun to look around for some more settled and permanent form of government, let it come through a Bourbon, an Orleans, or a Napoleon!

The extraordinary precautionary measures taken for the security of the National Assembly and of the Executive Government, were, however, attended so far with temporary success as to allay the insurrection for a time, and that happily without bloodshed. For once the executive showed a determination to battle with the great revolutionary problem: was there to be a republican government and order, or was there to be a continuous state of revolution and anarchy? Two decrees were presented to the Assembly; one for the suppression of tumultuous assemblages in the streets, and a second against the incendiary system of posting placards in Paris. Private arrests were, at the same time, effected to an incredible extent. *La Revolution* said early in June, "At no former period were so many arrests made in Paris as at present. It is impossible to pass through any street without meeting some individual either attired in a blouse or a plain coat, on foot or in a hackney-coach, in custody of the police-agents, conveying them to that sink of iniquity in the Rue de Jerusalem, the dungeons of which are filled to suffocation."

The power of the ultra-republican party showed itself even in the Assembly, where, on the 3rd of June, a proposition to authorise the prosecution of M. Louis Blanc was lost by a majority of 368 votes against 332. The inimitable Causidière was also restored to favour, by his showing, what was probably very true, that he had proposed to government the arrest of Blanqui, which was not approved of, and that it was not by his order, but by that of M. de Lamartine, that muskets and ammunition were supplied to Sobrier.

In consequence of the re-actionary feeling thus excited, added to the ex-prefect being the representative of the ultra-republican party, he was upon the occasion of the new elections for the city of Paris, necessitated by the double returns of members, placed at the head of the poll by a large majority. The return of Pierre Leroux (head of the Socialists) of Proudhon, and of Lagrange, *economistes*, as they are designated in the returns, show how formidable are the parties adverse to the existing state

of things. Raspail, Thore, Cabet, and other sectionists, only lost their election by a few votes. The moderate Republicans returned were Moreau, the mayor; the banker Goudchaux; General Changarnier, and the poet Victor Hugo. M. Thiers was also returned, but it is difficult to say in what character. Emile de Girardin, who has throughout refused to prostitute his talents to the acquirement of mere democratic popularity, was consequently passed by.

The election which has, however, been most momentous was that of Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. It was a mere name—and a name, indeed, associated with rash, if not silly enterprises and signal failures. But that name was enough with people so inconstant and a nation so dislocated and unsettled as France. The name revived the memory of past glories and magnificence, and a Napoleon party rose into existence at once. It was in vain that the poet and philanthropist, but too democratic Lamartine, denounced the party as a barbarous resuscitation of a sanguinary and mischievous glory—glory, however barbarous and bloody, always finds an echo in the bosom of a naturally warlike nation, and the opposition of government to the return of an incompetent prince, and an empty shadow of his great predecessor, only served to give further impetus to the feeling that had been suddenly roused in his favour. It was like many acts of government which have had reference to domestic affairs—an unpolitic one. Left to himself, Louis Bonaparte would have soon found his level among the nine hundred elect. But brought before the Chambers as a persecuted individual, the validity of his election was confirmed by a large majority, and to what effect? To the effect, that this singularly indiscreet scion of the Bonaparte family immediately addressed a letter of defiance to the Chambers, in which he proclaimed the name he bore to be a symbol of order, of nationality, and of *glory* (not of republican principles), and announced that if the people imposed duties on him he would know how to fulfil them! The National Assembly was thrown into a state of positive consternation by the receipt of this indiscreet missive. A decree was instantly demanded to recall the act previously passed, and to incapacitate the prince from being a representative of the people, thus once more expatriating the political trader upon a name. This demand was answered by the whole assembly of nine hundred rising, and shouting to the perpetuity of the republic.

The feeling was, however, by no means so unanimous out of doors, where people did not receive twenty-four francs a day to meet together and shout *vive la republique*. The old soldiers of the imperial army at the Hotel des Invalides, when they heard that the National Assembly had voted the admission of Prince Louis Napoleon, fired the four cannons which grace the esplanade of that edifice. The national guards of the banlieu evinced favourable dispositions towards the prince. A host of newspapers sprang up to advocate his cause among the masses. The soldiery was dubiously inclined. Never since the revolution did a manifestation for a change appear more imminent or more menacing. Even the national guards were said to be divided in opinion, and with the exception of the “sections” and other ultra republicans, the masses were, it is universally believed, enthusiastic for the prince. Never was there such a chance for Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte! But the prince did not avail himself of a real opportunity, although he has shown himself so ready to seize upon a false one. Proclaiming himself a lover of

"a wise, great, and enlightened republic," he wrote to tender his resignation of an election which was made a pretext for disorder and hostility, at the same time requesting to be allowed to return to France as a humble citizen. This request will no doubt not be attended to, and Prince Louis Napoleon must abide another of those opportunities which will not fail soon to present themselves.

Under circumstances such as those which notoriously exist in France, the energies of the country, it would have been expected, would have been directed to the re-establishment of order and unanimity among the population, the re-construction of the financial system, and the recovery of manufactures and commerce, instead of which they are mainly occupied with ostentatious preparations for war with foreign powers. The cause of this may, however, be readily understood. The 200,000 paid operatives cannot be always allowed to drain the finances, employment that shall be remunerative, and yet not drawn from French sources, can only be found in war, or predatory expeditions on a large scale dignified by that name. Again, six times bankrupt,—under Sully, at the conclusion of the reign of Louis XIV., under the minister Lepeltier, in consequence of the failure of Law's system, under the Abbé Terrai, in 1794, after the creation of forty-five milliards of assignats, and in 1797, when two-thirds of the national debt were erased—France is hurrying towards a seventh national insolvency, a state of things which democratic institutions will unanimously propose to repair, by wholesale plunder of some unfortunate neighbour. This will also explain the warlike tendency of the articles published in the *National*, a paper notoriously connected with government, and having great influence with the people, and which articles (upon the principles of first come first served) continually hold up Belgium and Great Britain as the coalesced centres of intrigue carrying on against republican France, as dynastic nations perpetually opposed to a truly national policy, as conservative powers antagonistic to democratic institutions, and as natural enemies of republican France, which must be humbled and prostrated before the said France can vindicate its situation.

That this condition of national bankruptcy is imminent, may be inferred from the simple fact that the system of the *Ateliers nationaux* alone cost the state 7,240,000 francs in eighty-four days, or about 3700*l.* a-day, while the current revenue of the country fell off 14,238,000 francs in the month of March, and 17,230,000 francs in April, and has continued to fall off at an increased ratio, although in April it had already declined at a rate of more than 8,000,000*l.* sterling a year.

The feeling generally entertained in France awaiting the publication of a constitution, with probably a president at its head, is that the government is neither vigorous, nor firm, nor resolute—that it is, in fact, inefficient, and not "up to the situation." But this is evidently only as compared with the excited state of public feeling, with the hundred reactionary plots in progress, and the unlimited hopes of the communists and anarchists. The government has shown itself, with one or two exceptions, strong enough for a nation really disposed for order and industry, although not so, for Paris is at present disposed, or rather indisposed. The government arrested the intrepid Barbes, the dangerous Sobrier, the formidable Raspail, and the prince of conspirators, Blanqui, and hundreds of their adherents, communists, socialists, and sectionaries. They have closed the clubs at which those chiefs of the republican league

held forth in language so exciting that frequently their hearers proposed spontaneous insurrections. The government has moreover pursued the anarchists into their abodes and places of concealment ; have seized books, papers, arms, and ammunition, and carried them off. They have disarmed and dissolved the Montagnards. They have attacked and dispersed assemblages of people at the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin, at the Bastille, and in the Faubourg St. Antoine ; and they have prohibited all such assemblies under pain of being treated as rebels. They have commenced the breaking up of the national workshops, and the diminution, as far as they dare, of the 200,000 idlers congregated in the metropolis, under the title of *travailleurs*, and they have discharged their leader, M. Emile Thomas. They have not merely brought the regular troops into Paris, but they are again arming the detached forts. Yet with all this there is a feeling of disapprobation of the executive as with every thing else, which is quite as much the indication of a prominent bad state of feeling, as of any real incapacity on the part of government, and which attests what all past events have tended to show, that the nation which above all others is most partial to talking and writing about progress, liberty, fraternity, equality, and glory, is most happy when ruled with a rod of iron, and most prosperous and powerful under a military despotism. Measures of so exceedingly a repressive character, as the law of prohibition of all assemblages whatever, however essential to the restoration of order, are odd commencements of those institutions which are to establish in Europe the complete model of republican freedom. It was an armed and tumultuous assemblage which proclaimed a republic, but armed and tumultuous assemblages to vindicate the republican principle are already punishable with twelve years' imprisonment.

This new law of repression worked but badly at first. The people retired when summoned, but only before an overwhelming force. In bowing to its supremacy, the people only confessed fear, but without contrition or resolve to mend their ways. Cries of "*Vive Barbès*," "*à bas les riches*," "*à bas Thiers*"—dreaded by some for his abilities, by others for his familiarity with the traditions of government and his strong tendency to uphold the central omnipotence of the administration of France, by others, again, from a vain notion of his aspiring to a dictatorship or a restoration—were vociferously shouted out while the people were scampering before the bayonets of the infantry or the hoofs of the cavalry. A manifestation, even of a serious character, was made against the domicile of M. Thiers, by the mob, who were only driven away by force of arms by the national guards and the garde mobile. *

There were those in this country who when the liberal banquet of the 22nd of February was suddenly converted, by the sanguinary theatricals carried on in the open air the ensuing evening, into the republic of the 24th, discerned in that event the fruition of a long-laid plot. The success of the republican party over that of the more liberal opposition, their secret tactics, the dreamy aspirations of De Lamartine in his "*Hashyeh*," were all adduced as evidence of the republic being the climax of a long-laid conspiracy. But the very persons who advocated these views have been the first in contemplating the progress of events, to return to the more rational notion that every thing has borne the stamp of hap-hazard rather than of design, and that no human hand seems to have exercised a guiding power over the course of events. Nay, some have gone so far

as to assert that it is one of the most singular characteristics of the present French revolution, that each successive incident has occurred in direct contradiction to the cause supposed to be in operation at the time. Such certainly was the result of the elections, returning a body of men to the National Assembly animated by a spirit in all respects opposed to that which De Lamartine and Ledru Rollin's agents had sought to propagate. A month passes, and another election of eleven members takes place at Paris, at which every one of the government candidates is rejected. Another month, and a constitution will be proclaimed probably by the National Assembly with a president at its head. It is also probable that if any one was to prophesy, at the present day, that a Louis Napoleon, an Arago, or a Thiers was to gain the presidency by a vast majority of suffrages, that he would be surprised by the election of a Barbier, a Leroux, or a Proudhon! Another dynasty will, under any circumstances, have been expelled, a nation ruined, and society torn up by the roots, in order to elect a socialist or a communist president to bring back to office M. Thiers, by the fears or the admiration of the National Assembly, or to prostrate the country before a wooden image of the emperor in the shape of Louis Napoleon. Amidst all these strange and conflicting phenomena, it has been justly remarked, that which is most clear and certain is the absence of those fixed principles of government which dignify authority and invigorate freedom—the absence of institutions hallowed by tradition and inshrined above the reach of popular clamour—the absence of men trained in those principles and under those institutions to do the work of a great nation. A dire and blank negation which no lie can fill up, is all that at this time remains of the polity and social system of France. The scepticism which shook her faith and overthrew her monarchy in the last century has attacked in this the fundamental conditions of society—property, domestic life, and the integrity of public men. Yet men become credulous in their unbelief and a hundred thousand arms and voices may be raised for Louis Napoleon to-morrow because they know nothing of him but a gilt tradition of his uncle's genius, though these same loose and unreflecting fragments of society have lost all faith in those elements and institutions which once constituted the real greatness of their country.

GERMANY.

FROM all quarters of the German empire we have had revolts or rumours of anticipated revolts,—from the Rhine to the Weser, from the Elbe to the Danube, there is scarcely any thing in the public papers of the day, from every city, town, or village, where the press is free, which does not speak of anarchy and confusion, or of some demonstration of democratic power against the cause of order, peace, and tranquillity. Until the power and energies of the newly awakened and fearful spirit that is abroad can be moulded or wielded as it may happen, to the advantage of the general welfare of the people, and the whole influence of the so-called German patriotism can be directed to one point: or until the imperial power of Russia throws itself into the scale, and restores by force of arms the great monarchies of Central Europe; no end can be expected to popular discord, and no cessation to these perpetual outbreaks or to this disastrous state of anarchy.

The first session of the National Assembly of Prussia opened at Berlin, on the 22nd of May. The great task which presented itself to the members was no less than to frame a new constitution. True, the ministry had prepared a form for adoption, but in the state of mind in which Prussia is at this moment placed, and pressed at the same time on all sides by political and financial difficulties, it will be no easy matter to arrive at a definite and conclusive understanding upon so knotty a point. The proposed constitution presents some features in common with that of which we are so justly proud. Where it differs from the British constitution, it does so unfavourably. Thus the king monopolises the executive power and commands the army. The members of the lower house are elected by universal suffrage and require no property qualification. They are also paid.

Suspicion and distrust of the intentions of government have ever continued on the increase in Berlin. On the night of the 26th of May, by order of the minister of war, five of the barges which carry heavy goods up and down the Spree, were loaded with arms at the wharf opposite the arsenal. The ebullition of popular anger upon discovering this smuggling away of arms was terrific. The boats were seized by the people, who reloaded the arms amidst exulting cheers. They were again lodged in the Arsenal, which was placed under a guard of citizens. This attempt on the part of government caused many of the civic guard to entertain the same feelings as the people—the same suspicions, the same jealousy of some reactionary movement on the part of the government. It also served to increase the desire previously entertained for a more extensive arming of the people, and this demand was promptly acceded to, and the mechanics of the machine factories and iron works were armed on the 2nd of June. It appeared to some short-sighted persons that as the delivery of arms had been the rallying cry of the late popular gatherings, that when the demand for arms was conceded, there would be a general return to peace and order. But when did concessions made to popular outcry not lead to further demands? Have not all insurrectionary and revolutionary movements shown that concessions made to avoid contests, have postponed, but never set aside, that inevitable result? This is a great lesson which legislators should keep steadfastly in view, and which is attested over and over again in the progress of events in all past or present revolutions.

The worst possible spirit succeeded in Berlin to every new concession. When the Burgher guard was so reinforced as no longer to dread the government or the military—it manifested a bitter hostility to the provinces, suspicions towards its own assembly, distrust of every one, and, as a climax, greedily received intimations of Russian interference. All this was followed by another demand for a still more extensive issue of arms, which, like the first, was as promptly conceded.

The National Assembly of Berlin having negatived a motion for a formal recognition of the revolution, the hostility which had for some time covertly existed towards the Chambers, assumed an open character. The indignation of the people was intense. All felt themselves insulted, for they looked upon the fight of the barricades as the greatest event in the history of Prussia. The breach between the capital and the provinces was also widened by the same event, for this decision, so adverse to the democratic party, was attributed to the voices of the provincial deputies. The Whitsun holidays allayed the fever of democratic excite-

ment for a brief time. But the moment the three days were over, as punctually and methodically as men go to a regular and lawful occupation, did the Berliners return to disorder, mob manifestations, and tumult. The perpetual recurrence of these tumults, and the impunity with which outrages, such as the tearing down of the iron gates of the front entrance to the palace in the Schloss-platz on the 14th of June, are committed, has created in the once quiet Berliners a depraved love of excitement. So shamefully soon do men grow demoralised, that, as in Paris, a day without some threatening movement appears dull and tame.

The same evening that the palace-gates were torn down and carried in triumph to the university by the students, a number of workmen went to the minister of war, with a demand for employment or money. The guard summoned them to disperse, and on their refusal charged with the bayonet, and five men were wounded. The intelligence of this collision spread like wildfire through the city, and masses gathered with inconceivable rapidity, and wended their way to the arsenal, to supply themselves with more arms. A battalion of the burgher guard drawn up in front of the arsenal fired upon the mob, killing two men and wounding seven. Divided in opinion as to the necessity and legality of measures of repression, or terrified by the shouts "to arms," and "barricades," the citizens next, strangely enough, turned upon the officer who was supposed to have given the word, took his sword from him, disgraced him on the spot, and then deserted their post! The consequence was that the mob returned the next day to the arsenal, and after having with great difficulty forced their way in, sacked the place of all portable arms and ammunition.

Upon the opening of the National Assembly the day following, the officer commanding the force ordered for the protection of the members during their deliberations, announced in a letter to the president that he could not rely upon the troops nor guarantee the safety of the Assembly. A motion, notwithstanding, to this effect, that the Assembly did not require any armed guard, but that it placed itself under the protection of the people of Berlin, was carried by a considerable majority. From the nature of the demands made by the mob when assembled at the ministries, it is obvious that the National Assembly may find itself as much in error as monarchy itself.

Compared with Berlin and Vienna, the two leading cities of Saxony, Leipsic and Dresden, have been very quiet, orderly places. Yet there, too, the same anarchical principles are striving for ascendancy; there is the same restless and turbulent spirit abroad amongst the lower classes, and in both cities there are no want of designing demagogues, who, as elsewhere, use the words "republic" and "democracy" in order to forward their own ambitious purposes. Actual disturbances broke out occasionally, which though insignificant in comparison with what was taking place elsewhere, were yet sufficiently serious in themselves. On the night of the 27th, there was a collision at Leipsic between a large mob and the communal-guard (as it is termed in Saxony); the former saluted their antagonists with a shower of stones, to which the latter replied by firing, and several were wounded on both sides. The following night, Dresden was the scene of a similar disturbance, though matters, fortunately, did not proceed to such extremities.

The progress of re-organisation in Poland has been hopelessly slow,
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The great and insurmountable obstacle is the refusal of all those Poles who are in any way qualified to take office. The presidency of the Grand Duchy has been offered to Dr. Kraszewski and Potworski, but they both refused to accept it. The leaders of the Polish patriots will not indeed in any way commit themselves by participating in the re-organisation of their country.

AUSTRIA.

IN Austria for a time the public feeling assumed after the flight of the emperor an aspect of sincere repentance. The fugitive imperial family had been received on the 19th of May at ten o'clock at night with frantic joy by the inhabitants of Innspruck, who took the horses from their carriages and dragged them into the town. The National Guard, the academic legion, and the Civic Guard, together with the military at Vienna were placed under the command of Field-marshal Count Auersperg and the united efforts of those several branches of the service were directed to the preservation of order and security. Deputations were hurried after the emperor to urge him to return to his repentant capital, but without success. In a manifesto issued from Innspruck, Ferdinand stated that factious rioters assisted by the academical legion, and part of the National Guard misled by foreigners and unmindful of their wonted allegiance, had conspired in the capital against his personal liberty with the view to enthralling the provinces, and that no alternative was left him except to have recourse to measures of violence, or to withdraw to the provinces themselves. Numerous deputations soon began to arrive at Innspruck from the provinces, which rivalled one another, even to the Slavonic Bohemia, and the Magyar Hungary, in urging the emperor to take up his residence at their several capitals.

The people of Vienna persisted however, notwithstanding their regret at losing the imperial family, and a manifesto of the emperor dissolving the student guard, in maintaining that institution of turbulent youths. On the morning of the 25th of May the ministry ordered the academical legion to dissolve itself. This was a signal for a new revolt. On all sides—in every street—the students and the operatives were seen erecting barricades. A collision shortly ensued. The people drove the troops out of the Rathethurmthor to the glacis and bastions. Counts Hoyos and Colloredo Mansfeld were arrested as hostages. The reactionary party fancied for a time that they had gained the day, but it remained once more with the people, who afraid even of their very successes, trembled lest the provinces should be against them, and that Vienna, isolated and alone in its democracy, should of necessity become a republic. The people's conditions, imposed upon the ministers after their triumph, consisting simply of demands for a continuance of the academical legion, removal of the military twelve miles from Vienna, and the return of the emperor, or the appointment of one of the princes to represent him, were however agreed to and ratified by the council. The only exception made to the popular demands was in the case of the war office, which it was insisted upon should remain occupied by the soldiery. Count Hoyos remained as bail for the promises and the conquest of the 15th and 16th of May, further cemented by the successes of the 25th.

Quiet and confidence soon returned. Business resumed its proper

course. By the 29th the damage done to the streets was almost wholly repaired, only a solitary barricade remained here and there as an outward sign of the last popular commotion—the second day of barricades. On the 31st the five per cents, which were at sixty-one and half before the events of the 25th, had risen to sixty-three, while the northern railway shares rose from eighty-one and three-fourths to eighty-six. The increased confidence thus manifested was generally attributed to the repeated experience which had now been afforded of the forbearance and sober integrity of the people under circumstances of unusual excitement and great temptation.

The result, however, of these frequent insurrections in the capital, and of the flight of the emperor, has not, as may be easily imagined, been favourable to the tranquillity of the provinces. Count Leo Thun, president of the government of Bohemia, informed, on the 29th of May, the national committee at Prague of his resolution, in conjunction with the other administrative chiefs of Bohemia, to create a provisional government for that country, for the late events at Vienna made all communication with the ministry there impossible. A council of government was consequently formed. It was composed of eight members of the most violent among the Tzsch party, such as Palacky, Strobach, Borrosch, and others; and a deputation was shortly afterwards appointed to proceed to Innspruck, to demand the emperor's formal consent to this legislative independence of Bohemia, and supremacy of the Tzschishs; which, it is almost needless to add, the emperor at once protested against, as totally inconsistent with the integrity of the Austrian empire.

Early in June, the emperor's declared intention of being present personally to open the new constitutional assemblies at Vienna and at Pesth, had a great effect in calming the public mind, both in the metropolis and in the provinces. An improvement in the funds and in the general state of business consequently took place.

An insurrection broke out in Prague on the 12th of June, in consequence of Prince Windischgratz refusing to give cannon and ammunition to the students. The Tzschish population sided with the juvenile democrats. Barricades were erected by the mob that had assembled in the horse-market and the crowd marched upon the hotel of the prince. All the troops were under arms, and opposed the passage of the people, who at once raised barricades in front of the hotel. Prince Windischgratz, who lost his wife and son in the insurrection, retreated from the city with the garrison, and occupied the heights commanding it. The city was bombarded from thence on the 16th, it is said with fearful effect, and leading to a quick capitulation. The Tzsches are reported to have committed all kinds of atrocities during the insurrection.

We thus see that throughout the Fatherland, during the whole of the past month, the aspect has been extremely menacing, and that not only to the tranquillity of the citizens and the authority of the governments, which ought to be exercised in the great capitals of countries, but to the very existence of that constitutional freedom and those national institutions which it was the primary object of the revolutions to establish. In all great cities, besides its actual residents and a large desultory and floating population, there is also a host of beings to whom misery, corruption, and crime, are habitual things, who are, by position, eternal

enemies of law and order; who, as we have lately seen in our own metropolis, are always readily collected into riotous mobs, and whom the regular force of constituted authority can alone subdue. In Berlin, Vienna, Leipsic, Prague, and Dresden, to these elements of discord have to be added numbers of foreign emissaries, who naturally converge to the point where their sinister influence can be most powerfully exerted; and still greater numbers of youths or students—the spawn of the most visionary and unruly age that perhaps the world ever witnessed. Flushed by triumphs of physical force, and encouraged by the timid and vacillating attitude of the government both in Prussia and Austria, the mob, thus augmented, knows no where what to stop at. As in France, with a republican form of government, the dignity of the Assembly of the nation is daily violated, and its power threatened with momentary usurpation, so in Berlin, with a monarchical form of government, under semblance of a suspicious jealousy of the liberal and constitutional tendencies of that monarchy, the mob coerces and intimidates the sovereign and the Assembly, and the city ceases to be the seat of legitimate power; while in Austria, where the duchies are happily by no means disposed to submit to this corrupt dictation of the scum of the capital, the court and government have wisely withdrawn to where a more legitimate authority can be exercised without such coercion and intimidation.

At Berlin, the ministers whose names were but a few weeks ago the symbols of the constitutional cause, are now harassed by the ingratitude and animosity of a populace they can neither serve nor feed. For regardless of the fact that the restoration of order is the primary condition, not only of their liberty, but of their very existence, every day increases the destitution of the working classes and the inability of the government to provide for them. To complete this distressing picture, nothing can more forcibly illustrate the effects of an imprudent and excessive extension of the franchise than the National Assembly itself, which is composed of men devoid of experience, character, ability, and even of common education.

In Prussia, as in Austria, it will be a question as to whether the authority of the state will vindicate itself, or the work of anarchy will be completed. In Prussia, as well as in Austria, there are well affected provinces as well as the disaffected Rhine, Breslau, and Berlin. Already Pomerania and West Prussia have expressed their aversion to the mob and student legislators. But the cure must come from abroad, or from the nation itself, from the determination of the upper and middle classes to defend the great interests of the monarchy; for neither the Prussian assembly, nor the doubtful resolution of the king can, unassisted, put an end to this frightful anarchy, which, it has been justly remarked, has thrown back the most opulent cities of Germany into the convulsions of the middle ages or of the thirty years' war.

On the other hand, aside from the truly perplexed position of the monarchies of Austria, Prussia, Saxony, and Hanover, the great question with regard to a central, federal, and provisional executive is (unless Germany is in the meantime assailed from the east) to be brought to maturity, as far as the popular verdict, or that of the German parliament assembled at Frankfort, can insure that fact in the course of three or four months.

In England this appears as yet a thing both new and startling, and still more visionary. But the Germans wonder how they have been able

to bear so long the assumed federal constitution of 1815. The real difficulty lies with the Germans themselves, as to what form the provisional executive is to receive, and what power ought to be vested in it. The plan proposed by Dahlman to the committee appointed to frame a constitution, is an executive having the supreme direction of everything belonging to the defence of the country, and the appointment of ambassadors and consuls. The federal authority to be exercised by responsible ministers, acting under the National Assembly. The three candidates proposed for this executive, are M. Schmerling, envoy of Austria at the Diet; M. d'Usedom, envoy of Prussia; and M. Mathy, of Baden. A more practical plan advocated is a regency, composed of Archduke John of Austria, Prince William of Prussia, and Prince Charles of Bavaria. The republicans again, who number some eighty to one hundred members in the National Assembly, wish to see Heinrich von Gagern the actual president of the assembly, placed as sole regent at the head of the provisional executive.

Here are abundant materials of discord. Add to which that it still remains to obtain the consent of the Emperor of Austria, of the Kings of Prussia, Bavaria, Hanover, Saxony, and Wurtemberg, backed by Russia, to abide by the dictates of a provisional executive. But the state of anarchy and insurrection in which most of those kingdoms are placed, favour at the present moment the views entertained by Germany at large; and it is not at all unlikely that forty millions of people, bound together by language, literature, history, and character, constituting one nation to all intents and purposes, and anxious to act as one in all foreign wars and embarrasments, should ultimately triumph over the difficulties presented by this most critical and important question, and succeed in obtaining for themselves a central and common administration of one kind or another.

DENMARK.

For some time affairs assumed a pacific aspect in continental Denmark. The negotiations brought about by the various powers had the effect of inducing the Germans to withdraw their troops from Jutland, occupying only the provinces of Schleswig and Holstein. The threatened contribution of war which General Wrangel had thought himself justified in levying upon the poor and unoffending inhabitants of a purely Danish province, amounting to no less than 400,000*l.*, was also abandoned. But the basis of the negotiation adopted by the powers, which assumed the transfer of the provinces of Holstein Schleswig, were repudiated by Denmark, backed in her conservative policy by Sweden and by Russia.

On the 28th of May, the Danes effected a landing from Alsen. A strong body of Danish infantry and artillery attacked the heights of Duppel on the Sunderwit, while a number of ships and gun-boats effected a diversion by simulating a landing near Eckernsund. A warm engagement ensued on the heights previously mentioned, in which, from a heavy fire of artillery and infantry being kept up, both sides are said to have suffered great losses. There are said to have been a force of 8000 Danes engaged against 7500 Germans, but this is the German statement. Certain it is that the battle was undecided for several hours, until the Danish infantry of the guards advanced upon the confederates with such enthusiasm at the point of the bayonet, that the Germans gave way and retreated to Quars, leaving the Danes to occupy Gravenstein, which they

did the same night. The Danes are said to have captured a multitude of prisoners and several pieces of artillery.

Letters from Stockholm announced at the same time that the Chambers had voted the credit of 2,000,000 dollars for equipping an army and fleet to assist the Danes. The greatest enthusiasm for the Danish cause was described as existing among the Swedish troops.

The success at Duppel, though not of a decisive character, naturally raised the spirits of the Northmen. The Danish government prepared previously to treat on moderate terms with reference to the question of succession, and the admission of Schleswig into the confederation, obtained an indisputable right to demand, as a preliminary condition, the immediate evacuation of the whole of her territories by the German forces. Sooner or later it must come to that. To proceed to extremities would be to provoke at once the whole strength of the north of Europe directed against Germany with the full assent of England. Already a Russian squadron of six vessels has joined the Swedish fleet, and is prepared to act at once in support of the rights of the Danish crown. If General Wrangel should again presume to advance, the Swedes and Russians will immediately take part in the war, and large reinforcements must be sent from Germany, which that country, devastated as it is by democratic movements, and threatened by Russia in the East, can very ill afford either to support or to spare.

Thus have the Germans, as we prognosticated from the first, already learned what it costs to violate the territory of an inoffensive neighbour, to disturb the peace of an important part of Europe at a crisis of universal danger, and to provoke the censure and the distrust of all those states which would otherwise have been most willing to lend a firm support to the independence and the regeneration of Germany herself.

The intrigues of the Holstein clique have even disgusted the public in Hamburg. In Altona, especially, the sympathy of the inhabitants had considerably cooled, and the agitation for the organisation of a fleet is likely to turn out a failure. We give this as a warning to Englishmen, whose services in the cause are being actively sought for by emissaries in this country.

On the 5th of June orders were given by General Wrangel to concentrate the troops from all sides, ostensibly for the purpose of parade, in honour of the natal day of the King of Hanover, but in reality to drive the Danes from their new position in the Sunderwit and Duppelberg. With this view, the central and right wing of the allied army marched to attack the enemy in front, while the left wing, composed entirely of Prussians, marched to take the Danes upon their flank and rear.

The Danes had, however, thrown up some strong entrenchments near the windmill on the Duppelberg, and 5000 men, who were in position at the same spot, received the allies with an effective and well-directed fire of musketry and cannon, which entailed the loss of some hundreds of men to the allies. The Hanoverians were received in a similarly warm manner by the riflemen of the Danish guard and red coats who occupied the wood between Nubel and Wester-Duppel. The engagement, which commenced generally at twelve o'clock, lasted till seven in the evening; when the allied army was forced to remain in position near the village of Nubel, after a loss of nearly 400 men.

The action was renewed on the morning of the 6th, but with similar bad success to the Germans. The Prussians were thrice foiled in attempts to take the battery on the Duppelder Heights with considerable loss, and on the 7th all further attempts to dislodge the enemy were given up. It is said that the Swedish volunteers distinguished themselves in these engagements by their hardihood, allowing the Germans to approach to close quarters before they fired, and then making use of the butt-ends of their muskets against the assailants. The success of the Danish army against a force so much superior in number, and their being thus enabled to maintain a position on the mainland when opposed to the whole strength of the allied army, was naturally a subject of triumph and congratulation at Copenhagen, where the Grand Duke Constantine and Prince Oscar of Sweden had just arrived. This was also at a moment when the German Constituent Assembly declared that the Schleswig affair being an affair of the German nation, it fell within the limits of the jurisdiction of that assembly, which decreed that energetic measures shall be taken to bring the war to a conclusion and secure the rights of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein.

As a result, however, of the two gallant actions fought by the Danes at the Sunderwit, Apenrade and Hadersleben were once more occupied by Danish troops, and what was more remarkable, the latter town, which has been described as the seat of a German colony in North Schleswig, sent forth an address, numerously signed, declaring its attachment to the Danish monarchy. The decision on the other hand come to by the Confederation on the 5th of June, afforded the liveliest satisfaction to the German party. It was expected that General Wrangel would receive orders to advance the moment he had obtained the necessary reinforcements. If the allies are resolute upon advancing, and thus carrying on this untoward war, backed by all Germany, we are upon the eve of great events, for most assuredly Russia, Norway, and Sweden will interfere, and a war will be commenced of which it will be very difficult to see the conclusion. A Swedish army of at least 16,000 men is prepared and ready to be transported to the scene of action, and the Russian fleet is known to be approaching the contested shores. Great as is the danger to Germany, in her present disturbed condition, of risking a contest with Russia, it is still more to be deplored that as this Schleswig invasion is so rapidly conducing to that untoward result, so also a Russian war will inevitably plunge Germany into the fatal predicament of a French republican alliance, while as certainly Great Britain will have to throw her power into the scale with the Northern Courts. This is no small complication to be brought about by so ill-judged a movement as the revolutionary march upon the Dano-Germanic provinces; but in the present state of Europe, whether the blow came from the Danube, or from Poland, or from Jutland, was in one respect immaterial, as it was, as we have before pointed out, inevitable that a collision between the monarchical and the republican principle must sooner or later involve almost all Europe in war. The vast army collected by the Czar on the frontiers of Central Europe, and variously estimated at from 200,000 to 300,000 well-disciplined troops, has for now some time back being like a gigantic cloud, the mere mention of which has been sufficient to produce a panic among the anarchists at Berlin, Leipsic, or Vienna. There is not the slightest reason for the ridiculous apprehensions entertained, however,

by many parties as to any intentions of conquest on the part of the Emperor of Russia; but there cannot be the slightest doubt that he is prepared to act in a moment when he can do so most advantageously in opposing the progress of the great democratic movement—that he will enter the field at once to preserve the rights of a monarchy which, like Denmark, is shorn of her rights by that progress; and that he will never allow the two great German monarchies, whose territories touch his own, to crumble to pieces before the same wondrous and eventful movement, without striking a blow.

On the other hand, whatever may be the thoughts in England of the policy of this war, or whatever claims the Czar may entertain in virtue of the cession by Paul I. of the Duchy of Holstein to the Danish monarchy, there is no German who does not feel convinced, not only of the justice of that war, but also of the imperative duty of Germany not to abandon the cause they have pledged themselves to defend, let the consequences be what they may. The heavy losses sustained by German shipping and trade, have increased the national ardour; 6,000,000 dollars have been voted by acclamation as a first outlay towards the creation of a fleet to defend the German coasts, and no fears appear to be entertained but that the whole country will obey the mandates of the Frankfort parliament.

ITALY.

THE progress of the war in Northern Italy has been marked by singular alternations of successes and defeats both on the side of the Italians and of the Austrians. As nothing definite could be accomplished without first commanding the valley of the Adige, which was defended by four such strong places as Peschiera, Verona, Mantua, and Legnano; the reduction of the first of these, has been a step in advance in favour of the Italians; but it is a very trifle compared with the difficulties to be encompassed in the reduction of Verona and Mantua, at the latter of which the Austrians have been heaping fortifications upon fortifications for the last twenty years; to the capture of Vicenza and the putting of the whole contingent of Roman troops under Durando *hors de combat* for three months; and the refusal on the part of the Neapolitans to act against the Austrians. The whole weight of the war is now thrown on the Lombards and the Piedmontese, with the feeble assistance which Tuscany is able to render them.

The operations of the siege of Peschiera were at first much impeded by continual rains. Considerable progress was, however, made by the 22nd of May, on which day the town was on fire in three places, and all the guns but two in the fort Mandello were dismounted. General Nugent had, in the meantime, left the defence of the line of the Piave to 2000 men encamped near Spresiano, while he himself hastened to reinforce the army of Verona. When the news of the counter-revolution at Naples reached the General (Pepe) in command of the Neapolitan troops engaged in the war of independence, with orders to withdraw the troops from the Venetian territory, a council was summoned, in which it was unanimously agreed to disobey the king's orders. The Neapolitan, Sardinian, and Venetian naval forces had, at the same time, proceeded to blockade the harbour of Trieste, and had threatened to bombard that city if the Austrian ships of war did not surrender in twenty-four hours,

an alternative which was happily avoided by the interference of the European consuls.

Four thousand men, part of the army of Nugent, joined the army of Verona in the latter part of May. On the 23rd the Austrians directed an attack against Vicenza, which was defended by General Durando. The Austrians carried the first barricade on the side of Verona, and occupied the barrack of San Felice. They also threw shells into the town during the night, by which several houses were burnt. This first attack was not however attended with success.

In consequence of the reinforcement of the army on the 25th by the corps under Field-Marshal Count Thurm, Radetski resumed the offensive and an attempt was made to turn Goito and relieve Peschiera by falling in the rear of the besieging army. This intention was, however, thwarted by Charles Albert, who crossed the Mincio with a division by which, from the central position of Volta, he could at once cover Goito, Valleggio, and Peschiera. Having strengthened the position of Rivoli and Burdoleno on the right of his line, Radetski detached a corps of about 10,000 men to Mantua, with orders to make an attack with the greater part of the garrison of that place on the left, while a simultaneous one was made by the division under the marshal's immediate orders on the right. On the 29th the division from Mantua accordingly fell on the Tuscans and Neapolitans, who were in position from the village of Grazzia to Goito on the Mincio, and routed the allies in the most disastrous manner, driving them back beyond the river with heavy loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The route was so complete that the Tuscans fled in the greatest disorder—one column taking the direction of the Po, the other falling back on Volta.

On the right the Austrians drove the enemy as far as Larise and Colletarino, where the fourth division of the allies under General Frederici coming up to their aid, the Austrians were obliged to retire. General Bava had at the same time been despatched at the head of the first division in support of the defeated Tuscans and Neapolitans, and the same corps was subsequently reinforced by the main body and reserve of the army under Charles Albert and the Duke of Savoy. The Austrians advanced at half-past twelve in the day with great determination along the front of the allies, directing the whole of their efforts to Roverbello, to turn the left, and to force their columns between the king and Volta. The ground was however successfully defended, the line of the Mincio was preserved, and the king having come up to the aid of the left, the Austrians were compelled to renounce the offensive, and to defend themselves from the rapid advance of the right of the allied army.

Notwithstanding these adverse circumstances, the Austrians fought resolutely for six hours. The battle was fought almost solely with artillery, the infantry of the allies having only been brought up to secure the ground, whence the Austrians were dislodged by the murderous discharges of grape and round shot. The lancers, however, made several successful charges, and they had the honour of closing the battle by following up the Austrians when ultimately forced to retire, as far as prudence permitted, on the road to Mantua.

Thus deprived of any chances of relief, Peschiera capitulated the same day, the 30th of May. The same evening two companies of Piedmontese infantry and a battery of artillery, entered the fort with rations for the garrison, who had lived for days past on horseflesh and were reduced to

1600 men. The next day the brave Croats marched out of the place with flying colours, and they were treated with all the honours of war.

The Austrians who after the reverse at Goito, in which engagement it is positively stated that a regiment of Hungarian hussars refused to act, had retired upon Mantua on the 2nd of June, occupied a long and straggling line, which extended from the village of Gazzoldo, eight miles from Mantua, to Castelfredro and Medola, and in the rear of the allied army, or between it and Brescia and Milan. The Austrians were estimated at about 25,000 men, the allied army concentrated at Goito and Volta at 50,000. It was expected that the Austrians would under these adverse circumstances deliver a battle which would decide the fate of Charles Albert, and of the new kingdom of Upper Italy.

Great, therefore, was the disappointment of the Piedmontese when the Austrians retired before the allied army, and it was subsequently found that the whole was a foraging expedition, and that while Radetski had been amusing Charles Albert with a false front, he was employed day and night in sweeping the country in the rear for ten miles round of its cattle, rice, Indian corn, and provender of every description. On the 3rd, and the night of the 3rd, the Austrians collected their booty, and withdrew into their fortress, while the disappointed Charles Albert returned on the 5th to his head-quarters at Valleggio, where he remained idle till the 10th instant—the Austrians in the meantime reducing Vicenza—when the magazines and depôts were ordered to be advanced to Villa Franca, and a bridge was established on the Adige to enable the army to advance against Rivoli, a position which having been previously abandoned by the Austrians on the 9th, was occupied by the allies on the 10th. King Charles Albert signed, the same evening, at Garda, the pact for the annexation of Lombardy to the kingdom of Sardinia. The Provisional Government is to cease its functions, and a kind of regency, composed of Piedmontese and Milanese, of which M. Casati is to be the president, will, for the present, be established at Milan.

In the meantime, General Aspara marched from Verona at the head of a strong detachment upon Vicenza, which surrendered at the approach of the Austrians, and Durando and his Roman troops signed a capitulation to recross the Po, and not to fight against Austria for the space of three months. Bassano was occupied by the Austrians on the 6th, and Padua has already suffered the same fate as Vicenza, leaving the communication between Austria and Lombardy open by Treviso and the line of approach of General Nugent.

A reactionary movement, not with promises for the future if permanently successful, had in the meantime taken place at Naples. The agitation which had been for some time entertained against the existence of the Upper House, rapidly increased as the meeting of the Chambers drew near, and this being stimulated by the appearance of the French Republican fleet, led a considerable body of the National Guards and a portion of the members of the Chamber of Deputies, to erect barricades and to take their stand, in the first instance, by refusing the unqualified oath of allegiance to the new constitution required of them previously to the opening of the parliament. On the 15th of May, the king, to avoid bloodshed, entered into a negotiation to concede the required point, but some shots having been discharged at the troops of the line by parties determined that no pacific adjustment should take place, the men could

no longer be restrained, and a general conflict commenced, the barricades of the insurgents being successively carried, and the National Guards, who had been driven to the adjoining houses, having, after seven hours' fight, at length been compelled to surrender. The sustained determination of the troops is attributed to the Swiss, by whom they were urged on. The houses whence the insurgents carried on their attacks were sacked, and many of them burned. Frightful atrocities were also committed, which it is alleged could not have been controlled in the prevalent exasperation. On the 16th, a new ministry was announced, composed of the old moderate liberals, Naples was declared in a state of siege, and a proclamation was issued, stating the intention of the king to abide by the new constitution, notwithstanding the untoward events that had taken place.

An outbreak, similar to that which occurred in Paris on the 15th of May, took place on the 28th at Milan. A mob, headed by the students, attacked the palace of the Provisional Government, and compelled the members to resign. Their triumph was, however, of short duration. The National Guard, supported by the mass of the citizens, restored order within three hours; and a demagogue, named Urbino, who performed the part enacted by Huber at Paris on the 15th of May, was arrested.

The Provisional Government of Modena, proclaimed on the 29th ult. the union of that duchy with Piedmont. Sicily had also opened negotiations for incorporating the island with the kingdom of Upper Italy. On the other hand, a body of Neapolitan troops, 5000 strong, with a train of artillery, assembled in the Ariostea square at Ferrara, to leave for the seat of war, returned with one accord to their barracks. At Bologna, also, General Pepe published an order of the day, dated May 29th, stating that a number of soldiers, sub-officers, and officers, belonging to the first division of the Neapolitan army, had abandoned their colours. In the kingdom of Naples itself, the Republicans, always strong in Calabria, had got up an insurrection, at the head of which the Marquis Gagliardi had placed himself, and they had captured the forts of Pizzo, Scilla, and Monteleone. A provisional government had also been established at Cabanzara. In Sicily, the citadel of Messina, as well as Sorrento and Capua, remained in the power of the people.

Early in June, a body of a thousand Sicilians entered Calabria, and Patenza, Cosenza, and Terano, took advantage of the circumstance to throw off their allegiance and establish Provisional Governments. The king immediately despatched a force of 4000 men into the disturbed districts, and at the same time, it is said, caused several boxes to be deposited for security, on board an English frigate stationed off the palace. It is said, that the gendarmes and a battalion of chasseurs were disarmed in the province of Cosenza, and that the force of the insurrectionists in Calabria amounted to 12,000 men. Six provinces are said to have raised the standard of insurrection, namely, the three Calabrias, the Basilicate, and the two Apulias. The Abruzzi have, it is said, likewise revolted at the instigation of the celebrated Romeo. The fact of the king having shipped property on board the *Polyphemus* is corroborated—so sturdy Albion may soon afford refuge to another exiled monarch.

DECLINE OF THE DRAMA IN PARIS.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

A SHORT summary of what has been doing at the various Parisian theatres during the last few weeks may not be unacceptable to my readers, although it must be owned that, as far as the managers are concerned, the past participle might be used with far greater propriety than the gerund, inasmuch as the majority of Messieurs les Directeurs have been "doing" nothing, but *en revanche* have been most undeniably "done." The average loss sustained by each (though, of course, some have been more victimised than others), is estimated at no less than 1000 francs a night, and this in spite of forced novelties of all descriptions, fresh engagements, promising *débuts*, and, indeed, every kind of attraction that the most inventive genius could hit upon. Alas! they may all sing with Felix in "la Comtesse Lolotte," with reference to the rarity of the circulating medium,

Je ne sais pas comment il arrive,
Mais je sais bien comment il s'en va!

Poor consolation, indeed, to cast a glance through the *trou du rideau* at rows of empty stalls and tenautless boxes, and then, directing another (and a very expressive one) behind the scenes at the groups of actors and actresses, whose united weekly salaries form a by no means trifling total, not to mention the unpaid scenery, dresses, and properties, to echo emphatically the sentiment of the song-writer, "*That's the way the money goes!*"

From the highest to the lowest, from the Théâtre de la Nation to Bobino, every theatrical establishment in Paris is on the verge of bankruptcy. *Bouig-bouig* alone still continues to flourish, but as that class of *spectacle* savours little of the legitimate, it can hardly be cited as an exception to the general rule. And yet, the Opera has less reason to complain than its minor brethren, the sum of 50,000 francs having been given to the manager by the Provisional Government to enable him to carry on the war. Moreover, M. Duponchel has been lately engaged in carefully weeding his company; although the term is singularly inappropriate, as he has in most cases left the weeds untouched, and discarded the flowers.

Sweet Carlotta! what hast thou done to merit dismissal? Thou, most ethereal of terrestrials, thou, whose divine evolutions at Drury Lane were once chronicled as follows by an admiring enthusiast:—

To see Carlotta wend your way,
Of money don't be chary;
Th' admission price she'll well repay
By dancing in the *Peri*.

Congédiée! as well might William Rogers's best customer (whoever he may be) expect to eat his dinner comfortably without his *osanores*, as M. Duponchel to fill his *salle* without Carlotta!

The only party who gains by this sad arrangement is pretty Adeline Plankett, promoted to the rank of *première danseuse*, *vice* Grisi, dismissed. Now we all know that the same house could never have held two Lepeintre *jeunes* (two Flores would be a tight fit), and one can fancy without any very India-rubberish stretch of the imagination that the peace and tranquillity of a theatre would be by no means improved by

the simultaneous engagement there of Lola Montès and Caroline Loyo, or of Madame — and Mademoiselle —; but why the two “pets” of the Opera, the two *faiseuses de recette par excellence* should be separated, passes my comprehension entirely!

Adèle Dumilâtre, too, is going, and Bettini gone; as for Duprez, he is re-engaged for a twelvemonth at a salary of 25,000 francs, instead of something like 80,000 (I forget the precise figure). A thousand a year! *c'est encore gentil!*

If the actors and actresses composing the “society” of the Théâtre de la République have not already vowed in their inmost souls eternal gratitude to Mademoiselle Rachel for her Marseillaise exertions in their behalf, then are they the most thankless of mortals! But for her the grass might now have been probably growing beneath the deserted benches of the *parterre*, and the *artistes* might long ere this have wandered amid the gardens of *feu le Palais Royal*, in company with the luckless provincial strollers whose chances of finding a Parisian engagement are now more Utopian than ever! Up to the close of May the salaries were paid punctually and in full; since then, alas! the calm smile of the *caissier* has given place to an ominous frown, and the receipts have gradually dwindled to next to nothing. The solution of this very serious conundrum may be learnt from the soliloquy of an intelligent blue-frocked patriot, who, after casting a glance at the bill the other day, turned on his heel, exclaiming, with supreme contempt,

“Excusez! plus de Marseillaise! ah ben oui, plus souvent que je m'embête à écouter ces mâtins-là!”

Ay de mi! the day of *congé* has arrived; Rachel has taken her leave, and, what is worse, the frequenters of the Théâtre de la République have taken *their* leaves likewise.

Ancelot's semi-comedy, semi-drama of “la Rue Quincampoix,” might have drawn a few houses in more peaceable and less penniless times, in spite of its subject, which is at once trite and repulsive. The *débuts*, moreover, of Delaunay, one of the most promising *jeunes premiers* in Paris, would certainly have created some sensation among playgoers, were there any playgoers left; but as it is, the theatre and the street have changed places, and while in the latter all is excitement and animation, in the former the most indefatigable managerial exertions can only arrive at a result “flat, stale, and unprofitable.”

A trio of young *ingénuités*, as they are called—*lucus à non lucendo?*—have appeared on these boards for the first time within the last month, Mademoiselles Luther, Favart, and Dalloca; two out of the three as *Abigail* in Scribe's “Verre d'Eau,” and the third in “*Valérie*.” The best that can as yet be said of them is, that they are tolerably good-looking, and have, at all events, *le physique de l'emploi*.

What will become of the Opéra Comique, unsupported by Roger, I dread to think; some eighteen months back no theatre in Paris was better attended, not only by the public generally, but also by a very numerous and constant coterie of ancient *habitués*, many of whom took their evening nap in their stalls as regularly as they ate their dinner. Of these the Revolution has “left not one trace behind;” their places are no longer marked *louées*, and they themselves are probably occupied in patrolling the streets and boulevards when the curtain rises on the few stragglers scattered here and there in the once crowded Salle Favart. Auber's “*Fiorella*” has been revived, but a glance at the empty houses

prompts the question, *à quoi bon?* Mademoiselle Darcier sings in it with a courage and a perfection worthy of better days, and one only regrets that such sweet notes should be wasted on the desert air.

The Odéon, like that pretty flower, the convolvulus major, is open one day and shut the next; I expect the good people there will soon have to adopt the opposition stage-coachman's plan, and not only play for nothing, but give the audience a good feed into the bargain, if they wish to see any one in the house except the *pompieri*.

During the visit to London of the company of the Théâtre Historique, the *Salle* has been put under repair; and on its re-opening, the prices are, it is said, to be very materially lowered. *Speriamo!* Balzac's "*Marat*," though savouring rather too strongly of melodrama, has made some sensation in the literary world (a very small world now, alas! in Paris), Jules Janin especially being enthusiastic in its praise. Had Madame Dorval played the heroine, the piece would have been a gainer; unfortunately, the great creatress of "*Marie Jeanne*" was compelled by a severe domestic affliction to resign the part to Madame Lacressonnière, a very tolerable actress as times go, but lamentably deficient in *feu sucré*. *Apropos* of Madame Dorval, I recollect being told by a lady who met her at a hotel in Marseilles, that, like Mrs. Siddons, she was occasionally in the habit of indulging in tragedy tones off the stage. At the *table-d'hôte* breakfast, my friend happened to ask if "the eggs were fresh." "Madame," replied Madame Dorval, in a sepulchral voice that chilled all her hearers to the bone, "*ils sont détesta-a-ables!*"

All the minor theatres are bringing out *pièces de circonstance*, as fast as they can find authors to write them; the subjects being uniformly the same—*les clubs*. Even the Vaudeville, after remaining closed a few days, has once more struggled into existence with a piece of this all-absorbing topic. The Variétés has its "*République de Platon*," the Gymnase its "*Volcaniennes*," and the Montansier its "*Club Champenois*." Unfortunately, the public have a fancy for being actors rather than spectators, and continue to prefer the real article to the imitation.

Since the departure *en congé* of Bouffé and Déjazet, the manager of the Variétés has signified his intention of no longer printing the names of his leading performers in large letters on the *affiche*; henceforward all the company, good, bad, and indifferent, are to be placed on a more equal and Republican footing. This is fair enough, but I am curious to know what *Le Gamin* and *Gentil Bernard* will say to it. I doubt whether either will submit to such an encroachment on their privileges without a struggle. *C'est ce que nous verrons.*

By the way, as Déjazet is on the *tapis*, I may as well slip in a conundrum which has found its way into my note-book:—"Comment Mademoiselle Déjazet a-t-elle fait la fortune du Palais Royal?" D'ye give it up? "En y créant un riche-lieu."

Sweet little Désirée has not returned to the Gymnase, nor do I precisely know her plans for the future. During her late visit to London, a poetical friend of mine worked himself up to a strange pitch of enthusiasm after witnessing her performances in "*Le Tuteur de Vingt Ans*," and the following *couplet*, written to the air of the "*vaudeville final*" in "*L'Image*," was the result:—

"En vous voyant si fraîche, si jolie,
Je me suis mis, hélas! à regretter
Que, n'étant plus au printemps de la vie,
Je n'avais pas le droit de vous aimer (bis).

Oui, Valentine, adorable *pupille*,
 Auprès de vous, me dit tout bas mon cœur,
 Il ne faut pas qu'un père de famille
 Sollicite la place de tuteur!"

Talking of London, a very pretty gazelle-eyed actress is at present charming Mr. Mitchell's *habitués*. I will not mention names, but merely add that the lady in question (judging from the numerous articles I have read in her praise from his pen) is a great favourite with the clever blind *feuilletoniste*, Jacques Arago. *Fi! Jacques!*

In more prosperous times than the present, "Horace et Caroline" would have drawn half Paris to the Gymnase, were it only to see Bressant. What an exquisite *premier rôle* he is! with what perfect refinement does he represent—what the majority of actors, French as well as English, can only caricature—the gentleman, the true *grand seigneur*. His *tendue* is ever graceful, natural, and irreproachable, his dress equally what it should be, without a shadow of conceit or vulgarity, and he treads the stage with as much ease and absence of pretension as if he were unconscious that every bright eye in the theatre was watching him. If any of my readers should have an opportunity of seeing him in one of Scribe's old, but most charming, pieces, "Les Malheurs d'un Amant Heureux," (I say *if*, for in these days people are apt to think twice before they go to Paris), let them not forego so rich a treat. *Ils m'en diront des nouvelles.*

Rose Chéri does not play in "Horace et Caroline," nor, indeed, has she appeared in any very successful novelty since her marriage with the manager of the Gymnase. Shortly after she became Madame Montigny a lady of my acquaintance paid her a visit, and found her reading a large and thick volume. This my friend imagined to be the fair actress's *répertoire*, and in the course of conversation asked her which of her characters she was studying.

Rose Chéri smiled, and handed the book to her visitor for inspection. It was the Bible.

"You are doubtless surprised to see me thus occupied," said she, "but in France unmarried girls are not permitted to read the scriptures, and I am only too glad now to have an opportunity of doing so."

The above fact needs no comment. If its recital here induce but one of my readers to look henceforward with a charitable and kindly feeling on a class too often vilified and calumniated, my object in mentioning it will have been fully attained.

The Théâtre Montansier continues to be a never-failing house of refuge for all homeless *comiques*. Amant, droll quizzical Amant, after thirteen years of uninterrupted success at the Vaudeville, has at length sworn allegiance to M. Dormeuil. The *ci-devant* Palais Royal can still boast so many pretty women that, in their eyes at least, *un amant de plus* in the company can hardly be called *de trop*. *Au contraire!*

The crowds which have for some time nightly blocked up every approach to the Boulevard St. Martin have prevented the Messrs. Cogniard from reaping the harvest which they might otherwise have derived from a piece with so popular and taking a title as "Le Maréchal Ney." Even with the drawbacks alluded to, however, it attracts better houses than any other novelty in the neighbourhood, being not only well got up, but ably and effectively played.

The present condition of the Ambigu amply justifies its name, and the prospects of the Galté are any thing but gay. The Folies Drama-

tiques are kept alive by old Lepeintre and clever little Virginie Duhamel, who has lately appeared there under the name of Duplessis, and whom many playgoers may recollect as having for a long time presided, sweetly smiling, over the *bureau de location* at the Gymnase.

As for the *Délassements*, it has become a kind of second *Vaudeville*; Laferrière and Madame Thénard sharing the honours of each successive *soirée*. What luck for the *habitués*! Rich Epicurean dainties in lieu of their meagre *ordinaire*. "Les Mémoires du Diable" instead of "Miel et Vinaigre." Talking of "Les Mémoires," what are the managers about that some of them do not engage Felix, the original *Robin*? The last time I saw him (during one of the periodical *clôtures* of the *Vaudeville*) he was *en bon mari*, listening to his wife singing in the "Pré au Clercs," at the Opéra Comique.

"Que faites-vous depuis la Révolution?" said I.

"Que voulez-vous que je fasse!" replied poor Felix, with a look that sadly belied his name. "Boutique fermée acteur à louer."

How many just now might give a similar answer!

Oh, rare Marivaux! Ingenious and profound analyser of the human heart and all its vanities. In thy hands love becomes a science, a delightful, puzzling game of chess! We know from the earliest scene how each of thy charming comedies will end, we know that both *Comte* and *Marquise* must be mutually checkmated; but we linger over each delicious detail, we enjoy each exquisite bit of "*Marivaudage*" with as much zest as if the *dénouement* was still a mystery to us. Nay so fondly do we cherish the great original that we love to applaud and encourage those who strive, and not unsuccessfully, to follow in his well-trodden but ever flowery path. Such a one is M. Guillard, the author of "*Les Frais de la Guerre*," a clever, sparkling little comedy which has just enriched the *repertoire* of the Théâtre de la République.

Regnier is great in it—great, did I say?—immense, unapproachable. While France can boast *artistes* of his calibre, she may safely lay claim to dramatic supremacy. Regnier has every requisite quality for his high position; his acting is as lively and animated as it is subtle and refined; endowed with an inexhaustible fund of humour, and an equally inexhaustible bouyancy of spirits, he is the life and soul of every piece in the cast of which he is luckily for the author included; and very clever must that author be if Regnier do not far more for him than he for Regnier.

A short time ago an appeal for relief was made to the Executive Government by the managers of the different Parisian theatres. The sum then asked for was 200,000 francs, now 500,000 francs are demanded. Perhaps when 10,000,000 is wanted the good people in power (like Sir Walter Scott's kinsman, the owner of the dilapidated family vault) will begin to think about writing a check for it.

Tap, tap, tap! Who is at the window? My little bird, as I live, and with a welcome tit bit of news to wind up with. What is this I hear? Rumours of a forthcoming *debut* at the Théâtre de la République, a *début*, the sensation caused by which is to place long-neglected Thalia on a level with triumphant Melpomene, to make haughty Judith turn pale, to silence Brohan's lively prattle, and utterly to annihilate the whole tribe of *ingénuites*. But alas! before that day arrive, one, two, perhaps three months must intervene. We will speak of this anon. Patience, little bird, patience!

June 21st, 1848.

THE UPROAR AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

THE question of Free-Trade and Protection has been agitated within the walls of Drury Lane Theatre, with a violence unknown during the entire operations of the Anti-Corn-Law League. Monday, the 12th of June, was expected to prove a day of Chartist outbreak. Something like the state of alarm which preceded the memorable 10th of April, existed on the morning of the second day of demonstration. Bishop Bonner's Fields and the vicinity of Croydon, were alike thought of with apprehension, and every detachment of police or of military was wistfully eyed as it passed along the streets. Thanks to the very great precautions of the government, and to a terrific shower of rain which fell in the afternoon, the Chartist "demonstration" proved a complete abortion. Fate, however, had decreed that the 12th of June should not pass over without a "row" of some kind, and though the day was free from political excitement, it was marked by the greatest theatrical uproar known in London since the days of the "O. P."

For some time previously, those walls of the metropolis which are usually devoted to the exhibition of placards, were adorned with huge "posters," calling upon British authors and actors to resist the foreign invasion with which they were threatened. This document referred to the existence of two Italian Operas and one French theatre, but the immediate cause of its publication was the approaching arrival of the melo-dramatic company of the Théâtre Historique, in addition to the foreigners already here. To strengthen the force of the appeal, observations were made on the immorality of the pieces played by the two companies of the Historique and the Palais Royal.

That our narrative may be complete, we may here remark that the Théâtre Historique is a new theatre built at Paris under the auspices of M. Alexandre Dumas, and opened early last year for the especial performance of those long "dramas," of which he is so renowned an author. It was to be the theatre of French romanticism as opposed to French classicism. The *répertoire* of this theatre has hitherto consisted of four pieces—"La Reine Margot," "Le Chevalier de la Maison-Rouge," "Hamlet" (curiously altered from Shakspeare), and "Monte Cristo," in two parts, each of five acts. The bad state of theatricals in Paris, suggested to the company of this theatre the expediency of a trip to London. At Drury Lane, which was unoccupied, they proposed to play the pieces of their *répertoire*, substituting for "Hamlet," the "drame" of "Les trois Mousquetaires," a play by Dumas, produced with great success at the Ambigu-Comique.

In the meanwhile, the work of opposition to the foreign "invasion," was pursued with activity. The legislature was petitioned to protect native talent, but petitions were of no avail. In the Chamberlain's Office more serious difficulties arose. Whether the chamberlain has any right to prevent the opening of one of the patent theatres, is a moot point, but as he has the unquestionable power of refusing to license a play intended for representation, it is obvious that he can greatly embarrass a company with a *répertoire* so limited as that of the Théâtre Historique, if their pieces contain any thing of an equivocal nature. "La Reine Margot"

was found objectionable on the score of morality. Still more objectionable was the "*Chevalier de la Maison Rouge*," considering the present state of the political horizon. It is a lively representation of the old French revolution, and first gave popularity to that "*Chœur des Girondins*," which has been so conspicuous in the overthrow of the last French monarchy. The company of the *Historique* limited their announcement to the production of "*Monte Cristo*." Even with this piece they found some difficulties in the Chamberlain's Office, and the opening of Drury Lane was more than once deferred. The difficulties being at last surmounted, the theatre was opened on the 12th of June. By this time the placards of the opposition had increased in number, while a leader in *The Times* had strongly defended the right of the French Company to act in London, on the principles of Free-Trade.

The aspect of the audience on the 12th of June was formidable. Long before the curtain rose, a large number of persons in the pit began to make all sorts of hostile noises, and greeted with insulting derision the parties who entered the dress boxes. On the other hand the number of foreigners in the house showed that the manager was by no means unprepared for attack, but had armed himself with a strong defensive force. "God save the Queen" played by the orchestra produced a general applause, which was a manifestation not of good-humour but of a spirit of Anti-Gallican nationality, which was resolved at all risks to put an end to the occupation of the Drury Lane stage by foreigners. On the rising of the curtain the uproar was tremendous. Not only was there every sound of execration which the human lungs are capable of producing, but many of the national party had armed themselves with rattles and large tin whistles, and were thus able to secure continuity to the attack. The Gallican party, by their vigorous applause, increased the body of sound, which lasted without intermission till the conclusion of the five long acts of the play. The actors had orders to go on performing as if there was no disturbance on the other side of the lamps, while the rioters were equally strong in their determination not to cease their opposition, and did not even rest from their tumult during the intervals between the acts. On one occasion M. Jullien attempted to pacify the enraged public, but his appearance did more harm than good, only serving to increase the fury of the opposition, and his speech, like those of the actors, was completely unheard. During the general uproar little episodes of riot might be picked out by the watchful observer. Here a couple of individuals amused themselves by putting up their umbrellas in the pit, there a person in the boxes was pulling off his coat to thrash some offending Frenchman. Here an English orator was vainly endeavouring to make himself heard; there a little Gallican heroine in a pink bonnet was committing violent assaults on any member of the opposition who chanced to be within her reach. Persons in the boxes supposed to entertain opinions favourable to the house, were insultingly addressed by name from the pit, and one noble lady, who escaped from the tumult, in a carriage, was pursued with execration by a mob collected outside. A body of police, who occasionally entered the pit, and made a capture or tow, gave some diversity to the spectacle, which terminated with the national anthem sung in chorus by the whole of the opposition, and a promise to repeat the riot on the Wednesday following.

The newspapers of the next morning, for the most part, came out

strongly against the rioters, though these were not without their advocates in the daily and weekly press. The law on the knotty point of theatrical damnation was lucidly set forth by Mr. Jardine, the magistrate, who examined the captured rioters. An audience, according to his enunciation, has a right to spontaneous disapprobation of a theatrical performance, but a premeditated attack is illegal. The possession of whistles, and the commencement of opposition before the rising of a curtain, is evidence of the premeditation, which the law prohibits. The principal rioters were therefore fined. These events of the Tuesday, would, it was thought by some, have the effect of preventing riot on the Wednesday, but the party of the opposition was too strong and too fanatical to be so easily put down. The arguments that Drury Lane had long ceased to be a national theatre, and that there was no reason to make an exception to the general principles of free trade, in favour of theatrical art, though sound as possible, could not calm a body of men, who, as one of them said, believed that their "bread and cheese" depended on the contest. The rioters were not composed of the leading members of the theatrical profession, but nevertheless they represented the British theatrical interest, and were therefore fighting for something tangible, against the advocates of an abstract principle of justice. This gave them an advantage; for, excepting the parties immediately connected with the speculation of the "Historique," the partisans of free trade did not really care whether that speculation succeeded or not. The cry of nationality even when abused for unjust purposes is sure to touch a certain number of persons in every class, and here was another strong weapon in the hands of the Anti-Gallicans. Then the expulsion of the English artisans from France, the strange reception of Miss Birch at the Academie, and an old *émeute* against a company of English actors at the Porte St. Martin, gave a turn to the question, of which the opposition readily availed themselves. Even the less fanatical of the party, who admitted in general terms the doctrine of free trade, could with some plausibility express the opinion that ill-usage in one country merited retaliation in another. There is no doubt that this feeling of retaliation was a very important element in the riot. It was to counteract this feeling that Mr. Macready wrote a letter, which was printed and circulated, stating that his own reception in Paris had been most courteous, but the epistle completely failed of its effect.

The spirit of riot, then, was not quelled. New placards appeared on the Wednesday evening urging the opposition to refrain from illegal acts, but to continue their demonstration, denouncing the free trade journals, and mentioning by name the persons supposed to be most favourable to the "invaders." The riot in the theatre was not quite so continuous as that on the preceding Monday, but it was of a character even more violent. There was more appearance of a disposition for manual contest, two benches were overthrown, a garland was broken from one of the box-panels, and inflammatory banners were waved in the pit.

This state of things could not last for ever. One of the parties must give way to the other, and M. Hostein, the director of the "Historique," wisely adopted the conceding policy. That he unquestionably had the right on his side, there is no doubt, but it was useless to rely on that right in contending with a party so determined and so fanatical in their opposition. The law can hit two or three conspicuous personages—and did so in the present instance—but it is after all a weak weapon, when employed against a theatrical riot. The right of expressing opinion

affords a loop-hole, of which all who refrain from manual violence can readily avail themselves, and the lungs of a multitude are quite sufficient to stop any theatrical representation.

At first, M. Hostein thought to give two farewell nights at Drury Lane, and then to quit the country with his company. Fearing, however, that even this proceeding would fail to insure quiet, he accepted the offer of the St. James's Theatre, where his company have been allowed to have their "farewell nights" in peace. The St. James's has long been recognised as a French house, and, therefore, even the most fanatical of the British party could not designate the appearance of another *troupe* at that theatre by the name of "foreign invasion."

The British party, then, has driven the French company from Drury Lane. If this event is productive of any good to theatrical art in this country, we rejoice in the result. At the same time, we wish that our ardent countrymen had been a little more scrupulous in the means employed to attain their end—and had allowed their minds to be influenced somewhat more by plain considerations of right and wrong. The attacks on persons who had no interest in the speculation, merely because they are supposed to be Frenchmen or advocates for the performance of the French plays, and the mobbing in the streets adjoining the theatre, were certainly most unjustifiable, even if the premeditated opposition to the performance could be excused. The "nationals" have gained their victory, it is true, but it is questionable whether their laurel-wreath will command the admiration of civilised society.

THE OPERA.

AFTER all, there are inconveniences in a monthly form of publication—not to our readers, we mean, not to our readers—Heaven forbid the diffusion of such a heresy,—but to ourselves. Let some event happen just before going to press,—something that we burn to communicate, and lo! we have to repress our inclination till a whole month has gone by. In the meanwhile, we keep on fostering our first impression, in order to sustain it in a condition of liveliness—preserving the tints of our picture, which ever and anon are marvellously inclined to become obliterate, and all this we repeat for the course of a whole month. Those who know the London season, and the sights we have to see—exhibitions Academical, British, and Mulreadyan,—dramatic performances, English, Italian, and French, with a Drury Lane "row" thrown in by way of a make-weight—panoramic truths, dioramic delights, Catlinian eccentricities, Lahore revelations, Chinese-junkian marvels—they will not wonder if our brain towards the end of June loses somewhat of its retentiveness. What would you say of him who, having scratched his name on the sand with the end of his cheap walking-stick, expected to find the inscription after some dozen of splashy waves had gone bounding over the spot. Why you would simply call him a ——. No you would not. Well do we know that the readers of the *New Monthly* are the most courteous, urbane, gentle creatures in the world—that one harsh word emerging from their mouths would literally chap their lips. You would say nothing, but we know what you would think.

Well, now, Mademoiselle Jenny Lind came out in "*Lucia di Lammer-*

moor" towards the end of May, and here we have been puffing and blowing and longing to tell about it, but old father Time, having ceased to be an enthusiast, clapped his hand on his fore-lock, that we might not catch hold of it. The 1st of June came, and found us pen in hand and paper before us, but cut off from all communication by means of type. We are in the position of the old lady in the tale of the "Four Facardins," who opens her mouth to say something, but being influenced by a hostile charm, remains inconveniently fixed in that position.

"Better late than never" is a true, though a trite saying. The *Lucia* of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind is a new creation; the "Swedish Nightingale" has first been struck with the notion of making something out of the mad scene. There you have a real terrible delineation of insanity, with its glassy eye, and that discord between the mind and the body, which prevents the latter from being the faithful representative of the former—you have a fine tragic piece of acting. "Stop, stop," exclaim the critical objector, "all this is a mistake. The sliding, gliding inoffensive madness of the old *Lucy's* was more of the real thing than the strongly marked insanity of this virago. Where is the gentle 'Lucia di Lammermoor?'" Good critical objector, you are not the Laird of Bucklaw, or you would never expatiate on the gentleness of *Lucy*. Fancy yourself with your arms folded, not too tightly, and your mind lulled by all sorts of amorous thoughts,—when lo! your bride walks in, a grim, gibbering thing, and with a singular combination of force and ingenuity, contrives to insert a few inches of steel between two of your ribs. We are perfectly sure, that if you overheard some good old nurse exclaim, "The dear, gentle creature!" you would be not a little surprised.

The revival of "*Roberto il Diavolo*," brings Jenny Lind back again to her original character of *Alice*, and it also brings an immense crowd to the theatre. Nothing more charming than Jenny Lind's *Alice*, and "*Ma Normandie*," with the "pianissimo" shake—and the scene with the cross—and the rapturous clasp of hands at the end—and every thing else that every body knows. But now come the champions of unaltered texts and with discordant voices, ask, "Where is the princess?—Find the princess!—Advertise for the princess!—Offer any reward you like for the princess!" Then the fact is manifested that Mr. Lumley has produced the opera with the *Princess of Sicily*—left out. "Out, indeed, out! What's the meaning of 'out?'" A whole act demolished. Here's a precious iconoclasm! *Per Bacco!* do we live in the days of Leo the Isaurian?"

Good friends, Mr. Lumley knows well enough, and you know well enough, that the people who go to see "*Roberto il Diavolo*," go simply for the sake of hearing and seeing Jenny Lind. Raise, if you please, the cry of mutilating Meyerbeer. That pit and those boxes do not care the painted shadow of a leaden imitation of a brass farthing about Meyerbeer, excepting so far as he supplies material for Jenny Lind. Well do we recollect the opinion of the *habités* last year, when they declared that they were in ecstasies about Jenny, but that as for the opera, they wished "*Robert the Devil*" had been Robert at the Devil. He was no "*Idole*" of their *vie*,—he was no "*Robert toi que j'aime*" in their estimation, nor did they value the *Princess of Sicily*. The public is the absolute in these cases;—it comes to see *Alice*, it does see *Alice*, and it is delighted.

THE LAST INSURRECTION IN PARIS.

THE long anticipated struggle has at length taken place in Paris, and has terminated in the overthrow of the anarchists. The Executive Government, which has so long tampered with the Sections, Communists and Socialists, has fallen by its own incapacity, and has been replaced by a military dictatorship, to be aided in the administration of the civil authority by M. Thiers,—powers sufficient to establish a military despotism or to recall a dynasty at a moment. But no words that we can employ, no description that can as yet be framed, will convey an adequate idea of the fierceness of the struggle, and of the carnage attendant upon it. The annals of the whole French Revolution and of European warfare, it has been justly remarked, hardly present so terrible an example of civil war raging with unabated violence for at least three days and nights in the heart of a great capital—where the lofty streets, the churches, palaces, and even the hospitals of the sick, have been converted into fortresses, only to be taken by storm and shell, and the density of a population amounting to nearly 1,000,000 of human beings, only supplied a more inexhaustible array of combatants and a more enormous sacrifice to the ferocious passions of a democratic revolution.

The struggle, albeit long planned, appears to have been brought into immediate operation by the first attempt made to remove a portion of the paid idlers—the so-called *travailleurs*—who constituted in themselves one of the greatest elements of disorder and the focus of anarchy and riot. On the 22nd inst. a batch of some thousands of these rioters was despatched from Paris to their several parishes. They, however, halted outside the barriers, expended their travelling allowance in wine, and returned the same evening to rouse and convoke their confederates to an armed opposition.

The time was come when the struggle between authority and labour, between the bourgeoisie and the mob, between the orderly and the disorderly, between the conservatives and the communists, between forms of government and anarchy, was to take place. It is impossible at the present moment to say how many elements of discord were at work. Count de Narbonne, formerly aide-de-camp of Charles X., and his servant, were arrested behind a barricade, in the act of distributing money to the revolted, and were, it is said, shot in the gardens of the Luxembourg by the National Guards. But the multitude fought for the “Red Republic”—the democratic and social republic—as they called it, the republic of the guillotine. The point that at present surprises one most is the scientific manner in which the positions were taken up by the leaders of the rebellion; the question that is asked with greatest curiosity, is whence came the military resources turned to so sanguinary an account by an impoverished and starving people.

On the 23rd the movement commenced at the Place de la Bastille, from whence the insurrectionists soon extended themselves along the Boulevards as far as to those great central positions, the Portes St. Martin and St. Denis, where they erected barricades. Barricades arose at the same time in all the adjacent streets, especially in the more narrow

thoroughfares of the *Cité*. The islands on the Seine were similarly occupied, and the Hôtel Dieu, situated upon one of them, became the head-quarters of one detachment. On the left bank the position of the insurrectionists centered on the Pantheon, and was defended in front by a complete system of street-fortification, while it communicated in the rear with the Faubourg St. Jacques. At the same time a connexion was established and maintained by means of the islands between the operations on both banks of the Seine. On the right bank the hostile party extended along all the faubourgs from the Marais to the hospital of St. Lazare, in the north of Paris, including, of course, that focus of insurrection, the redoubtable Faubourg St. Antoine.

To those who are intimate with these portions of Paris, such a disposition of the insurrectionists would appear to have arisen as much from the force of circumstances—from the grouping of the insurrectionists in central localities amid their own habitations—the defence of existing approaches—improved upon by the natural genius of the Parisians in street warfare, and aided by experience as from the dictation of any unknown and probably imaginary leaders.

The National Guards did not, according to general report, enter upon the struggle with marked ardour, but after the strife was fairly begun, and the streets of Paris were ensanguined with the blood of their companions in arms, there exists no doubt but that they fought with the most determined bravery and resolution.

On the other hand, nothing can exceed the frantic courage and savage atrocity of the insurrectionists. They fought with the despair of a famishing people and the frenzy of political excitement. In vain the National Guards and the *garde mobile* advanced against the barricades,—more especially at the Portes St. Martin and St. Denis—the barricades were enfiladed—the armed citizens were fired upon from houses, their numbers were thinned, their successes trifling, and their energies were beginning to give way, when the troops of the line and the artillery were called in to their assistance. The military command of Paris was given to General Cavaignac; General Lamoriciere was placed in the command at the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin; General Duvivier at the Hôtel de Ville; and General Damesne in the Place de la Sorbonne—the two latter in the very heart of the insurrection. The National Guards and the *garde mobile*, thus assisted by the troops of the line and artillery, succeeded in carrying the barricades at the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin the same evening.

On Saturday, the 24th, Paris was declared in a state of siege, the Executive Government resigned its functions at the demand of the majority of the assembly, and General Cavaignac became the sole depository of power. Troops were continually arriving from the provinces. Cannon and musketry never ceased during the whole day to resound throughout Paris. The Pantheon was carried by storm, the insurgents driven back upon the Faubourg St. Marceau, and General Damesne was wounded in the pursuit. Many of the barricades were also carried by storm. But on Saturday night the insurgents still held out in all the principal points of northern Paris, more especially around the Bastille and in the Faubourg St. Antoine.

Forty thousand troops of the line and National Guards from the pre-

vinces are said to have arrived during the night. The insurgents had only possession of one railway terminus. A delay was given to the insurgents to surrender, but only a few of these exasperated men availed themselves of the terms of capitulation. The first barricade in the Faubourg St. Antoine was attacked on Sunday morning and carried, but not without considerable slaughter on the side of the assailants. The Place de la Bastille was captured by blowing up several houses and then turning the barricades. On some points the insurgents had dug trenches, against which the artillery was unavailable. They fired from within, and, on the approach of the troops escaped through passages opened in the cellars of the houses. A large body had sallied from the suburb towards noon, entered the island of St. Louis, and formed a barricade on the Pont des Tournelles, which was undergoing repairs. They were then kept in check by troops stationed in the wine stores on the opposite side, and were placed between two fires. The enclosure of St. Lazare was re-occupied in the morning by the insurgents, who carried away ten small pieces of artillery belonging to the Château Rouge, which they loaded with stones and pieces of broken bottles. On the Quay de la Megisserie, the insurrectionists fired from a window on a battalion of troops of the line, and then escaped by a back door. Others were at the same time erecting a barricade close by, in the Rue de Bethizy; but a patrol of National Guards dispersed them, and they fled, throwing away their arms. A battery of artillery had been placed on the hill of Montmartre, and measures taken to prevent the insurgents from gaining possession of that important position. Forty-four prisoners are said to have been put to death on the Place de Grève.

General Cavaignac was in the mean time issuing addresses to the armed citizens to support their courage and efficiency. "Force united with reason, wisdom, good sense, and the love of the country," says the general, in one of his despatches, "will triumph over the enemies of the Republic and of social order. That which you wish—that which we all wish, is a firm, wise, honourable government, assuring all right and guaranteeing all liberties, strong enough to set aside every personal ambition, and calm enough to defeat all the intrigues of the enemies of France." The President of the National Assembly—Senard—who appears to have acted throughout with an energy and a resolution adequate to the situation, exposed the real state of things in a clear unanswerable manner in an address in which he called upon the National Guard to unite and defend the capital. "No doubt," he says, "hunger, distress, and want of employment, have assisted the insurrection, but the doctrines of communism and excitement to pillage are audaciously promulgated on the barricades. The Republic is not demanded—it is proclaimed. Universal suffrage—it has been fully admitted and practised. What then do they wish? It is known. They wish for anarchy, fire, and pillage."

The National Assembly declared itself sitting permanently. It declared that the wives and children of those who fell for the country, should be adopted by the country. It sent for the deputies to encourage the combatants and to report progress, and these reports were anxiously looked for and listened to.

During the course of Sunday, when the insurgents were being starved in almost every direction, 5000 stand of arms were taken.

The National Guard, by advancing from house to house, were thus gradually enabled to gain such as commanded the insurgents, and then by discharges of muskets to drive them from their positions. This occurred particularly in the Rue du Faubourg du Temple. The engineers and the *pompier*s assisted in this operation. It was not until Sunday that the National Guard of St. Denis were enabled to place itself in communication with that of Paris, and to make itself master of the intermediate ground. The National Guard of Montmartre drove the insurgents from that neighbourhood the same day.

At five o'clock in the evening it was announced to the assembly that a formidable barricade on the bridge of Damietta, which had stopped the troops since noon, had been at last captured. The reduction of the municipality of the ninth arrondissement and of the barricades which surrounded it, was announced at the same time. The subsequent operations were attended with similar success, but the troops of the line and the movable guards had to lay siege to every house situate between the Hôtel de Ville and the Rue St. Antoine. Their losses are said to have been immense, and never had the pavement of Paris been reddened by so much blood. In the opinion of others, Paris had not witnessed such a scene of slaughter since the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

After the reduction of the municipality of the ninth arrondissement, the troops of the line and movable guards marched towards the Place des Vosges, and succeeded in reducing the municipality of the eighth arrondissement. On the Sunday night a portion only of the Faubourg St. Antoine remained to the insurgents, nor were they driven from their last positions until two o'clock P. M. on Monday the 26th, when after four days of long, almost continuous, and most sanguinary struggles, the insurrectionists were stated to be flying into the country, pursued by cavalry and horse artillery.

Nothing that could aggravate the horrors of such warfare appears to have been wanting in this tremendous conflict. No quarter appears to have been allowed on either side. The boy-prisoners of the movable guard were butchered by the insurgents in cold blood. The captured insurgents were carried off and shot without form or trial on the Place de Grève, in the Luxembourg, even in the Quais. Rockets, mortars, grape, and canister were all brought to bear against the insurgents, and some of the most splendid edifices of Paris, as the Pantheon, were stormed as if by an invading and hostile force. The terrible necessities of his position left to the new military dictator no choice. Dreadful as was the alternative, all property and social order—the lives of men, women, and children throughout the capital, was at stake—dreadful would have been the result had the triumph remained with the insurgents. It is well, since the struggle must have taken place, that it is over, and that it has terminated in favour of authority. It is certainly deeply to be regretted that order could not have been established without so much bloodshed. The late Provisional Government has much to answer for in the result so brought about. It is to be hoped that at Berlin, where authority has not yet come to the final struggle with anarchy, the example may be of use to them. Revolutions are made by the pen, and by successful insurrections, and by untimely and unwise concessions. They are infallibly succeeded by military despotism. "Since Europe has been led,"

says a writer in the *Times*, "by the example of Paris to imagine that great armies might be dissolved by a *coup de main* and a few barricades, Paris has now reversed that fallacious experience, and shown that, however popular a form of government may be, the maintenance of order and the ascendancy of law depend, in the last resort, on a firm and even unsparing exercise of military power."

In those agonising hours when the Assembly sat in permanence to receive reports of the destruction raging in the capital, and of the fate which several of its own members had not escaped, if any thing could aggravate the gloom which hung over the awe-stricken representatives of the nation, it was the conviction that in the very midst of them, at that hour, not a few were to be found whose treasonable practices or whose base connivance had plunged the Republic into this abyss of misery and bloodshed. It still remains to see, if those whose sympathies were not in the first days of the insurrection with the party engaged in combating the populace, will, when out of power, side with the defeated. If any chance still remains for the insurgents, there are some who may fairly be expected to do so. The turbid mass of democracy has been driven by force of arms into the country, but what must become of them? It is not like a hostile or invading force that has its own country to draw back upon. The mothers, wives, and children of the city—expelled belligerents, are still there. Their brothers, their fathers, may have been fighting on the side of order. Now that order has been established it is time to be clement. Had Paris been ruled three months ago with a firmer hand there would have been no need for clemency now. Let the blame therefore lie where it is due; the misled, the ignorant, the poor, and the exasperated anarchists need not be hunted like wolves into the forests of France. True, General Cavaignac has not yet solved the enigma of supporting a vast mass of idlers. True, that even in the midst of the insurrection the National Assembly was obliged to vote an extraordinary grant to maintain the famished belligerents, and that thus, the very day the dictator stepped into his arduous post he was obliged to continue the erroneous policy which he was called to extinguish. Still order—obedience to the law—is the first step towards solving that difficult and now sanguinary problem. That order has been acquired. The numbers of the dependent populace have been thinned by methods more barbarous than a forced emigration. If there is little to hope for the future when order is restored, there was still less, when only tumult and anarchy prevailed. It is a sad—it is a fearful spectacle, to contemplate; but if there are few hopes for a once great nation and a once great city, there are many in an all-wise Providence, who may thus chastise a sinful population for its own purposes, and may yet restore Paris to its wonted prosperity and happiness. The first and only step in advance for such a movement has been effected, and as we have before said, a military and a despotic rule is the only one fitted for a rebellious and ungrateful population, circumstanced, and disposed, as that of Paris has hitherto been disposed.

LITERARY NOTICES.

NOVELS OF THE MONTH.

MY SISTER MINNIE—ALINE—JENNY LIND—BEATRICE CHESTERFORD
—A STUMBLE ON THE THRESHOLD.

WE have already had occasion to speak favourably of Mrs. Mackenzie Daniels's novels. Their leading characteristics are simple and natural portraiture of domestic life, drawn with a view to regulate the heart and affections. There is also a strong sense of the foibles and vanities of both sexes, and a delicate discrimination of the nearer shades of feeling and conduct as they ripen into friendship or love, or subside into indifference or dislike. Good sense and quick apprehension of the follies and absurdities that float on the surface of society are, however, more remarkable than depth of passion or situations of strong interest. There is nothing in such works to demand the exercise of any of the stronger intellectual powers or to awaken emotions of a profound nature; and as mediocrity is seldom deterred from attempting to rival excellence, especially in any department that is popular, and may be profitable, so there is also a facility connected with productiveness in such a sphere, which is attended with great danger. Haste is almost invariably attended by defectiveness of arrangement, or by an involved and intricate development of plot. This is especially the defect of the new work of Mrs. Daniels's, "My Sister Minnie," published by Mr. Newby. The authoress speaks throughout in the first person as if she were really writing a history of her own life, and of her sister Minnie. Minnie's mother, Lady Gertrude Lisle, has been long estranged from her sister, Lady Edith Leiden, in consequence of an imprudent match made by the latter, but she has nevertheless consented, on the occasion of the death of the Lady Edith's husband, to take into her house their son Ernest. A strong affection grows up during childhood between the cousins, Ernest and Minnie, an affection which is destined to be the curse of their lives. For as the course of true love proverbially never follows a straight path, so the exquisite beauty and fascination of the fair Minnie won her sister's lover, Seymour Warburton, from his allegiance, and family circumstances soon made a husband of the youth, eligible for all or any of the four rival graces. With the progress of time Mr. Warburton becomes unfortunately sensible of the fact, that his young wife's affections were previously engaged, and after many struggles, and still more unhappiness, a separation takes place, and Minnie returns to her home with a little daughter, to whose education she devotes herself in melancholy seclusion from the world. The scene in the artist's room, where the trusting and loving husband discovers his wife in company with Ernest Leiden, is the most effective passage in the novel. Reconciliation between husband and wife is brought about, after much suffering, but Minnie dies soon after, nor was she long in being followed by the stricken husband. Ernest Leiden becomes the instructor of the orphan Minnie, and three more volumes are possibly intended to record the progress of their affections. Anne Lisle, the sister and authoress, as also the aunt and protectress of the younger Minnie, be-

queathed her property to the cause of all misfortunes, Cousin Ernest, who is forty-three years of age at the conclusion, and Minnie twenty-four, the latter having an unbounded reverence for the tastes and opinions of her instructor, so we may as well suppose the marriage to be *un fait accompli*!

The interest of "Aline," "an old friend's story," in three volumes, by the author of "The Gambler's Wife," &c., and published by Mr. Newby, is made to dwell with the false position in which a young lady of high birth is placed by a runaway match with an Italian opera-singer. The perpetual recurrence to the "soft sweet singing voice" of the handsome foreigner and the ultra sentimentalism of the heroine will jar sadly upon minds properly and healthily toned; but possibly lessons of advantage to some, may be derived from the perplexities, trials, and afflictions, which Aline so foolishly brings upon herself. The difficulties of the situation are heightened by a cruel stepmother, and relieved by a practical and honest uncle. But the part that Lord Mervyn is made to play, at first of an honourable, then of an unprincipled, and then again of a once more honourable suitor, is neither life-like nor exemplary. Altogether "Aline" is one of the least pleasing and the least recommendable of the author's many productions.

"Jenny Lind," a tale, in two volumes, by Miss Hendricks, and published by Mr. Churton, has a title so obviously *ad captandum*, that it may probably indispose many from giving it a favourable reception. It is, however, a *bonâ fide* story founded on Donizetti's "Figlia del Regimento," in which we have the dauntless hero of the Tyrol—Hofer—backed by his brave mountaineer countrymen, battling for their old Austrian connexion instead of that imposed upon them by the French emperor, and the daughter of the regiment, enacting the part of heroine, under the name of that incomparable child-like muse of song, of whom Andersen has so justly said—

The lowly grace that would thy gifts disown .
But makes their sweet unconscious charm more dear.

In this rather absurd jumbling together of persons, the embodying of the stage representative of a character into the character itself, Miss Hendricks has shown no inconsiderable skill, both in resuscitating the past and in delineating the singer's beau ideal of the patriotic and devoted Tyrolese girl, and we hope our explanation may induce many to forego conclusions arrived at upon hasty premises.

"Beatrice Chesterford," a novel in two volumes, published by Mr. Newby, is one of those earnest, thorough-going novels which remind us of by-gone days. Called upon to follow the fortunes of Ghetsford from the time of our Saxon ancestors to those of the Norman Conquest, and from thence up to the still good old times of the last century; we soon however find that our story is to depend for its interest upon Protestant confiscation and Roman Catholic succession; that youth, beauty, and passion, will interfere in adjusting matters suitable only for legal inquiry; that the said legal inquiries will be fearfully complicated by the introduction of such elements of waywardness between the families of Magnaville and Chesterford, and that certain most aged yet worthy dependents on the family—fine old Rembrandtic pictures—will play a prominent part in the working out of the plot, which will have the usual happy

termination. Alas! we are wrong, religious animosities and feuds are the most lasting of all, and in Beatrice Chesterford they follow the litigants of Ghetsford to the grave, leaving the property in the hands of a worthy, industrious, and honest farmer of olden times.

"A Stumble on the Threshold:" a story of the day, by Miss Molesworth, and published by Mr. Charles Ollier, is in only one volume, but by far the best of the series. The stumble is that of the younger son of a lordly, austere, harsh, and inflexible father, and who, when in the army, is dismissed the service for so far forgetting himself, as in a moment of anger to challenge his colonel. The trials which he is subjected to in consequence—repudiated by his parents, stung by poverty and disgrace, and driven to attempted self-destruction—are delineated in simple yet forcible and pathetic language. At length a friend arrives, the brother of the disgraced officer's youthful love; the young man is restored to society and even to his home, and attains high distinction in Parliament, but only to perish from sickness, brought on in the hour of suffering and of distress. There is much in the so-called "Stumble on the Threshold" that will lead the reader to opine that the earlier portion of the story may have had its origin in facts,—facts only afterwards too much exaggerated in the great parliamentary successes of the unfortunate Eustace Aspramont.

RECOLLECTIONS OF REPUBLICAN FRANCE.*

A CHATTY, amusing book, admirably adapted for desultory reading. Of historical narratives of the Revolution of '92 there exists, it might be thought, a sufficiency, but Dr. Millingen justly observes that when we register the actions of public men in the annals of the world, we must not take a partial view of their deeds, in their public stations—in the field of battle, or in the legislative rostrum—in numerous assemblies, and in critical positions; we must follow them in the privacy of their retirement—in their domestic circle; we must overhear the soliloquies of their ambition, their disappointments, and their revengeful projects. It was Dr. Millingen's lot to have been behind the scenes during the great events which he records, and his unpretending work contains elucidations of personal character and unfolds the origin of great results in a truly amusing manner. How often indeed if we could only arrive at a knowledge of the true character of men and events, should we discover that acts, which appear to display resplendent abilities and lofty genius are but the results of accidental occurrences and of portentous contingencies, and that energetic resolves, which are attributed to deep and comprehensive forethought, are but the offspring of that quick apprehension and prompt determination which have enabled great men to avail themselves of a fortunate opportunity. Revolutions are particularly rich in such results, and throughout Europe, we may now for some years to come expect

* Recollection of Republican France from 1790 to 1801. By J. G. Millingen, M.P. M.D., &c., &c. Henry Colburn.

to see men rising up to distinction, eminence, or notoriety by the faculty of seizing upon that tide in affairs which the poet tells us,

Taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

The author of "The Curiosities of Medical Experience," "Mind and Matter," &c., has added a brief autobiography to his "Recollections" which will not be without interest to his friends and numerous admirers.

[BURKE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE.*

THERE cannot be the slightest hesitation in asserting not only that this is at once the most complete and perfect work of its kind, but that the system upon which it is compiled is also by far the easiest of reference and most satisfactory in every respect. It is indeed a perfect cyclopædia of nobility, including pedigrees and descents, origins and diffusions. The voluminous collections made by the authors for the history of the Landed Gentry and other genealogical works; the history of extinct and dormant peerages, and the history of the extinct and dormant baronetcies of England and Scotland throw their light upon the peerage and baronetage by showing that many branches still in the position of country gentlemen only are nevertheless chiefs of ennobled and dignified families; and further, by enabling the authors to enter more at large into collateral lines, thus to enrich their pages, by an accession of names to the respective pedigrees which had previously been entirely excluded or forgotten.

VIEWS OF THE OVERLAND JOURNEY.†

ONE of the most interesting serieses that could be possibly imagined. It is a journey to India, to be accomplished in an arm-chair. Some of the sketches are capital, and admirably drawn on zinc by W. Alfred Delamotte. The hotel in the desert and the hotel near Cairo, are full of life and truth. So also is a street in Cairo. Crossing the desert, Arabs waiting, is just the thing, dreamy and effective. The figures in the foreground are, however, faulty and in bad taste. The views of Alexandria and Suez are excellent. There is a pleasing effect of light and a nice outline of a part of Malta harbour, but the view is too limited. The view of Aden is still more unsatisfactory, in fact, we cannot see Aden at all. Gibraltar from the neutral ground is better, and Gibraltar from the sea, a visit to Karnak, and an exceedingly pretty frontispiece, fill up the series of twelve.

* Burke's Peerage and Baronetage, for 1848. New Edition. 1 vol. with 1500 Engravings of Arms. Henry Colburn.

† Views of the Overland Journey to India, from Original Sketches by C. Broughton, Esq., H.E.I.C.S. On zinc. By W. A. Delamotte.

MR. SELLON'S LEGEND OF THE MAHRATTA WAR.*

MR. EDWARD SELLON'S story is brief but romantic and interesting. Although a legend of Mahratta, the scene opens in England, where we have an old colonel dwelling in a large brick house, a warm-hearted youth—his son; a fair, blue-eyed girl—his ward; and a corrupt and designing nephew, Everhard. Herbert, the son, seduced by the glare of military life, quits the parental roof for India, but not until vows of love and constancy have been interchanged between the ingenuous and ardent youth and the lovely ward—Florence Morton. Everhard is left alone to work out his criminal intentions. But he is frustrated in these. Florence spurns his false and perfidious addresses and the Grange gets rid of this very dangerous inmate at the expense of a thousand pounds, Everhard having previous to his departure forged a check to that amount.

The scene changes. Herbert is with his regiment in India. There is also at the same presidency—Madras—a Chevalier de Rungenhausen, a supposed Prussian, a political agent and Oriental scholar, a man of fashion, of loose morals, and still more corrupt principle, but who has especially distinguished himself by his visits made to various native courts in disguise. We are treated to a remarkable example of this kind in a visit paid to the famed Mahratta chieftain, Jeswunt Rao Holkar, on which occasion he is disguised as the Persian Munchirjee, and travels in company with the Mahratta soldier, Bajee Ram, whom he had deceived with promises of important intelligence to be communicated to his master. On his return from this successful enterprise, the Chevalier de Rungenhausen and Herbert are accidentally thrown together at a ball at Government House. The surprise of the latter may be imagined when in the Oriental scholar and astute political agent, he recognises his cousin Everhard! But his surprise is mingled with no small amount of jealous anger when he perceives almost at the same time, an emerald ring that he had given to Florence, sparkling on the chevalier's little finger. Of the forgery he as yet knew nothing.

The chevalier naturally repudiates the acquaintanceship: he cannot even speak English; and he imposes upon all his friends a sense of his innocence. Mrs. Reddesdale, a victim to the fascinating gallantry of the knave, especially defends his character, and a Major M'Gregor acts as his second in the duel that unavoidably ensues. Everhard was in hopes this time that his star was in the ascendant, and that the lover of Florence would have been laid low; but poetical justice is done. Everhard is wounded and Herbert escapes. The young officer is, however, sent, in consequence of his breach of discipline in engaging in a duel, with his detachment to Rajamundry. On the way he encounters a party of Mahrattas foraging, and a skirmish ensues, in which Herbert saves the life of the old soldier Bajee Ram.

The Chevalier de Rungenhausen, when sufficiently recovered from his wound, was also despatched on a mission to the court of the Peishwā. On his way, the Bajee Ram sees him and recognises the spy Munchirjee. "Is that dog, indeed, a Ferringhee? Alas, my poor master, you are lost!"

* Herbert Breakspear, a Legend of the Mahratta War. By Edward Sellon. Whittaker and Co.

muttered the wounded Mahratta, as he vowed vengeance for the trick that had been played upon him. An Indian maid, however, saves the culprit's life when threatened by the Mahratta's creece, in his tent outside the walls of Nagpoo. Everhard returns to Madras once more a successful diplomatist. The Peishwā had abandoned his ally, Holkar, and sided with the British. Greatly was the political agent feted on his return, and he took a superb mansion and lived in great style. The Rajapootanee girl, who had saved his life, was now dismissed for higher quarry. The chevalier had become more than a friend to Mrs. Reddesdale. But the intrigue is discovered, and the chevalier flies, leaving horses, equipages, and furniture, to be sold for the benefit of his creditors, and his last victim to die of a broken heart and of conscious guilt.

But Everhard's punishment, though tardy, was only in abeyance. He was captured in his flight by a party of Mahratta horse, and confronted in the rajah's camp by Bajee Ram, by the Rajapootanee girl, who had taken refuge there, and by Major M'Gregor and Herbert, who had been made prisoners, and before them, the forger, the spy, and the libertine, suffered the fate of a traitor. It is almost needless to add, that Herbert is liberated on account of his previous kindness to Bajee Ram, and returns to wed his Florence, and impart new life and joy to the old brick house. There are but too many evidences of an uppractised hand in the management of the plot and of want of skill on the part of Mr. Edward Sellon, who is evidently a young author, to use even the materials that he possessed; but the interest of the story more than compensates for such slight drawbacks.

MRS. ELLIS'S "SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS."*

MRS. ELLIS is so well known as an authoress who successfully combines pure lessons of morality and manners with the amusement and interest of fictional narrative, that few other writings are better adapted for that popular form of publication which is ensured by cheap, yet well printed and prettily illustrated parts. The object of this new story from a well-trained pen, is to exemplify the different forms and modes of operation of that thirst for distinction which is, perhaps, the deepest, as it is the most universally prevailing passion. The first two parts open with spirit, and rivet the attention; and we may expect in the continuation an ever-varying picture—a vanity fair—not in its burlesque aspect, but in those subdued yet truthful lights and shadows which throw the smallest events of human life into strong relief—the stronger, the deeper, and the more permanent, as the false and the worthless is contrasted with the lasting and the true.

* *Social Distinctions*, or, *Hearts and Homes*. By Mrs. Ellis. Illustrated by H. Warren. J. and F. Talis.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

COMFORT FOR BAD TIMES.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

READER!—if this convulsive crisis,
When all things fall, and nothing rises,
Have clouded with its mad surprises
Thy visions bright ;
Or visited thine enterprises
With sudden blight ;
If thou hast foreign Stock, and France's
Increased turmoil and shrunk finances
Create un-divided fancies
In thy vex'd brain,
While England's palsied plight enhances
Thy fear and pain ;
If thy Rail Shares, by Fortune's *fiat*,
Entail some daily loss to sigh at,
If thou art scared by Chartist riot,
Tho' fearing more
The rabid treason and disquiet
On Erin's shore ;
If scatheless thus, thy heart is bleeding,
Tortured and terrified by reading
Of war, revolt, and madness breeding
Some new abysm,
Engulphing nations fast receding
To barbarism ;
Oh ! mourn not thy diminished treasure,
Thy lot with that of millions measure,
Turn to thy heart and home for pleasure
That never cloy,
Leave gold and gain, and give thy leisure
To purer joys.

Banish the thought that man is fated,
 With all his glorious hopes unsated;
 To sink, and reach an unabated
 Abyss of ill ;
 The gracious Power that first created,
 Will guide him still.

His doubt, mistrust, and fear refuted,
 His errors seen, his strength recruited,
 The storm shall leave him less polluted
 By worldly leaven,
 For earth's superior joys more suited,
 More fit for heaven !

A N A U G U R Y.

Audite juvenes senem quem senes audirere juvenem.

ME, whom the Muse hath held in dalliance sweet, by haunted stream and flower-enamelled mead, and sunny glade and lone umbrageous copse, while the soft breeze drew music from the leaves, as if the twigs were harp-strings;—me, whom the cuckoo, like a plumed echo, heard and never seen, hath lured in vain pursuit through bushy tangles of the wood, by the strange charm of her two-noted flute;—me, whom in younger days the Muse's witchery to classic scenes hath rapt, Thessalian Tempe, hallowed by the gods, or stretched me in thy shade, Olympian mount of pastoral Arcady! catching with Fancy's ear the song of Nymphs, or, from the distant sylvanry, the pipe of Pan;—me, with such vain imaginings and inspiration, dear but frivolous, no more shall she beguile. Nor shall she now entice me, as heretofore hath been too oft her wont, to themes of frolic levity and idle tales.

Matter of mirth enough, though there were none,
 She could devise and thousand ways invent
 To feed her foolish humour and vain jolliment.

Not longer shall it be thus. Not these the times in which even a young and thoughtless amorist can excusably—

—Play with the tangles of Næra's hair,
 Or sport with Amaryllis in the shade.

Nero might fiddle when Rome flamed, for only a single city was involved in the catastrophe, but who can be light of heart and debonair, who can indulge inopportune disport when half the capitals of Europe are engulfed in the vortex of revolution, and our own has not been unmenaced by a similar convulsion? Ancient and puissant thrones in triply-fortified and host-garrisoned cities are bowled down by an unarmed popu-

lace, as if they were but nine-pins for their pastime. They fall, like the walls of Jericho, to the mere shout of a rabblement, and the blowing of horns! Shirley, alluding to the inevitable process of death and time, exclaimed—

Sceptre and crown shall tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

But lo, the madness of a few weeks hath done the work of centuries, and throneless kings and powerless potentates are almost as common in our metropolitan thoroughfares as are the wind-strewn leaves after a storm in Valhambrosa.

What drove the discrowned successor of Charlemagne from his kingdom, and instantly subverted every institution of a mighty empire?—An interdicted dinner! What has suddenly insanified so many other countries, arming race against race in ruthless truculence, Italians, Teutons, Slavonians, Scandinavians, Saxons, Celts—the south against the north, and the east against the west?—A revolutionary infection; the mere contagion of unprovoked revolt!—And who were the mighty sons of Anak at whose resistless onset princes and principalities fell prostrate in dismay,—who the dread giants that snatched weapons out of the hands of panic stricken veterans? Tatterdemallion urchins from the streets, a mob of crack-brained students—

Who bawl for freedom in their senseless moods,
And still revolt when truth would set them free;
Licence they mean when they cry liberty,

aided by gangs of plunderers professed, who find in every riot hope of rapine. “O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!” If the gods who, “sit in the clouds and laugh at human folly” were to institute a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, what other verdict could they give than this—“a mad world, my masters!” If we could avoid crying at the certain mischief and misery, we might be tempted to smile at the ridiculous inconsequence of these European vagaries, and to exclaim—

Democritus, dear droll! revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heightened mirth.

More becoming were it, however, to shed the drop of sorrowful apprehension, than to indulge in cynic sneers or simperings misplaced. Not to madness, not to folly, not to a groundless passion for innovation can we assign this wide and synchronous outburst of popular turbulence. King! Kaiser! Statesman! helpless victims of an unhelped mob!

Lay not the flattering unction to your souls
That not your trespass but their madness speaks.

The fruit falls not from a child-shaken tree, unless it be rotten at the core: and if it be not heavy with age, and ripe for the sickle, the corn is not laid grovelling by a casual wind-puff. If so wide extending a throne-quake spring from a street riot in Paris; if “castles topple o’er their warders’ heads,” and palaces and pyramids be made to slope to their foundations by the mere huzzas of raggamuffins and schoolboys, be ye well assured that those foundations were previously undermined and tottering. Nothing is there miraculous, nothing even marvellous in the simultaneousness of these convulsions. Where they have occurred the institutions of the country were not adapted, either to the age of the

world or to the requirements of the nation. Education and enlightenment had been making constant progress, while modes of government had remained stationary. The people had outgrown their political clothes; they were not suffered to enlarge or exchange them, so they burst them. Behold the solution of the mystery! The ruled have discovered that knowledge is power, yet rulers seem to have been unaware that in the present state of the moral world, a thought is a more formidable weapon than a sword, truth and right the best artillery, and public opinion, when backed by these champions, a thousand times more puissant than a steel-clad army behind a bristling rampart.

Moustached musqueteers giving up their weapons to beardless boys: oppressors betrayed by their armies, and conquered by the scum of their people!! Rare sport for the mob thus to see the engineer "hoist with own petard!" Puzzling times for the artilleryman when the recoil of the cannon is more dangerous than its discharge! Such unparalleled events turn over a new leaf in the world's history: what shall we read next? we know that the present is pregnant with the future, but who shall say what it may bring forth?

O! contrast strange and sickening to the heart! 'Tis midsummer day. I am sitting in my lone embowered cottage, the very nest of brooding peacefulness; the sunny skies and bright-faced earth seem to be smiling at each other; ring-doves are cooing from the copse whose boughs wave gently with a hushing sound; I gaze over a fair and fertile landscape, and through the tufted openings here and there may see the white-sleeved mowers ply their task, and catch the ringing of the whetted scythe. All is tranquillity and bland content. Now hover o'er my heart the dreams it loves, of Time's all-civilising influence; Religion's hallowing sway, the blessed reign of universal peace, and man's sure progress to the lofty destiny intended by benignant Providence.—

Hence, vain deluding joys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun's beams,

for lo! my newspaper, a true Pandora's box, has vomited its ghastly catalogue of horrors, and I stand aghast and petrified as I behold nations, brethren, fellow citizens in ferocious madness cutting each other's throats, bombarded cities, blazing and overthrown, blood-flowing gutters fed by demoniac rage, mid shrieks, and yells, and groans, the crash and roar of murderous artillery and horrent sounds and scenes that make a hell of Europe's fairest regions. Utopian fancies and delusive hopes, and visions dear to sanguine Optimists, oh, whither have ye fled? Gone—gone are ye all, and in your stead misgiving fears and melancholy doubts fall heavy on my heart, croaking the sad reflection that to toil at the advancement of civilisation, at the upraising of the human race, at the perfectionment of art and science, is but to labour at the stone of Sisyphus, which when it has been painfully elevated to a certain height, rolls back again at the decree of an inexorable fate. If history lie not, this is Nature's law. Numerous, patient, toilsome, were the centuries that built up Egypt's proud pre-eminence in architecture, learning, arts, and arms. Slowly she reached the culminating point, when the arresting fiat went forth, and lo! her sculptured and solid monuments are gradually buried in the sand,

her skill, and lore, and science disappear, and rude barbarians, grovel and gibber in the ruined halls, which were once the temples and the colleges of priests and sages. So was it with Judaea, Greece, Etruria, Rome; and in the later and longest eclipse of all, the thousand years of our dark

And now France, ever incapable of peace and liberty, leaps at a bound fifty years backward in the scale of civilisation, and sympathising Europe will be drawn into the reflux vortex, and the crimson wings of war will be spread over the darkened nations, and as peace, and arts, and learning vanish, the world will recommence another Sisyphean descent into barbarism.

Hence! baseless prophecy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
Find out some uncouth cell,
And under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

for lo!—the Pandora's box that I opened was not emptied, it still contains a beacon and a lighthouse by which the storm-tossed nations may direct their course, and shun the wrecking rocks, for from its murky depths, radiant and uninfected, arises HOPE in the form of BRITANNIA, leaning on her peaceful shield, but not abandoning her resistless lance. Yes, this loved and goodly realm of ours, the widest and most magnificent empire, the noblest monument of civilisation, liberty, and law that man has ever reared, standing firm and unshaken on her constitutional rock amid the collision and crash of exploding empires, shall still assert her proud prerogative of "teaching the nations how to live," by showing them how to reconcile progression with stability, liberty with order, and above all, how to modernise and repair without destroying, how to effect reform without plunging into the horrors of revolution.

No hollow tiny tub to the whale, no sham, no flam, no mere repeal of "the rate-paying clause" will accomplish this great and all-important result! England, which in all liberal institutions has so long taken the lead of its neighbours, cannot—will not, brook an inferior and less honourable station. Some extension of the suffrage, based upon intelligence and property, must frankly be conceded: some, and somewhat sweeping retrenchments must be effected. Good, my Lord John! if you still retain the opinion that the middling classes desire no more reform; and that the Mastership of the Buckhounds, with a salary equal to that of the President of the United States, is an office essential to the honour and dignity of the Queen of England—declarations which, when I read them, oppressed my heart with sore disquietude and deep dismay,—I prophesy that you cannot long continue to be a ruler over the people. Behold! there ariseth a little reform cloud like a man's hand—but ere long it may spread over the length and breadth of the land, and the heaven may become black with storm, and wind, and a great rain, and if thou art not prepared for this outburst, Fate may say unto thee, as Elijah said unto Ahab—"prepare thy chariot, and get thee down!"

THE RUE DE LA ROQUETTE.

AN EPISODE OF THE PARIS INSURRECTION.

THE following narrative, containing the substance of a journal, and embodied in the form of a letter, which was written by an eye-witness of the scenes described in it, will not, we imagine, be read without interest. The position in which the writer was accidentally placed, afforded facility for observation which could scarcely have been obtained by any other means. We present the manuscript unaltered save in one or two slight particulars, and suppressing only the writer's name.

ED. N. M. M.

I.

Paris, July —, 1848.

It has cost me a strong effort to comply with your earnest request that I should give you a detail of all that has befallen us since the fatal 24th of June.—I scarcely know how I should have been able to accomplish the task had I not been aided by the rough notes which I hastily threw together in the intervals of comparative repose when hostilities had ceased for the day—more in the expectation of their proving a legacy—my only one—to the finder, than of using them afterwards as a matter of reference. It has, however, pleased heaven to spare my life, and as you so urgently desire it, I will describe to the best of my ability, all that has occurred in which I was a sharer.

The retrospect of the last few months has certainly been the saddest of my whole life, involving as it does the loss of the one who was most dear to me—the wreck of “name, station, fame,” by those to whom I was most bound by feelings of reverence and gratitude, and so gloomy a list of friends proscribed and ruined, that I wonder at times how such events can have taken place, and I—like the messenger of evil to Job—alone alive to tell them.

But it is no more the desire of your sympathising heart to exact from me, than it is my design to tell, the history of the sorrows and anxieties which have surrounded me since the day when the House of Orleans was overthrown and my own hearth made desolate by the blood which was spilt on the Boulevard des Capucines in February last. With these sad mischances you are already fully acquainted; you know what I suffered in losing my husband, and how, in spite of your friendly entreaties to return to England and take up my abode under your hospitable roof, I remained in the city which had witnessed the destruction of all my hopes, that I might at least have the consolation of being near HIS grave, to shed on it daily my frequent though unavailing tears. None better than yourself (whose generous offers I can never forget) are aware of my restricted means when my greatest calamity befel me, nor can more readily appreciate the motive which induced me to choose for my place of residence the quarter of the town in which I resolved to dwell—partly because of its cheapness, but chiefly on account of its proximity to the

Cemetery of Père le Chaise. But amongst my acquaintance were many, ignorant alike of my circumstances and the feelings which influenced me, who, when I announced my intention of removing from the *quartier* of the Chaussée d'Antin to the *Faubourg* St. Antoine, earnestly dissuaded me from taking such a step. It was, they said, not only a derogation as regarded my position in society, but, considering the character of the inhabitants, positively dangerous. To the first objection I paid no attention, for having no blood relationship in France, my English friends having all left Paris, and the only society I had enjoyed being broken up by the late political convulsion—no tie existed to bind me to any particular locality, even had I been without the wish to withdraw as far as I could from the scene of my husband's death. Neither was I moved by the possible prospect of danger, for though I had not then "supped full of horrors," as since I have, the sense of personal fear was extinct within me, and I felt that I would rather welcome peril than shun it. Such then were the reasons which induced me to establish myself with my small *ménage* (consisting only of Antoinette, who unites in her person the various functions of *bonne*, *cuisinière* and *femme de chambre*), in the Rue de la Roquette, a street, which, as you know, forms an angle with the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, and opens upon the Place de la Bastille.

Frequently as I had visited Paris, and long as I had resided there, this part of the town was in a great degree unknown to me. I had occasionally passed through it in a carriage on my way to the Bois de Vincennes, or the Jardin des Plantes, but had never explored it on foot, and to do so now afforded me the only relaxation from my life of solitude which, at intervals, I sought. I thus became acquainted with localities, the names of which I had before but rarely heard, though their celebrity was an ancient one. In making the discovery, I little thought I should so soon have occasion to remember them for ever.

Notwithstanding the agitation which from time to time pervaded the capital, and the sinister predictions of those who were continually prophesying another reign of terror—the more fearful, they said, from its being so long deferred—I lived in my new abode as tranquilly, I believe, as I should have done in any other part of Paris. I might, indeed, have retorted upon those who told me the Faubourg St. Antoine was unsafe, by pointing to the manifestation of popular will on the 15th of May, and the *attroupements* which so frequently took place in the best part of Paris; but it was enough for me that I was suffered to live on, any where, if undisturbed.

From this dream of rest I was suddenly and rudely awakened.

The first indications that all was not well with the popular mind began to show themselves about the middle of June, and on the evening of the 19th, and the two following days, the assemblages in front of the Hôtel de Ville, and at the Porte St. Denis, assumed somewhat of a serious aspect; not, however, of so menacing a character as to give occasion for those who were only acquainted with the outward appearance of affairs to imagine that the peace of the capital was positively endangered. From time to time Antoinette detailed to me particulars, which she had gleaned in the neighbourhood, of what she called "*ces révolutions*," but as every morning found Paris in the state it had been left on the night before, I merely looked upon her alarm as a consequence of the exaggeration to which the class she belonged to are so often prone.

On Thursday the 23rd, I had, however, an opportunity of judging for myself, for on the evening of that day, as I was returning from Père la Chaise, I observed a large crowd assembled in the Place de la Bastille, who, by the violence of their gestures, and the excited manner in which they addressed each other, were evidently under the influence of some strong feeling. They consisted altogether of *blousards*—the term which describes the real workman as well as he who only feigns to be one—and the discussion of their wrongs seemed to be the subject which engrossed them. For the first time since the melancholy events of February, a shade of apprehension passed over my mind, and as I glanced at the wild and turbulent expression of these men's countenances, all I had read or been told of the savage nature of a Parisian mob, was vividly brought to my recollection. I shuddered involuntarily, and passed quickly on. Antoinette greeted me at the door of my apartment, and her tale of terror was listened to with a more attentive ear than had ever been the case before.

"Mais, madame," said she, almost too breathless to speak, "n'est-ce pas que vous voyez avec vos propres yeux, tout ce que je vous ai répété il y a huit jours!"

"I see, Antoinette," replied I, with as much calmness as I could assume, "I see a number of workmen assembled on the Place opposite."

"Eh bien, madame, ce sont eux!"

"And who are *they*?" I asked.

"Ecoutez, s'il vous plaît, madame," she replied, following me into my little *salon*, "on ne peut pas se tromper à leur égard, ce sont des *rouges*, tout sera bientôt mis au vol, à l'incendie."

"Be composed, Antoinette," said I, "there can be no fear of such extremities, this will not turn out any thing more than a simple *attroupe-ment*; they will disperse soon, and we shall hear no more of them."

But Antoinette knew her countrymen better, or was better informed than I, for she persisted in her opinion, and to corroborate it she said that the men whom I had noticed, and who were still gesticulating *fiercely* on the *Place*, were a part of the body of workmen from the provinces who had behaved so violently at the Luxembourg that morning, refusing to leave the capital, whither they had been attracted by promise of payment if not of work.

"À la bonne heure!" she exclaimed, "si c'étaient des vrais ouvriers, même des *campagnards*; mais la plupart de ces gens-là ne connaissent de la campagne que les prisons, ce sont des *forçats libérés*, des *repris de justice*; enfin, tout ce qu'il y a de plus *canaille*!"

From *infective* she proceeded to description, and gave me a full account of how they had accused Monsieur Marie of calling them "slaves," of their outcries against the Executive Commission and the National Assembly, of their endeavours to force their way into the churches and sound the tocsin, of their having traversed the city in large bodies, calling upon their fellow-workmen to join them, of their loudly-uttered threats, and of the agitation which at that moment pervaded all parts of Paris.

"On ne s'arrêtera pas ici, madame," she continued, "une fois l'épée tirée on jetera le fourreau, et alors, nous verrons *des choses*!"

"But suppose all that you fear is true," I observed, "what is to be

done? Surely in this poor quarter of the town we run no risk. If their object is, as you say, pillage, it is not here they will look for it."

"Cela est vrai, madame," was Antoinette's answer, "on ne viendra pas ici chercher de l'argent; mais, cependant, je ne suis pas tranquille; attendez, madame, voilà qui crient!"

I listened, and instead of the hoarse murmurs of voices in discussion arose the loud, angry cries of men, moved by a common impulse to the expression of some violent denunciation. "A bas le pouvoir! à bas les tyrans!" were the sounds that reached my ears, unmistakeable tokens of the spirit at work within the breasts of those who gave utterance to them.

Antoinette was pale, but her courage was as steady as I had always found her attachment devoted.

"Il y aura du tapage, ce soir," she muttered between her half-closed teeth; "mais, mettons nous à l'abri, fermons les volets, madame, s'il n'y a pas le moyen d'avertir le mal, du moins on peut le résister;" and she immediately set about rendering the apartment as secure as she could make it, a task to which I lent my feeble assistance. The outer shutters were accordingly closed and fastened, the curtains drawn, leaving only so much space as admitted of our peeping through; a secrétaire and some heavy arm-chairs were piled before the front windows, and the only light was removed to my bed-room at the back, which was also carefully shut up.

I must describe exactly what was the appearance of the house in which I was living and the situation in which it was placed.

Though the 8th arrondissement contains a large proportion of the *classe ouvrière*, the external signs of poverty are not more conspicuous in the immediate neighbourhood of the Boulevards than in many parts of Paris of greater repute for wealth and comfort. Indeed there are many houses at the entrance both of the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine and the Rue de la Roquette, which present as imposing an appearance as Paris houses generally make, being lofty, massive, and not deficient in architectural pretension. It is true the lower part of the dwellings consists chiefly of shape, and those designed for useful not ornamental purposes—such as bakers, grocers, *marchands de vins*, fruiterers, *objets de quincaillerie*, *tapisseries*, *meubles*, &c., with here and there a small *café* or a large *auberge* for market people and country visitors; many of them are very respectably tenanted, and the one I lived in, which was kept by a *pharmacien*, held several families, all of whom had an *état* which gave them a comfortable means of existence. It stood on the right hand side of the Rue de la Roquette, about six or seven doors from its junction with the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, and commanded a complete view of the Place de la Bastille, and of the different streets and boulevards converging upon it. My apartment, which was on the *premier*, consisted only of four *pièces*, a small *salle à manger* and *salon* looking to the front, two bedrooms, my own and Antoinette's, and a small *cuisine* in which she arranged the whole *ménage*.

With such evidences of disturbance around, increasing as the evening drew in, for the heavy tread of large bodies of men, and the deafening roar of the multitudes, as they drew together, showed that whatever might be the complexion of affairs next day, they were hastening now towards a crisis. It was no easy matter to remain composed, though I

strove earnestly to be so, and tried to give myself some occupation, but in vain, my needle remained motionless in my work as I listened to catch the sounds out of doors, my eyes wandered from my book when I laid aside that mockery of employment. For a time I was alone, Antoinette having gone below, partly to procure a few necessaries in the event of our being confined to the house for a day or two, and partly to gather all the news she could obtain of the condition of Paris and the expectations of the more peaceable inhabitants. She was not long away, but her faculty for procuring information was so great that I was scarcely surprised at the amount she had collected during her brief absence. From the *marchande de légumes* at the corner of the Rue de Popincourt she had learnt that a large *attroupement* had collected at the Barrière de Menilmontant, composed for the most part of the ruffian population of Belleville, and all, she added, armed with muskets and bayonets; at the Barrière du Trône, the numbers and array were no less formidable, and every moment added to their amount. At all the open spaces on the north-eastern side of Paris, as far as the Clos St. Lazare, she was told that the people were collecting, and with the avowed purpose of offering resistance to any attempt that might be made to disperse them. From the other side of the river came rumours, also, of serious movements in the Faubourg St. Jacques, the Rue Mouffetard, and the Faubourg St. Marceau. But Antoinette's information was not all derived from hearsay; she had herself witnessed preparations as well for attack as defence. At the moment she was crossing the street to re-enter the house a squadron of dragoons and several companies of the line had just entered the Place de la Bastille where they were then bivouacked. This was a measure of precaution and not an unnecessary one, for the bands of determined-looking men who paraded the streets were evidently bent on bringing matters to an issue, and that before many hours should pass.

Once returned, and finally, for the night, Antoinette completed her preparations for security, by bolting as well as locking the outer door and dragging against it the heaviest articles of furniture she could move. Though her own room was next to mine, she would on no account consent to leave me; but, while I threw myself on my bed, dressed as I was, seated herself in a *fauteuil* by the bedside, not to sleep but to watch and pray!

II.

I HAD not intended to sleep either, but I must have done so, for the tumult of my mind—as when one dreams uneasily—prefigured more than, waking, I should have imagined. A confused image of strife and bloodshed floated before my eyes, and foremost in the fray was the one ever present to my thoughts, now marshalling his men against a furious mob, and now pale, bleeding, and pierced with wounds, trampled under foot, and dying, while I was vainly striving to reach him. Again, as in former dreams, I heard his death-cry, I saw the armed rabble rush shouting on, and the booming of a distant cannonade, mingled with the sharp rattle of close musketry, seemed to fill my ears. I started, and awoke. It was no fancy that deceived me then; the voices of men were loud, but louder still was the rumbling of heavy masses which fell every instant with a dull, reverberating sound that made the walls around me tremble.

The *veilleuse* was still burning on a small marble table at the head of the bed, but the *fauteuil* was empty. I rose, and pushing back the half-closed door of the *salon*, perceived Antoinette, crouching near one of the windows, with her head bent forward, as if eagerly watching some object outside. At the first moment of awakening, my senses were not acute enough to enable me to distinguish the nature of the sounds that had disturbed me, but as I crossed the room I could no longer mistake them. Now a carriage was overturned with a loud crash—then thundered a heap of paving-stones—then fell heavy timbers—and, to the sharp stroke of axe and mattock were added the encouraging cries of those who laboured with them. There could be no doubt of the nature of the work in progress; but Antoinette, whose quick ear had caught my approach, turning her head suddenly and holding up her hand, anticipated my thought.

“On fait des barricades!” she exclaimed, in that quick whisper which people use in their first moments of danger, forgetting that her voice, however loud, would have been completely lost in the uproar which reigned in the street. “Il n’y a qu’une heure,” she continued, “qu’on a commencé, et voilà que la chose est à moitié accomplie! Venez, madame, regardez par ici!”

I drew close to the window, and looked through the *persiennes*, and, by the aid of the lamp and torches which were burning below, I saw distinctly enough what was going on.

Unremitting was the labour of these men, as, with rapid strokes of axe and crowbar, they broke up the pavement, and with Herculean strength dragged forward enormous waggons which served as a frame to keep together the load of earth and stones that was piled upon them. At every ponderous mass that was hurled upon the barricade, a shout arose, sometimes of “Vive le peuple!” but oftener still of “Mort aux tyrans!” and strangest sight of all, amid these hostile cries and the manifest demonstration of intended resistance, the troops that were bivouacked in the Place de la Bastille, and whose weapons the flashing torches every now and then revealed, remained in an attitude of perfect repose—drawn out, it is true, ready for action, but completely motionless, and, to all appearance, unconcerned spectators of the scene. What their orders were in occupying this position seemed quite inexplicable—for, to repress the growing insurrection with any advantage, they ought surely not to have suffered the formidable defences, increasing every moment before their eyes, to have been constructed. Their inaction was evidently considered a favourable omen by the barricaders, who, amid their other cries, tried to affect the loyalty of the troops by shouts of “Vive la ligne!” To this, as well as to the less equivocal efforts of the *blousards*, they continued equally impassive, and thus the night wore away, the people toiling at the huge mound which was to serve as their rampart when hostilities began and the soldiers calmly waiting the moment when they should be ordered to the attack.

Daylight broke upon the barricade of the Rue de la Roquette completely formed, and to judge of the sound of labour in the adjoining street the entrance to the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine was no less strongly defended.

I have described Antoinette as courageous, nor am I myself deficient in that power of endurance, which chiefly constitutes a woman’s courage;

—but it is one thing to be impelled by enthusiasm to indifference to peril, and another coolly to wait for apprehended danger. In such cases—in mine at least—the fit ebbs and flows as the imagination is excited or subdued. Here there was little to exalt the mind ; a system of spoliation and injustice succeeded by retributive anarchy, about to consummate the crime in which it had already deeply dyed itself. On one side were the much vaunted “people” whose “heroism” a thousand bulletins had trumpeted to the world after the expulsion of their only benefactor—on the other were “the troops,” proud of an ill-imagined loyalty of only a few weeks existence, and forgetful of the shame that made their banners droop when they abandoned their king and fraternised with those with whom in a few hours now would probably throw them into collision. The pretext on one part was “liberty,” on the other “order,”—the liberty to pillage, the order to massacre ! My sympathies were with neither ; the soldiers, all but the brave few who had sealed their loyalty with their blood, forfeited their honour when they refused to fire on revolutionary Paris,—the people *ouvriers* or *fonçats*—call them which you will, were now only bent on carrying out those schemes of plunder and violence in which they had so long been nurtured. But setting aside sympathy for the success of either cause, my hope naturally was that the people—in spite of their show of resistance—would yield to their more disciplined antagonists ; it was the only safeguard against the renewal of scenes of horror such as have rarely been perpetrated out of Paris.

We were placed in a very dangerous position, exactly within the barricade and exposed to every missile that might be used to assail it ; nay more, it was hardly to be hoped that we should escape from the nearly equal peril of seeing the house occupied by the people, as one of their many fortresses. This was Antoinette’s fear ;—she was old enough to remember the barricades of 1830 and had already been similarly enclosed. Hitherto, the appearance of the *blousards* had been that of mere labourers, their sole weapons the pickaxe and the bar, but as the morning advanced numbers might be seen with muskets in their hands, the *giberne* across their shoulders, and swords and bayonets at their sides ; their movements were rather those of trained soldiers than of undisciplined workmen, and as their compact bodies traversed the street it was plain that their plans were thoroughly organised and by experienced leaders.

At length a stir took place beyond the barricades, and in the Rue St. Antoine, in the Place Royale, and the adjoining streets we heard the drums of the National Guard beating the *Générale*. Long and loud did they beat it without any apparent response on the part of those who were thus summoned, but at length we could descry the citizens turning out by twos and threes, and hastening to the place of muster, with far less alacrity, however, and with much less manifestation of purpose than characterised the proceedings of the men whom they were called upon to attack. The troops stationed in the Place de la Bastille appeared also to have received the *mot d’ordre*, their immobility throughout the earlier part of morning being suddenly thrown aside—as a mounted orderly who came rapidly along the boulevards, rode up to the officer in command and delivered a message. The arms of the infantry were unplied, the dragoons leapt into their saddles, and the whole were quickly formed. An officer, with a drummer by his side, stepped out in front, and came towards the barri-

cares, calling upon those who now thickly lined it, and whose muskets bristled above it in formidable array, to retire. His address was received with a shout of "à bas le gouvernement!" and one of the *ouvriers*—a tall ferocious-looking man, with a quantity of black hair, streaming wildly from beneath a red handkerchief knotted round his head, and whose name I afterwards learnt was Pasquin, levelled his musket, and fired. It was the first shot of the new revolution and, typical of the blood that was to flow, was fatally aimed. The officer, a young man of gallant bearing, received the ball in his breast—he waved his sword, staggered, and fell, I believe, mortally wounded. This was the signal for the long pending storm to burst. A volley of musket fire from the troops rattled against the barricade, whether effectually or not I could not tell, for I instinctively withdrew from the window and crept myself into a chair on the other side of the room. Antoinette was endowed with stronger nerves, and watched the progress of the fight.

"Ah! mon Dieu, madame!" she exclaimed, "voilà qui ripostent—ah c'est un feu meurtrier—viola qui tombent, un deux, trois, je ne sais combien! mais voyez donc les *rouges* qui hurlent courmes des loups—ça, ça—attrapé—celui-là est tué à coup sur—encore une décharge—mon Dieu! on a beau faire siffler les balles, chacune porte la mort!"

With such disjointed exclamations, but fascinated by the terror of the scene, Antoinette poured forth a running commentary on the combat. The first attack was not of long duration, for the insurgents were not yet in sufficient force, nor so thoroughly roused as they afterwards became, and the troops they had to contend with were furious at the losses they had sustained. The word was given to carry the barricades (which formed nearly a straight line across both streets), at the point of the bayonet; a desperate charge followed, and the soldiers, veterans of Africa, rushed forward, surmounted every obstacle in spite of the missiles hurled upon them from the roofs and upper windows, and succeeded in obtaining possession of the disputed rampart. The insurgents fled, but only to rally behind a second barricade at the intersection of the Rue Louis Philippe with the Rue de la Roquette, and from thence as well as from the windows of the street, a dropping fire was maintained, which told every now and then with murderous effect. Still the troops not only kept their position, but eventually drove the *blousards* from their second stronghold, and for some hours it seemed to us, who judged only by the comparative stillness, that the insurrection in this quarter had been got under. Fervently, in the fulness of my heart, I thanked God for being spared the pain of witnessing further bloodshed, but my expectations, alas! were premature. What had occurred was but the commencement of scenes more terrible than the most heated imagination could have pictured.

With little appetite to eat, but with a burning thirst upon me, I yielded to Antoinette's desire to take some refreshment, for when the firing ceased, her first care was to busy herself with the preparation of the daily *potage*. I believe that I thought less of the vast disruption which the existence of the barricades suggested than of the single death I had witnessed, but it was no doubt the circumstances under which that death took place, and its resemblance to the manner in which the tragedy I had mourned over since February was re-enacted, which obtained so strong a hold upon my imagination, to the exclusion of the general care.

Antoinette was as full of comfortable words as of kind attentions, and did her utmost to soothe the anxiety to which I was a prey, though I could not avoid seeing that she herself was ill at ease, for her eyes wandered constantly in the direction of the street, and as she talked she still listened, sometimes involuntarily suspending her conversation to catch any distant sound.

Four or five hours might have been passed in this state of suspense—it was difficult to take a correct note of time—when suddenly loud shouts again rent the air, and several shots were fired in quick succession; then came a deep volley, which was answered by a sharp, running fire. My first fear was over, and whatever came I resolved to bear without shrinking. I rushed with Antoinette to the window, and the first sight that greeted us was the flying soldiery pursued by a multitude of *blousards*. The latter, collecting in thousands along the exterior Boulevard, had stormed the inner barricades, and were now driving the troops out of the Faubourg, who fled, indeed, but fought as they fled, loading their muskets as they retreated, and turning round to fire as fast as they loaded. But it was not only an enemy behind them that they had to deal with, the windows of nearly every house were lined with marksmen, who picked off every man who made a stand, while women and children and those who were without fire-arms, threw stones and heavy pieces of furniture on the heads of the retreating foe. On rushed the multitude, and such was the fury of the attack that the troops—few enough those who reached it—were driven pell mell over the outer barricades, and the Faubourg was once more in possession of the insurgents. Their first care was to repair the breaches made in their defences, and conspicuous amongst those who urged them on and set the example by personal toil, was the gigantic *ouvrier* Pasquin; his hoarse voice rose loudest above the roaring crew, his sinewy arms rolled the heaviest masses on the barricade. In spite of the confusion of the scene, those who directed the movements of the insurgents, though themselves wearing the blouse, might readily be descried. I had imagined that, at the worst, this was a conflict of classes, that the needy workmen and the desperate of the lower orders were alone arrayed against the military and the National Guard, but I was speedily undeceived. Flitting to and fro amongst the ranks of the insurgents, at one moment directing how best to strengthen the barricade, at another stationing marksmen at the most convenient angles, were men whose interest in the insurrection was not that of the masses—at least, their avowed object—the cause of want and misery. Amongst these I distinctly recognised the features of one in whose identity I could not be mistaken, for he was an officer in the same regiment in which my husband had served, and I had often met him in society. His name was Constantin, and he held, when I knew him, the rank of captain, but I had afterwards learnt that he had conformed to the custom of the time, had received promotion, and obtained an appointment in the cabinet of the ministry of war under General Subervie. I pointed him out to Antoinette, who told me she had already noticed him at one of the windows of a house opposite, from whence he had issued to join the insurgents, and I then remembered that it was in this portion of the town he used to live. It was a fearful omen to behold this evidence of treason in one so highly trusted, but it is a satisfaction to think that the traitor has since been arrested and will be brought to trial.

The appearance of the barricade was now greatly altered ; it reached higher than the entre-soil windows of the lofty houses at the corner of the street ; it was everywhere strengthened by large beams and fragments of stone from unfinished houses in the neighbourhood, planks, shutters, heavy cart-wheels, iron-railings, and loads of rubbish, and above all these waved an enormous flag, on which was written in large letters the words "Du Pain ou la Mort." On the outside of the barricades, in a spirit of mockery which the impending horror of the situation could not repress, was affixed a board, similar to that which indicates when a Paris omnibus has got its complement of passengers, and was inscribed "COMPLET." It was well for the holders of these barricades that their preparations were so promptly and effectually made, for a battalion of the National Guard and a strong body of the Garde Mobile, which had arrived in the Place de la Bastille along the boulevard St. Antoine, renewed the attack, and opened a brisk fire, which was warmly returned by the insurgents, many of whom were so eager for the fray that in spite of the warnings of their leaders, they spurned the shelter of the barricade, and advanced some distance in front of it, fighting with a reckless courage which, had their cause been holy, would have extorted admiration even from women. Their opponents, even in the heat of the fight, were yet willing to spare, and while they called on the insurgents to surrender, fired over their heads beyond the barricade, a proceeding which, while it saved their lives for the moment, was fatal in some instances to the inmates of the houses in the Faubourg, who were imprudent enough to appear at the windows. Both Antoinette and myself had more than one narrow escape, for several balls pierced through the shutters of our *salon*, and one passing close to my head shattered a *pendule* on the chimney-piece.

But notwithstanding the vigour of the attack the barricade remained impregnable ; three times the Garde Mobile advanced to storm it and three times they were driven back, beneath a shower of balls against whose deadly aim nothing could stand. Brave as the young men were who chiefly composed this adventurous corps, they finally fell back on the main body in the Place de la Bastille, and the firing then slackened on both sides. The pause was taken advantage of by the insurgents to procure food and sustain themselves to meet what was yet to come. Then, for the first time, we saw the women in the open streets, with loaves of bread and canteens of wine, ministering to the wants of their husbands and brothers. Well for them if their enthusiasm had stopped here, but the moment was at hand when all that was womanly in their nature was to be sunk in the wildest ferocity. Great God, that I should have lived to see it !

III.

FATIGUED with the excitement of the day, I had thrown myself on a sofa, and for some time we were both silent. I endeavoured, as well as I could, to collect my thoughts and shape them into some practical form to guide me out of the present or future danger ; but, do what I would, they perpetually traversed the same ground. The barricade was constantly before my eyes with the blood which had already flowed on it ; I still saw the same fierce countenances, blackened with smoke and powder, smeared with gore, and distorted by the wildest passion. To

realise this vision it was only necessary for me to move a few steps forward, but I had no need of the actual scene—it was impossible for me to shut it out.

There was, as I have said, a lull in the storm. It was broken by the trampling of horses' feet, and the rattle of many wheels. Antoinette was instantly at her post, and again she looked back anxiously. When she turned her face, I saw by her white lips and dilated eyeballs that some new element had been added to the terror of the situation.

"C'est du canon qu'on a apporté," she said, "on va nous mitrailler ! Dieu seul pourrait nous sauver !"

"Amen !" I answered, "to God we commit ourselves !"

We both fell on our knees and prayed—the Catholic and Protestant side by side—how vain at that moment seemed a difference of creed ; each felt that the worship of the other was sincere.

I know not what then was passing outside, but all was quieter than it had been for hours. Perhaps they, too, were hushed in the same fearful expectation as ourselves.

We rose from the ground, and not daring again to approach the window, withdrew to that corner of the apartment which appeared to offer the best chance of security. The suspense was awful, yet though I dreaded the moment that was to put an end to it, I longed for its arrival. It was something to believe that the worst had happened.

Suddenly there came a crash and a roar—the cannonade had begun ; we heard the heavy shot smash the exposed timbers, and saw the scattered earth fly like a cloud past the half-opened shutters. It was followed by a furious fusillade, and without looking out we could by this time distinguish the several antagonists by the nature of their fire ; that of the National Guards was delivered in regular intervals—the sharp crack of the insurgents' muskets was incessant, and with every shot from the latter there rose a cry mingling death with vengeance.

At length, finding that we continued unharmed, notwithstanding the fearful din that filled the air, curiosity prevailed over fear, and we cautiously stole to such a position as enabled us to get a glimpse of what was going on without any great exposure, for the house being oblique to the fire of the artillery, the balls that failed to lodge in the barricade, swept down the street and spent themselves out of sight.

It was a grand but terrible spectacle. The tumult of the barricade was at our feet, and before us was a host of glittering bayonets and deadly tubes, now red with angry flashes of fire, then wreathed in clouds of soft white smoke, while destruction and death sped forth on iron wings. As the vapour drifted away, I could see conspicuously above the troops a knot of civilians and staff-officers on horseback, who were near enough to be easily recognised by those acquainted with their persons. All were unknown to me except one, M. Lamartine, the sharp outline of whose features and figure, once seen, could not be mistaken. I heard the men on the barricades name him, and Cassidière, and Pierre Napoleon—and another whom I might have imagined without their aid, the new chief of the executive power, General Cavaignac, the news of whose appointment had already reached the insurgents. The calmness of his attitude, as he listened to some details from an officer who stood beside him, would alone have indicated the soldier to whom authority had been given in the hour of extreme danger, without the insignia of military rank which

decorated him. This group was the aim of many an insurgent's musket, but the balls flew harmlessly round the head of the general, though they attained their object elsewhere.

"Sang de Dieu! je l'ai touché!" shouted, a sun-burnt, bare-armed *ouvrier*, dropping the muzzle of his smoking weapon.

I glanced anxiously at the group, in the midst of which there was some movement, but my fear was removed at the next breath of the speaker.

"Diable! ce n'est qu'un — cheval, pas même le sien."

We heard afterwards that it was the horse of Pierre Napoleon that had been shot.

I then saw General Cavaignac raise his arm—the bugles sounded to cease firing—and an officer, bearing a white flag, rode up to the barricades. His mission was respected; not a musket was levelled at him, though every man held his weapon in readiness; he rose in his stirrups, and, in a loud voice, announced to the insurgents, that the general, anxious to spare the effusion of blood, would willingly overlook the past provided they agreed to lay down their arms and admit of the removal of the barricades. Two hours were given them to consider this proposition, and, to aid them in their decision, the officer threw a heap of printed proclamations over the barricade, and, turning his horse's head, rode quietly back to the staff. General Cavaignac remained for a short time longer on the spot, as if for the purpose of giving some final orders, and then the *cortège* which he headed disappeared in the direction of the Hôtel de Ville.

There seemed little disposition on the part of the insurgents to accept the proffered terms: they had not yet experienced all that the regularly armed force were able to inflict—they were confident in their numbers—every hour their strength increased—and the fiercer the strife, the fiercer grew their passions.

I cannot tell whether it was owing to lack of ammunition, or from what cause it arose, but though the barricades were again manned for resistance, and the skirmishing was partially renewed, the fire of the artillery was not resumed that evening. Perhaps it was the wish to spare the Faubourg; perhaps the troops only waited for daylight to commence more formidable operations. The last conjecture seemed the most probable, for the insurgents acted as if it were a certainty, never for an instant relaxing their vigilance or ceasing from their preparations. What the disposition of every individual in the Faubourg might have been it was impossible to say, but personal safety demanded that none should refuse to lend assistance to the insurrection of whom it was asked. Thus the *pharmacien*, who occupied the lower part of our house—a man of the quietest habits of life—was laid under every possible kind of contribution. His stores were ransacked for lint and salve—himself and his assistants were compelled to manufacture gunpowder, and not only was every healing object appropriated, but the vitriol and arsenic which formed part of his stock were seized. This, Antoinette, who had again been below, returned to tell me, not ignorant of the purposes to which they were applied for, she had heard the women in the street openly declare their intentions of mutilating and poisoning all who fell alive into their hands.

We passed another dreadful night—worse than the last—for not only

were the horrors of the day fresh in our recollections, but there was every expectation, from the determination of the barricaders, that the worst was about to befall us; and, although the actual conflict had ceased, the preparation for its renewal by the troops were most active. Till midnight, we heard them beating the *générale*, and up to that hour the rapid movement of artillery and cavalry along the boulevards was constant. I had no hope of leaving the Faubourg alive, and a part of the time devoted to watchfulness I employed in writing down what I believed might prove my latest thoughts, though there appeared little chance of their ever being read. Few, however, willingly "die and make no sign."

The dawn had scarcely broken on the morning of the 25th, when we were again startled from our state of uncertain repose by the sound of cannon extending northward along the Boulevards, and southward to the very heart of Paris, and stretching, as we learnt, from the Clos St. Lazare to the extremity of the Faubourg St. Jacques. But distant sounds were not alone to be our share of the events of the day, for while we were speculating as to the extent and object of the cannonade, gathering only scanty intelligence from the broken conversation of the insurgents, it was directed full upon the Faubourg St. Antoine. The *blousards* had worked indefatigably during the night; the breaches in the barricades had been repaired, and rather fresh materials had been added to them, increasing their size; every description of offensive weapon was at hand, and even artillery had been manufactured out of hollow iron pillars, destined for other purposes; and these rude guns (which were loaded with nails, stones, copper, and zinc balls, in default of lead) were planted firmly on the barricades, and served by men who knew how to turn such imperfect weapons to account. But their main defence was the fire of their musketry, which was poured from every point of the Faubourg that bore upon the Place de la Bastille. I cannot attempt to offer a continuous narrative of what befel throughout this terrible day; my memory dwells only on isolated points, all tragedies of the direst kind, and succeeding each other with frightful rapidity.

Nine o'clock, A.M.

An attempt to storm the barricade has just been made by a strong body of Gardes Mobiles; nothing could equal the fury of the attack, but the unyielding nature of the defence which, repeatedly, was itself converted into an attack, the insurgents rushing to the front of the barricade and fighting there with desperate determination. I have just seen a woman killed who was foremost amongst the latter. In one hand she held a flag, in the other a horse-pistol, in a belt at her waist was thrust a long knife, her hands covered with blood. Screaming at the utmost pitch of her voice, she called on her companions to follow, and made towards a party of Gardes Mobiles, who, at her approach, threw up the muzzles of their guns and called upon her to retire. For answer she discharged her pistol, wounded one who had spoken, and pressing on, threw her weapon in the face of another; she then drew her knife, and then only in self-defence, a Garde Mobile levelled his piece and shot her dead. I shall never forget the fierce expression of her countenance as she turned to cheer the barricaders on, nor the instantaneous change from the wildest energy to the most perfect stillness when the fatal ball struck her and cast her to the ground a lifeless mass. Her figure was good and her limbs finely formed,

and seen on any other occasion I might have thought her handsome, but in the fight all trace of beauty and womanhood were lost. Her death, inflicted justly, was cruelly revenged. Three of the Garde Mobile were taken prisoners and dragged over the barricade.

"Ils ont tué une femme," shouted the savage Pasquin, "démembrons les!"

"Yes, yes!" cried a hundred voices, "qu'ils reviennent sans pieds, tirer, s'ils veulent, sans mains!"

This barbarous resolve was as promptly executed as uttered. The unfortunate wretches were dashed on the ground and—fascinated to the spot, incapable of averting my face from the bloody deed—I saw their hands and feet chopped off, women as well as men assisting in the mutilation! One woman, a devil, surely, if ever the fiend came incarnate on earth, armed with a long knife, stalked amongst a group of wounded prisoners, and kneeling on their bodies, as they lay helpless and unresisting, deliberately cut their throats. I am wrong, not all were unresisting, for once as she bent over a fallen soldier, I heard her utter a cry of pain, and the blood streamed from her right hand on which the dying man had fastened his teeth; the knife gleamed immediately in her left hand, and her victim was a corpse. Antoinette whispered in my ear that she knew this woman; she was one of the *dames de la Halle*, named Le Blanc.

Ten o'clock.

Retribution for these crimes had not yet fallen on their perpetrators—the barricade, twice nearly taken, has again been rescued, and the troops are driven back with great loss. When the charge was made a general officer was at their head on horseback, waving his feathered hat. A ball struck him on the foot, he reeled in his saddle but did not fall, and was borne to the rear. The shouting of the *blousards* proclaims that this officer was General Duvivier.

Three o'clock.

Another bloody scene of this fatal tragedy has been enacted, and a holy and innocent victim has fallen.

There was an intermission of the fight after the repulse of the troops under General Duvivier. I was again at the window and observed an unusual movement in the Place de la Bastille, from which the troops had retired, and the space was occupied only by straggling parties. Suddenly a procession of five or six persons appeared. It was headed by a man wearing a cap and blouse, who carried a flagstaff, to which was attached the branch of a tree. He was followed by three ecclesiastics, the foremost of whom, who walked alone, I could perceive to be of high rank, for my eye rested on a gold cross which hung by a blue ribband on his breast. One or two other persons in plain clothes completed the procession, which drew near the barricade. Some confusion took place there, but I heard the man who bore the flagstaff announce to the people the arrival of the Archbishop of Paris. He was, with his guide, admitted within the barricade, but the priests (his vicars), and his servant who accompanied him, were shut out. The archbishop, venerable less from age than from the calm expression which his features wore on this mission of peace, advanced slowly, the broken state of the pavement obstructing his progress. He extended his hands, and I could hear him say, "Mes amis! mes amis!" but the tumult was so great that none but those who were close by could catch his words. His guide conducted him

along the street, the archbishop vainly endeavouring to make himself heard. He paused for a moment directly opposite our windows, and perceiving an open space where the pavement had not yet been broken up, moved towards it, but he had advanced only a few paces when I observed him stagger and fall into the arms of the guide who called out loudly "Monseigneur est blessé !" This shot was the signal for an indiscriminate fusillade, but several of the insurgents, who seemed horror-stricken at the act, threw down their muskets and assisted in conveying the archbishop into the *pharmacien's* shop below.

The barriers, which in the first instance were placed at the outer door of my apartment, had long been removed, partly because any obstruction would only have irritated those who wanted admittance without preventing it, and partly because of our mutual desire to know what was going on outside. The shock I felt at seeing the poor archbishop fall, removed every lingering fear of exposure, and with Antoinette I ran down stairs to render what assistance we could to the wounded prelate.

We found him placed in a chair in the shop, surrounded by *blousards*, all of whom were loud in condemnation of the deed. One man, whose gestures were most vehement, actually shed tears, and bitterly lamented not having killed the "*scélerat*" who fired the murderous shot.

"Je l'aurais tué sur le lieu si l'on ne m'avait pas empêché," was his frequent exclamation.

The *pharmacien*, who had no surgical skill, suggested that the archbishop should be conveyed at once to the hospital of the Quinze Vingt, in the Rue de Charenton, close by. I urged that he should be placed on a mattress, and offered the one off my own bed. The insurgents, whose attention was caught by my accent and appearance, looked at me with an air of surprise, not, however, unmixed with respect. The mattress was brought, as well as a sheet and pillow, and with my own hands I smoothed the archbishop's litter. He did not speak, but as he was lifted on it he pressed my hand, and was borne away to the hospital. An hour ago, the curate of St. Antoine came to the house and told us the wound of the archbishop was so dangerous that it was feared he could hardly survive the night.

Peace to his soul, if it be Heaven's will to take him!

* * * * *

Five o'clock.

We have just learnt why the troops were withdrawn from the Place de la Bastille. It appears that a sudden demand was made for reinforcements in an attack on the Pont St. Michel of the Church of St. Severin which, we hear, have been carried. The insurgents are swarming in the Place St. Antoine and along the Boulevards; the barricade is kept only by a few; the women are busily mingling with the throng beyond it. At length they redeem their character; they offer wine from their canteens to the wounded soldiers, who are borne on *brancards* to the hospital in the Faubourg.

Gracious God! Antoinette, with an aspect of horror, whispers to me that the wine is poisoned!

Sunday Morning,

THIS is the third day of the dreadful battle and the end seems as far off as ever! The insurgents have once more been driven behind the

barricades and again the troops occupy the wide open space in front of them. In the midst of their newly organised batteries rises the Column of July with its ironical inscriptions. One of them, as I remember, declares that it was dedicated to the glory of the French citizens who armed themselves and fought in defence of public liberty on the memorable days of July, 1830; another says, that on that occasion "all was done according to law." What inscription will the victors (let who will conquer) place now on this or any other column? Where is the glory to be commemorated—on which side the law? The genius of Liberty stands on a golden orb surrounding the column; she holds in one hand a torch, in the other a broken chain—fit emblems of the deeds to be wrought by the *enfants de Paris* of June! On the flags which are now being raised I read the words "*Pillage et Incendie*," and the men who bear these banners have indeed broken their chains;—an hour ago they were most of them convicted felons in la Roquette, the gates of which have finally been forced to gain their reinforcement. Savage and hideous, they appear proper mates for the perpetrators of the worst horrors of yesterday.

* * * * *

Ten o'clock, A. M.

Every preparation has, I am told, been made for another desperate attack. I hear that General Lamoricière, one of the heroes of the African army, now commands the troops in this quarter. He is supported by General Nègrier. It is plain that every effort will be made to quell the insurrection. No less evident is it to me that the insurgents will fight to the last; their confidence seems unbounded.

One o'clock.

The cannonade has lasted for upwards of two hours, but the defence is as fierce as ever. I can write now without starting or taking my pen from the paper, not because I am comparatively in a safer position, but from being inured to the thunder. Why I am safer is in consequence of being confined to my bedroom, which is protected in the rear by a heavy block of buildings; the front rooms are filled with *blousards*, who crowd to every window in the house from whence a shot can be made to bear upon the place. I was terrified when first they made their entry, expecting that my time was come. Antoinette's cry was, "*On va nous égorger!*" We were wrong; bloody as were the thoughts and deeds of the insurgents, they looked upon all within the barricades as their allies;—amongst them two or three remembered the scene of the day before when the archbishop's litter was made.

"*N'ayez pas peur, madame*," said one, even at that moment raising his cap with an air of politeness, "*n'ayez pas peur. Ceux qui ont secouru les blessés ont acquis le droit de sûreté. Entrez dans votre chambre, madame—elle sera respectée.*"

The firing has suddenly ceased, and the men who had made a fortress of my rooms are rushing down stairs into the street.

Two o'clock.

I have just witnessed a most singular scene. It appears that the reason why the firing ceased was in consequence of a message sent by General Lamoricière. An officer rode up to the barricade with a flag of truce, and amidst the general confusion made himself heard to the effect, as was believed, that the general was desirous of coming to terms with

the insurgents. Their leaders, Constantin—two of his nephews, who have made themselves conspicuous in the insurrection,—Pasquin,—the woman Leblanc,—Robert, an *ouvrier*, who was prominent in mutilating the captive *Gardes Mobiles*, and some others, formed a kind of military council directly beneath my windows, from whence I heard perfectly all that was said.

Pasquin spoke first:—

"Mes amis—on n'en veut plus, à ce qu'il paraît, de nos balles. C'tte armée là est bi'n *saccagée*--qu'est-ce que nous en ferons—hein ? Ecoutez ! Moi, je propose que ces g'ueux de *criblés* nous paient une grosse somme pour que leurs gorges ne soient pas coupées. Qu'en dites-vous—hé, Robert ?"

"Convenu, mon vieux," replied the man addressed, wiping his brow with his huge hand, and leaving a long streak of blood behind—"convenu ;—combien nous en faut-il ?"

"Vingt millions !" cried one *blousard*.

"Vingt-cinq," shouted another.

"Trente millions," exclaimed a third, and several voices echoed "trente millions !"

"Eh bi'n," said Pasquin,—"*d'mandons* trente millions !"

"En or," suggested Robert.

"En or," returned the other gravely ; "et puis —"

Hère the woman Leblanc broke in :

"Je demande la tête d'Cavaignac."

"Bon !" cried a fellow, resting his elbow on the muzzle of his gun, and leaning his head against his dripping bayonet ; "bon,—mais pas assez ; faut avoir les têtes de tous gredins de généraux ; que L'morcière envoie la sienne !"

A shout of laughter followed this jocose proposition.

"Il faut nous envoyer Barbès, et tous les prisonniers de Vincennes," said the man, whom I knew to be the Commandant Constantin.

"Et que l'Assemblée soit dissoute," added one of his nephews.

"A bas l'Assemblée !" was the general cry, at this proposal.

"Et puis que les tronpes quittent Paris," said Constantin's other nephew.

"Ajoutez mes amis," said Pasquin ; "deux heures de pillage non-interrompues."

"Et après qu'on brûle les palais, où qu'ignia pus d'rois, ni d'autr' palaisiens !" exclaimed a man, whose jargon was nearly unintelligible.

"Et la Garde Mobile garrottée, pieds et mains liés !" screamed the woman Leblanc, brandishing her knife ; "afin que nous en finissons avec !"

The whole of these propositions, brutal and extravagant as they were, received universal assent, and were communicated to the officer who brought the flag of truce. Perceiving how completely his mission had been misunderstood, he resolved to acquit himself of his errand in a few, unmistakeable words:—

"My general," he exclaimed, loudly and emphatically, "demands an unconditional surrender; if not, in half an hour he will shell the Faubourg !"

The conspirators looked at each other with an air of surprise, and then glanced at the line of General Lamoricière's force, where they saw that the guns and mortars had been brought into position. Their tone suddenly fell, and, after whispering hastily together, Pasquin said:—

"Qu'on nous amnistie!"

"It is useless to hope it," replied the officer, "but I will deliver your message."

The prescribed half hour has elapsed, and no answer has been returned.

What follows has been written since all is over.

About three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, General Lamoricière began to carry his threat into execution. A part of his plan was to expose the double entrance into the Faubourg, by battering down the whole of the houses that formed the angles of the Rue de la Roquette, the Quai de Jemappes, the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, the Rue de Charlaton, the Rue Planchet, and the Rue de la Contrescarpe. The shot and shells flew thick and fast, and the latter did terrible execution behind the barricades. The explosions which took place every instant were dreadful, and the shrieks of women and children perfectly agonising. All that had happened before appeared only child's play to the destruction which now went on. Schooled in terror, as I had been for the last few days, the havoc of battle had never so thoroughly appalled me; many buildings were sapped, and the walls fell down in clattering ruin,—mines were sprung,—houses fired by burning projectiles,—and the screams of the dying, and the yells of those who still fought, stunned the affrighted senses. How long this lasted, it is impossible for me to say; the last thing I remember, is the bursting of a shell in the midst of a group who still defended the barricade. Upwards of sixty persons must have been either killed or wounded by the explosion; I saw their mangled limbs scattered in every direction,—I saw the few survivors fly,—and I heard the triumphant shout of the troops proclaiming that the barricade was finally won! Sick and dizzy with the sight of so much slaughter and the horrors that had accumulated so fast, I sank upon the floor, hoping and believing that death had come to release me from a world of crime and woe. My eyes swam, my brain reeled, and all consciousness was gone.

When I recovered my senses, Antoinette was kneeling by my side, and bending over me with looks of the deepest commiseration. A few paces from her stood a tall young man in the costume of the Garde Mobile; one arm was in a sling, the other rested on his musket.

I drew my hand across my eyes, shuddering involuntarily.

"Tout est fini, madame," said Antoinette, "les barricades sont prises, les insurgés se sauvent partout."

I listened—the firing had not ceased, but it was more remote; the troops were in hot pursuit, and the Faubourg St. Antoine was their own.

"Who is this young man, Antoinette?" I asked, faintly.

"Celui que j'ai pleuré—ah, mon Dieu—pleuré, mille fois pendant ce fatal combat; c'est mon frère Auguste. Il m'a vu à la fenêtre et a demandé la permission de quitter les rangs pour venir à mon secours. Son officier qui voyait qu'il combattait toujours, malgré sa blessure, a octroyé sa demande et enfin,—le voici!"

It was by his assistance at a later hour, that Antoinette and myself were conducted to the house of a friend in the Rue St. Florentine, from whence I now write. My nerves have been sadly shaken, but in a few days I hope to be well enough to set out.

M. B.

"JUNKETING;" OR OLD MIDSUMMER DAY.

BY A "LAZY'UN."

It is not often that the weather is obliging enough to keep the almanac in countenance. Sometimes for the dog-days we have "dog and cat days," in the shape of down pours of rain, and for "very hot" we sometimes have weather like Christmas.

It would not do to dress according to the calendar. Indeed, weather wisdom has rather gone out of vogue since Mr. Murphy's time. This year Old Midsummer Day was what it should be, a regular sweltering *coup de soleil* day, with the thermometer at "any thing you like to call it," in the shade.

London is a capital place, except in fogs, or "werry ot" days. In them one is better any where else. I don't know why, for I was not aware that it was Old Midsummer Day, but I thought in dressing that it was going to be fine, an opinion that was speedily confirmed by a total prostration of appetite at breakfast, and a marked repugnance to a proximity to the tea-kettle. You know what it is, I dare say, to be hissed and steamed at when you can hardly bear the heat of a candle to seal a letter or the very name of a hot bun.

"Take away that bauble," said I to the astonished damsel, who had never heard the kettle called by that name before; "take away that bauble," said I, filling the tea-pot up at one go, and forthwith she whipped away my snuff-box.

There is an old saying, and a remarkably true one, that you may take a horse to the water but you can't make him drink, and the same stout aphorism holds good with regard to individuals and their wittles. It's no use trying to get hot tea, dry toast, and questionable eggs down your throat when your inclination says "no."

Still less to the purpose is it taking the mind to business when it has determined not to work. There are some days, generally very fine ones, when it is next to impossible to settle to do any thing. You feel as if you ought to be idle—roving in the country—swinging on a gate—whistling on a style—any thing rather than high stooling it.

Having arrayed myself in my Cashmere coat and waistcoat, articles that, according to the usual range of English summers, are well calculated to last for ever, having arrayed myself in these, I say, with a pair of new nankins, fresh from the trouser-man's, with a pair of reasonable shoes, neither too strong nor too thin, I set off for my—never mind what—place of business, with a strong impression that I should not do much.

Everything looked dingier, dustier, and nastier than usual. The very letters were shorter and dryer, as though their contents had shrunk on the way. After hanging about for an hour or two with my hat on, a sure sign of an uneasy spirit, I thought I would slip along to Tom Tripper's and see what he was after.

Tom was in his hat, too, sitting at his desk poring over the Supplement of the *Times*. He, too, thought it hot; indeed his hand gave convincing proof of the fact, and he kept yawning as if he was not altogether the thing. Sam Baskett dropped in just at the same moment, and we all began talking of the heat of the weather.

"Suppose we take a trip up to Richmond or Hampton," said Baskett, "and get cooled on the river?"

"Quite agreeable," said Tripper. "What say you?" turning to me.

"Ditto," said I.

"He looks more like down the river to the Junk, in those fine 'nankins,' observed Tripper.

"Faith, let's go to the Junk," said Baskett; "I've not seen it."

"Nor I," said Tripper.

"Ditto," said I.

People who live in London—for no one ever allowed himself a "Londoner born"—people who live in London are seldom much of sight-seers, certainly not inquirers after what is to be seen; and from the days of the living skeleton, including the Siamese twins, the whole range, indeed, down to Tom Thumb, I have never been to any of them; I always waited for uncle Bill, or cousin Jack, or somebody coming from the country, who would want to go, but who it happened never came. The Chinese exhibition at Hyde Park, and Madame Tussaud, are about the only two evanescent exhibitions, if I may use such a term in contradistinction to St. Paul's, the Tower, Westminster Abbey, &c., that I have visited.

I had heard of the Junk in that casual dinner-party sort of way that one hears of the weather or any other safe subject, but beyond knowing that it had come from China, and that Her Majesty and Prince Albert had been to see it, I was perfectly innocent of all how and about it, save a vague rumour or idea—got I don't where—that it was the veritable craft of some enterprising John Chinamen, whose curiosity had tempted them to see the "barbarian eye" in his native wilds. In this I was partly confirmed in our voyage down, by hearing an uncommon swell, in cane-coloured moustache and little bits of lacquered toes to his lavender-coloured boots, that being somewhat unmanageable in the high sea, she had got scrambled over to America by mistake, instead of reaching England as designed. My ideas, therefore, pictured something like what one sees on a willow-pattern plate, stranded at Blackwall, undergoing repairs, only I did not expect to find the Chinamen sporting their heads backwards, as shown in the same veracious authority, the willow-pattern plate.

It was a blistering hot day; all London seemed to make for the Thames just as cows make for the water, crowded steam-boats hissed and hurried to and fro, large colliers lay nodding in the pool, as though coals would never be wanted again. What a wonderful sight down river presents! what enterprise! what hammering! what slanging! what warehouses! what lettering! what brawney arms! what bridges! what sunburnt faces! What a contrast to the lazy, listless, fine parasol sort of air of a voyage to Richmond or Hampton. Not but that there were a good many "upper crust folks," as Sam Slick calls them, taking their six-pennorth of steam downwards, but they were easily distinguishable from the common business passengers by the splendour of their attire and the exclusive *noli me tangere* sort of air with which they repelled the approach of the common herd.

Thus we proceeded by short and easy stages down the river, calling at endless piers, oppressed by the sun and the music of a couple of very moderate musicians.

I don't know how it was, but the ticket-taker thought we were

Junketers, and when the boat stopped at the High Pier, near the Old Plough Tavern, at Blackwall, he said he stopped again below, which would be nearer the Junk. Accordingly we remained on board, and were set down at the fine pier at the Blackwall Railway station, a convenience, considering the extreme heat of the day.

People who use their eyes and ears freely have seldom much need to use their tongues, and the first thing that struck us on landing was a large yellow bill against a board with the words CHINESE JUNK, in great capitals, with an intimation at the bottom that tickets might be had at the railway station. This was the first hint that the thing was not open to all and influenced by none. Turning the east corner of the station we saw the tips of two high ends of the vessel, with a variety of coloured flags floating at each, and also a high mast with a long streamer, the whole surrounded by a high hoarding, towards which a continuous line of most aristocratic looking company were flirting, and ogling, and squaring, and sauntering in all the plenitude of thorough listlessness and indolence. The hoarding round the vessel was placed sufficiently high to excite curiosity without gratifying it; you saw there was something extraordinary, though what it was you couldn't tell. "Nothing for nothing" being so much the motto of England, my companions put their hands mechanically into their pockets as they approached, even before they read the ominous words "PAY HERE," above a little pigeon-hole in the hoarding, though I could not help thinking that if my Lord Yarborough, or any of the members of the Yacht Club were laid high and dry in a foreign land, they would hardly exact tribute from the natives for seeing their vessel.

"Oh, it'll be the chap's doing who has the repairs," observed Baskett, who knew no more about the matter than I did—

"Two shillings," said the face in the pillory, as we approached.

"What, two shillings!" exclaimed Baskett, "for seeing a ship. Why, man, that's eightpence a piece!"

"Two shillings a piece," rejoined the face; and really the number of two shillings that were getting placed on the board was something marvellous, and spoke volumes as to the badness of the times.

"One fool makes many," so down went the dust and in went the payers.

Now for what great I thought of it.

The *coup d'œil* of the first impression was decidedly good. First and foremost, the day was everything that could be wished for such a sight. A bright sun beaming in a clear cerulean sky, lighting up the high ended, low middled, gaudy, glittering vessel, with her many coloured waving flags, and fluttering lamps and ornaments. Then, too, it was the height-day of fashion, and the whole vessel was alive with youth and beauty, and fashionable bonnets, boddices, and variegated parasols. The whole as lively as a bed of tulips.

The whole scene was something quite different to any thing that one had ever seen before. There was a fairy landishness about it. Gauze lamps, with Chinese figures, carved furniture, queer-shaped guns peering over the sides of the vessel, a Chinese Idol, a "Joss," as they call them, and all sorts of curiosities. Added to this, there were real live Chinamen, walking about in all directions with their half-shaved heads, and their long plaited hair, twisted round their foreheads. We afterwards read an advertisement, which said that visitors were received by a

"Mandarin of rank," though the genius we saw making himself busy looked very like an Englishman with a pair of moustaches.

The state cabin where "Joss" was kept, was fitted up like a show-room, and every thing bespoke great regard to elegance and the creature comforts of the distinguished passengers. I longed to see the "first Chop man," who lived in the room with "Joss," amid all the finery and gimcracks. The crowd on board, however, was so great, and the heat so intense, that one couldn't bear to go elbowing about, looking here and there for him. I therefore sought shelter from the sun, and amused myself with listening to the queer questions and observations of the visitors. Most of the Chinese had picked up a little English, and the first question usually put to them was,

"Well, and how do you like England?"

Answer.—"Vare moch."

Questioner.—"Like it better than your own country?"

"O, yes!"—which, all things considered, was as big a lie as any one could require them to tell. The day, to be sure, was bright and Pekin-like, but I could fancy the draggled peacock sort of look the whole thing (save Joss, who lived in a cupboard) would have on a regular wet day, such a one as the Sunday following was.

Whether it was that they were naturally shy, or wanted bribing with money, but some of them were very reluctant to show off. One absolutely struck work in the musical line, if such wood knocking and whining can be called music, and another required a deal of coaxing to let a lady see the length of his hair. At length he let it down, and a third of it was explained to be false. There was an uncommonly sharp-looking little fellow, dressed in English clothes, who seemed to listen and catch every thing that was said.

Some of them had discarded the uncomfortable turn-up toed shoes of their own country, in favour of honest leather in Wapping or Shadwell shoes, and seemed to enjoy them. Their dress being loose and wide, and altogether of a mysterious character, I overheard a strong controversy as to whether an individual was a man or a woman; strange to say, the party who insisted that it was a woman was a lady. He proved to be a man.

The most amusing person was an old gentleman who sat in the state bureau, on the second floor, at the end by the rudder. He sat fanning himself in his little room—which was nicely fitted up with Chinese furniture, and papered to match—writing his name, "Kising"—Chinese, I suppose, for kissing,—on little bits of tinted paper, which he kept stamping with a couple of red stamps, just as a postmaster stamps a letter. To aid the comprehension of the curious, he had a little bowl of silver money before him, and he kept writing and stamping away, repeating every time he finished a card, "Dis is my name sixpence." He had been interrogated so often as to his age, that the question was hardly put before out came the answer, "Forty-five." A lady asked him "how many wives he had?" "Two—tree," said he. She asked if he didn't want to go home to see them, to which he was shocking enough to reply, "Catch plenty money first, den catch two, tree, more wives;" adding—"dis is my name sixpence," with a clatter of the bowl to get her to buy a card to contribute to the "take."

One genius essayed to cross-examine him as to whether his wives were willing to let him come to England, and whether he ever wrote to any of them, but he cut short the inquiry by stamping away at his tinted

paper, and holding up the card, saying, "Dis is my name sixpence." He seemed to drive a good trade.

After lounging about, and basking some two or three hours on deck and in the various cabins and compartments of the vessel, I went on shore and availed myself of a bench against the hoarding to take a comprehensive view of the whole.

It was certainly a very singular affair ;—a ship, and yet as unlike a ship as any thing could well be—strength and flimsiness combined—strong masts, clumsy timbers, child's toys, Chinese ropes, English-looking iron-work, and a rudder like nothing but itself. But for the rudder it would have been difficult to say which was the head and which the stern of the vessel. How the deuce the great unmanageable-looking thing had ever got tumbled over the seas I could not, for the life of me, conceive. Why it had come I could not imagine. One can understand a party of Englishmen cruising about for adventure, running and poking their impudence here, there, and everywhere, but then they have craft equal to the purpose, and money—to say nothing of brass—equal to any thing,—any thing, at least, out of their own country ; but why a set of meek, simple-looking Chinamen, with means and leisure enough to embark on such a voyage, should come without money enough to prevent their having recourse to "Dis is my name sixpence," I could not understand. Fancy an Englishman—a yacht-club-man—Lord Wilton, for instance, stranded at Looitchoofoo, or Taitchoofoo, or any of their "oo" places, working away with his autograph and coronet stamp—"Wilton ; this is my name—sixpence!"

There was something about it that I didn't understand. It wasn't altogether consistent, not altogether curiosity to see "barbarian eye," that brought John Chinaman to Blackwall. The vessel was desperately smart—the red and the white, and the green and the blue, and the gilding looked too bonnet-box and new to have stood a year's buffeting at sea. Then the spread eagle above the rudder was as fresh as if it was gilt yesterday.

The murder then began to ooze out.

By the great lumbering red rudder, lay a dirty paintless common English punt, not altogether paintless though, for it was plentifully dashed with sparks of the various colours that the vessel had been daubed with. Indeed, I have no doubt the punt had been employed in the service.

"Out upon the ass that left that thing there!" exclaimed I, "to show old Bull how they have been doctoring the thing up for his taste. Out upon the lazy ass," said I, "for leaving it there when the thing is no longer wanted, and so little trouble would have taken it out of sight."

If it had not been the difficulty about building the vessel, I should have begun to suspect that the whole thing had been fabricated at Blackwall. It was clearly overdone—"Joss," and the gauze lanthorns, and the cabinets of curiosities, and the little slippers, and the big blunderbusses, and the carved stools, and the up-stairs, and the down-stairs, were far more like a state barge to glide on a river than a thing intended for a real voyage, and such a voyage, too.

Memory then came to my aid.

"I'll be hanged if I don't think I've seen some of these things before," said I, and recollection asked if it could have been at the Chinese Exhibition, at Hyde Park Corner.

I returned on deck to see.

As I was in the midst of my recollections, and separation of the real from the fictitious, an English Jew came up with a great tray full of medals—one heap labelled a "shilling," another heap labelled "sixpence," all representing the great ship, "The Chinese Junk, Keying," in full sail, with her three bamboo-stretched sails all spread to the wind, and her great lumbering rudder cleaving through the

Glad waters of the dark blue sea.

I took one up, and, on the reverse side read as follows:—

"This remarkable vessel is a Junk of the largest class, and is the first ship constructed by the Chinese which has reached Europe, or ever rounded the Cape of Good Hope.

"This Junk was purchased, August, 1846, at Canton, by a few enterprising Englishmen. She sailed from Hong-Kong, 6th of December, 1846, rounded the Cape, 1st of March, 1847, arrived in England, 27th of March, 1848."

Away went sentiment, sympathy, interest, for "Dis my name sixpence," and all.

Instead of contemplating enterprising Easterns, we had been patronising some mercenary devils who had jobbed themselves for the season to some enterprising Englishmen.

As no Englishman's day is perfect without a dinner, we determined—thinking the Blackwall Hotels would be sure to be full—to cross over to Greenwich, and have our white-bait there. Blackwall, to my fancy, is the pleasantest place of the two. The view altogether is much more varied and fine; the bend of the river much nobler, added to which, Greenwich, itself one of the finest features in the scene, is lost to you when there. We know nothing more lovely than the wood-clad Kentish hills rising irregularly until crowned by Shooter's Hill, with its wood-embosomed tower in the distance, with the noble Thames sweeping so angularly as to give ships near Woolwich the appearance of sailing on dry land. Then up the river, the high ground of Greenwich Park, with its dark Scotch firs and eagle-winged cedars, commingling with the brighter green of the chestnut, the oak, the elm, the ash, and other trees, all flourishing most vigorously, makes a fine irregular background to the splendid hospital below. Look at Greenwich from Blackwall on a summer's evening, just as the rows of gas-lights relieve the retiring sun, and say if any thing can be finer.

There used to be a nice old-fashioned house at Blackwall, half wood, half brick, with balconies and bay-windows projecting right upon the river, so that a person at dinner might fancy himself on the water. It was entered from the street at the back, by a curious Frenchified sort of half court-yard, with a vine against the wall, and a larder in the corner. At this old house a man could dine off white-bait—have it when he wanted it, instead of having to eat his way to white-bait through endless relays of other fish, and Burke his appetite before he gets to it, as he does at the great houses, and without that worst feature of all, an inordinate bill at the end.

Often have I enjoyed a nice comfortable dinner, just what I wanted to eat at the time I wanted to eat it, drank just what I liked to drink without thinking it necessary to drink for the good of the house, and sat enjoying the gay and lively bustle of the river, seen the great steamers arrive from

their distant voyages, and caught wafts of music from the holiday-making parties in the river boats, as long as I liked to stay, without being interrupted every five minutes by an impatient waiter wanting the table for somebody else, and all for six or seven shillings—what they charge for dinner alone at the great houses.

But those days are gone. The quiet little hostelry has been transformed into a fine-looking hotel, looking very like saying, "all you who enter here must expect to damage a sovereign." I say nothing in disparagement of it—people who go to great hotels must expect to pay accordingly, but as in these trips, quiet and comfort, a feeling of being at home, are quite as essential to enjoyment as the prog, commend me to where I can be served by a neat, noiseless maid at a moderate price, instead of a sweating, hurrying, napkin-whisking waiter at a high one.

Between a first and a second class house, there is little to choose. The charges are generally pretty much the same while the cookery and oftentimes the provender itself is very inferior—second-hand, in short. The "Crown and Sceptre at Greenwich" has perhaps the finest river-view coffee-room on the Thames. The glass extends the whole width of the room. This room, however, was bespoke for a private party, I suppose, and as the look-out is half the battle, we did not inspect the place they had substituted, but proceeded at once to the "Trafalgar." The coffee-room here terminates in a bay, affording a river view to half-a-dozen tables. Having engaged the second table from the window in the centre, and ordered what the waiter called a regular fish dinner, and fowls to follow, we proceeded to loiter the hour that intervened in the hospital or town.

The old pensioners were at their tea, and a precious hubbub they made. One would have thought they hadn't been together for a year.

• We visited the Picture Gallery ;—the price of admission (fourpence to it and the chapel) is painted up outside, with an assurance that any thing extra that may be given will be properly applied to something or other, I forget what. My object in noticing it is to observe on a little bit of paltriness, similar to that practised by the umbrella-taker at the Exhibition in London, namely, laying a few specious coin before them, to induce innocent people to believe that it is customary to give something. Such work is unworthy a great national charity, and ought to be forbidden.

When we returned to the "Trafalgar" the plot had thickened considerably. Carriages stood in rows, and others were setting down, while the coffee-room was fast filling with hungry Junketers and Londoners. Every table was then bespoke, still the waiters seemed unwilling to let any one go away. The consequence was, that what with the number of private parties and the overstocking of the coffee-room, the waiters could not get through the work, and dire and loud were the anathemas hurled from all sides. It was actually three-quarters of an hour after time before we got any thing at our table, and the first course of fish was succeeded by an interregnum of twenty minutes, and others by a like break. At last we cut short the farce of dining, with the fowls, and left, for the nine o'clock boat.

But for the bill we should never have imagined we had dined. There is doubtless great risk attending the keeping of these houses, so much

depending on the weather and the whim of the moment ; but it would be better for landlords to say they are full, than take in more guests than they can accommodate. I should add that what we got was good, but who likes dining by instalments ?

Steaming up the river I thus ran over the proceedings of the day. What an abundance of capital there must be in this country, thought I, when money can be found for such an adventure as the Junk. Who but English would think of venturing their money in such a speculation. Then I thought I should like to see the parties all in a row, and hear the history of each, how they had been tempted into it, and by whom, and how the spec. had answered, and what they would do with the vessel, and Joss, and the Chinese when they had done with them.

Then I wondered why they had not brought her to London Bridge or Westminster, or some place easier of access than Blackwall, and at last I wondered whether the hotel-keepers and steamboat proprietors had a share in her, and whether it was a down river speculation altogether.

So musing, the boat bumped against Hungerford Pier, and I landed, the hazy moon giving an indication of a change of weather.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS KEIGHTLEY, ESQ.

O'er the isle of Juan Fernandez.

Cooling shades of evening spread,

While upon the peaks of Andes

Still the tints of day were shed.

From the sea-beat shore returning

Homewards hied the lonely man,

O'er his cheerless fortune mourning.

As through past days memory ran.

Soon his brief repast was ended

And he sought his lowly bed ;

Balmy slumber there descended,

Shedding influence o'er his head.

Then a vision full of gladness

Came, sent forth by Him supreme,

Who his suffering servants' sadness

Oft dispelleth in a dream.

In his view the lively dream sets

Hills and vales in verdure bright,

Where the gaily prattling streamlets

Sparkle in the morning-light.

Hark ! the holy bell is swinging,

Calling to the house of prayer ;

Loud resounds the solemn ringing

Through the still and balmy air.

Youths and maids from glen and mountain

Hasten at the hallow'd sound,

Old men rest by shady fountain,

Children lay them on the ground.

Now the pious throng is streaming

Through the temple's portal low ;

Rapture in each face is beaming,

Pure devotion's genuine glow.

Fervently the hoary pastor,
 Humbly bent before his God,
 Supplicates their heavenly Master
 Them to lead on Sion's road ;
 Owns that all have widely erred
 From the true, the narrow way,
 That with Him we have no merit,
 And no claim of right can lay.
 Loud then rise in choral measure
 Hymns of gratitude and praise,
 As, inspired with solemn pleasure,
 Unto Heaven their strains they raise.
 Now the grave discourse beginneth,
 Which, ungraced by rhetoric's arts,
 Quick the rapt attention winneth,
 While its glorious truths imparts ;
 While it tells how kind is Heaven
 To the race of him who fell ;
 How of old the Son was given,
 To redeem from pains of Hell ;
 How the Holy Spirit abideth
 In their hearts that hear his call ;
 How our God for all provideth,
 How His mercy's over all ;
 How beyond the grave extending
 Regions lie of endless bliss ;
 How, our thoughts on that world bending,
 We should careless be of this.
 Once again the raised hymn pealeth
 Notes of joy and jubilee,
 Praising Him who truth revealeth,
 Dweller of Eternity.
 Night's dim shades were now retreating,
 Over Andes rose the day,
 On the hills the kids' loud bleating
 Lingering slumber chased away.
 Birds their merry notes were singing,
 Joyous at the approach of morn—
 Morn, that light and fragrance flinging,
 Earth doth cherish and adorn.
 Waked by Nature's general chorus
 Selkirk quits his lonely couch,
 While o'er heaven run colours glorious,
 Heralding the sun's approach.
 Still the vision hovers o'er him,
 Still the heavenly strains he hears,
 Setting those bright realms before him,
 Where are wiped away all tears.
 All this vain and transitory
 State of mankind here on earth,
 Weighed with that exceeding glory,
 Now he deems as nothing worth.
 Low he bends in adoration,
 As the sun ascends the sky,
 Doubt and fear and lamentation
 With the night's last shadows fly.

HISTORY ILLUSTRATED BY CARICATURE.*

PICTORIAL and written satires, are the most harmless and at the same time, the most effective weapons of opposition. Seeking simply to bring out the faults and foibles of a question, a principle, or a fashion, in a ridiculous point of view: a satire, however pointed or bitter, has little of the asperity and invective of direct argument. Appealing also at once to the eye, it often brings home truth to idlers who have not zeal to search for it elsewhere—hence its influence often in deciding questions even of primary importance. Caricature is a word of Italian origin, but the application of so homely, and yet so potent a means of persuasion to politics, dates from the remotest times. Caricatures and songs have been found in Egyptian tombs, and Mr. Wright particularly points out that the song and the lampoon were the constant attendant on, and medium of invective in, those incessant political struggles which, during the middle ages, were preparing for the formation of modern society; and many an old manuscript and sculptured block, whether of wood or stone, shows that our forefathers in the middle ages understood well the permanent force of pictorial satire.

It was at once a new and promising idea to illustrate a given period of modern history by materials entirely derived from such sources. Nor in selecting such a period could a more happy choice have been made by Mr. Wright than that of the reigns of the first three Georges. It is the period at which the House of Brunswick was established on the throne of England, upon the ruin of Jacobitism, by the overthrow of the political creed of despotism, as also that when the same dynasty and its throne were defended against the encroachments of that fearful flood of republicanism which burst out from a neighbouring kingdom, and thus gained the victory over democracy. These are to us interesting periods, because in them originated all those distinctions of political parties and that peculiar spirit of constitutional antagonism which exist at the present day. It was during these periods that the great political parties of Tories and Whigs came into play, and it was in the political warfare brought about by this antagonism of parties that caricatures not only chiefly flourished, but appear almost to have had their origin as a national art; for Mr. Wright informs us that previous to the Revolution of 1688 caricatures were chiefly executed by Dutch artists, and that the majority of such were imported from Holland.

The antipathy, however, that existed between the two opposing parties, which sprang from that revolution was of the bitterest description. Each endeavoured to render its opponents odious to the public by personal abuse and calumny, and this animosity even extended to the pulpit. A Tory paper of the 12th of November, 1715, reported that, "on Monday last the Presbyterian minister at Epsom broke his leg, which was so miserably shattered, that it was cut off the next day. This is a great token, that those pretenders to sanctity do not walk so circumspectly as they give out."

The first regular political mob was a High Church mob stirred up for the purpose of raising a clamour against the Whigs, and headed by the noto-

* England under the House of Hanover; its History and Condition during the Reigns of the three Georges, illustrated from the Caricatures and Satires of the Day. By Thomas Wright, Esq., M. A., F. S. A., &c., with numerous illustrations, executed by F. W. Fairholt. Bentley.

rious Dr. Henry Sacheverell. The Sacheverell pictures and songs were plentiful, but they appear to have been pointless and complicated. One copper-plate, for example, had crown, mitre, Bible and Common Prayer, "as supported by the truly evangelical and apostolical, truly monarchical and episcopal, truly legal and canonical, or truly Church of England fourteen" who had supported Sacheverell through his trial. The Sacheverell caricatures were also exceedingly numerous, but equally pointless and void of humour. One engraved by Mr. Wright from Mr. Hawkins's collection, represents the doctor in the act of writing his sermon, prompted on one side by the Pope and on the other by the Devil. The retort of the other party was somewhat better. They made a nearly exact copy of the caricature of the doctor, with a bishop mitred in the place of the Pope, and the Devil flying away in terror at the doctor's sermon. In the virulent partyism of the times all kinds of articles were made the means of conveying caricatures; we find them on seals for letters, on buttons for people's coats, and even on tobacco stoppers, as somewhat later they appeared on playing cards, and on ladies' fans. What is more absurd is that one design was sometimes adapted to the two sides of the question. Thus Mr. Wright instances the case of a medal having on one side the head of the preacher surrounded by the words H. H. Sach., D. D., while the inscription on the reverse is *firm to thee* surrounding on some copies of the medal a mitre, and on others the head of the Pope, thus being calculated to suit all parties.

The exultation of the Whig party on the accession of George I. soon manifested itself in numerous lampoons and satirical writings, not very remarkable either for their wit or brilliancy. Apparently the first caricature published in this reign contained

The traitor's coat of arms, curiously engraved on a copper-plate: the crest of a Welshman's stripped of his grandeur, playing upon a hornpipe, to lull his senses under his misfortunes; an earl's coronet, filled with French flower-de-luces, and tipt with French gold; the Pretender's head in the middle. The coat, three toads in a black field; the three toads are the old French coat of arms—being in reverse, denotes treason in perfection. The supporters are a French popish priest in his habit, with a warming-pan upon his shoulder, and a penknife in his left hand, ready to execute what the Popish religion dictates upon Protestants: on the other side, a Scots Highlander, some call him Gregg; a pack upon his back, and a letter in his hand, betraying the kingdom's safety; for his encouragement and protection, he has his master's magic wand and borrowed golden angel. The motto, *Pour la veuve et l'orphelin*. Sold by A. Boulter, without Temple Bar.

This was of course aimed at the ex-lord treasurer, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, one of whose creatures, a Scot, named Gregg, had been engaged in some unpatriotic intrigues during the late ministry. The widow and orphan were Mary of Modena and the Pretender. The warming-pan, as we shall afterwards see, referred to the supposititious birth of the Pretender.

The conduct of Anne's Tory ministry was soon also arraigned in political romances and tales. Such were the "Secret History of the White Staff," by De Foe, and the different pamphlets in answer to it and in defence of it, in which the character of the Lord Treasurer Oxford was very freely discussed, and others of the same class. The discomfited Tories, who were not generally backward in taking up the pen, or deficient in able men to use it, were at first entirely confounded by the sudden and unexpected course of events. One of the first lampoons

upon the Whigs came from the pen of the scurrilous publican poet, Ned Ward, upon the occasion of the triumphant return of Marlborough. The Tories, however, reckoned most upon the mob to embarrass the government, and such a multitude of low libels and seditious papers were hawked about the streets, that in November (1714), the lord mayor was compelled to seize upon many of the vendors and throw them into the house of correction.

After the flight of Bolingbroke and Ormond to France, the name of the latter, as the only one of the late ministers who enjoyed much popularity, was substituted for that of Sacheverell in the cries of the mob, and the head of Duke Ormond figured as an ornament where the doctor's had done before. From that time, the doctor lost his importance; and within a few years, at the time when Hogarth drew his series of the "Harlot's Progress," Sacheverell's portrait was looked upon as a fit companion for that of the no less notorious Captain Mackheath.

Mr. Wright looks upon the following song, which was taken down in 1841 by Mr. C. Roach Smith from the mouth of a fishmonger in the Isle of Wight, as one of the most curious relics of English Jacobite literature he has met with.

"I am Ormond the Brave,—did you ever hear of me ?

A man lately banish'd from his own country.

I fought for my life, and I pawn'd my estate,

For being so loyal to the Queen and the great.

You know I am Ormond, I am Ormond the Brave ;

You call me Jemmy Butler, but I am Ormond the Brave !

"Between Ormond and Marlbro' there rose a great dispute :

Says Ormond to Marlbro', 'I was born a duke,

And you but a foot-page to wait upon a lady ;

You may thank the kind fortune, since the wars they have made ye.'

And sing hey," &c.

"'Oh !' says Marlbro', 'now do not say so ;

For if you do, from the court you shall go.'

'Oh, then,' says Ormond, 'do not be so cruel,

But draw forth your sword, and I'll end it with a duel.'

But Marlbro' went away, and he came no more there ;

When the brave Duke of Ormond threw his sword into the air.

And sing hey," &c.

"'Begone, then,' says Ormond, 'you cowardly traitor !

To rob my soldiers it never was my nature,

As you have done before, we well understand ;

You fill'd up your coffers, and impoverish'd your own land.'

And sing hey," &c.

"'I never was a traitor, as you have been saying :

I never damn'd Queen Anne, as she lay in her grave ;

But I was Queen Anne's darling, and Old England's delight,

And for the crown of England so boldly I did fight.'

And sing hey," &c.

It was chiefly by songs that the minds of the lower classes were to have been prepared to join in a general rising in favour of the exiled house of Stuart. The Whigs replied by casting ridicule and contempt upon the son of James II., whom they insisted on looking upon as a mere impostor. The common story was that the Pretender was the child of a miller, and that, when newly born, he had been conveyed into the Queen's bed by means of a warming-pan; and this contrivance having been ascribed to the ingenuity of Father Petre, the Whigs always spoke of the Pretender by the name of Perkin, or little Peter. Hence it was that the warming-pan figures so much in the satirical literature of

the day. Mr. Wright gives us one of the caricatures illustrative of this period. The Queen is represented sitting by the cradle, while her Jesuit adviser whispers in her ear with his hand placed in a more than familiar manner over her neck. The infant has a child's windmill to mark the trade of its real parents; and a bowl of milk and an orange are on the table below. Also a still more curious satirical medal, from Mr. Haggard's collection, in which Father Petre is pushing the child up through the roof of a chest or cupboard, while Truth is exposing the trickery by holding the door open, and emblematically crushing a serpent at the same time.

Amid the political excitement during the Jacobite times, even the taverns and public-houses of the metropolis took a character of partisanship, and some, under the name of Mug-Houses, became the resort of small societies or clubs of political partisans. Mr. Wright gives an amusing account of these London mug-houses. Two of those which were most distinguished in the riots of 1715 and 1716 as strongholds of the Whigs, were the Roebuck, in Cheapside, where the "Loyal Society" held its meetings, and a mug-house in Long Acre. The Tory ale-houses appear to have stood chiefly about Holborn Hill (Dr. Sacheverell's parish) and Ludgate Street. The Whig societies who frequented the mug-houses began in the autumn of 1715 to unite in parties to fight the Jacobite mob which had so long tyrannised over the streets.

At the end of October and beginning of November a number of political anniversaries crowded together. The Prince of Wales's birth-day, the 30th of October, was celebrated on Monday the 31st. The *Flying Post*, the chief chronicler of these tumults, informs us that "A parcel of the Jacobite rabble, such as Bridewell boys, &c., committed outrages on Ludgate Hill, broke the windows that were illuminated, scattered a bonfire, and cried out 'An Ormond! &c.,' but they were dispersed and soundly thrashed by a party of the Loyal Society, who had lately burnt the Pretender in effigy." From this time we shall find the new self-constituted police constantly at war with the mob. The latter had prepared an effigy of King William to be burnt on the anniversary of that monarch's birth, Friday, November 4, and on the approach of night they assembled round a large bonfire in the Old Jury for that purpose. But information of their design having been carried to a party of the Loyal Society, who were met at the Roebuck to celebrate King William's birth-day, and who were therefore close at hand, these gentlemen hastened to the spot, and "gave the Jacks due chastisement with oaken plants, demolished their bonfire, and brought off the effigies in triumph to the Roebuck." On the morrow, the 5th of November, the Whig mob had their celebration. They had prepared caricature effigies of the Pope, the Pretender, Ormond, Bolingbroke, and the Earl of Marr, which were carried in the following order:—"First two men bearing each a warming-pan, with the representation of the infant Pretender, a nurse attending him with a sucking-bottle, and another playing with him by beating the warming-pan." These were followed by three trumpeters, playing "Lilliburlero" and other Whig tunes. Then came a cart with Ormond and Marr, appropriately dressed. This was followed by another cart, containing the Pope and Pretender seated together, and Bolingbroke as the secretary of the latter. They were all drawn backwards, with halters round their necks. The procession, thus arranged, passed from the Roebuck along Cheapside, through Newgate Street, and up Holborn Hill, where the Jacobite bells of St. Andrew's Church were made to ring a merry peal. From thence they passed through Lincoln's-Inn-Fields and Covent Garden to St. James's, where they made a stand before the palace; and so went back by Pall-Mall and the Strand, through St. Paul's Churchyard, into Cheapside: but here they found that the "Jacks" had been beforehand with them, and stolen the faggots which had been piled up for their bonfire. They therefore made a circuit of the city,

whilst a new bonfire was prepared, and on their return burnt all the effigies amid the shouts of the crowd.

The enmity between the mob and the Loyal Society was embittered by these first encounters, and it soon came to a fierce issue. On the 17th of November one of the mob was killed in an assault upon the Roebuck, and serious tumults and faction fights occurred at intervals during 1716, till the 20th of July, when a desperate attack was made upon the same house, in which, although the ringleader was killed, the lower part of the house was gutted, and the mob was only dispersed by the arrival of the magistrates and soldiers.

The next great subject for caricature and satire was the South Sea Bubble. Jacobite fights, the alarming increase of highway robberies, even in the streets of London, the unremitting warfare of High Church and Low Church, and Colley Cibber's "non-juror" were all forgotten in the extraordinary social convulsion that followed upon Law's Mississippi scheme and its English imitation—the South Sea Company. The infatuation with which people entered upon this rash project was perfectly astonishing. It was in vain that Sir Robert Walpole and a few other able men, as well as all the Tory papers, ridiculed the project. Stock-jobbing became the sole business of all classes, and Whigs, and Tories, and Jacobites, and High Church and Low Church, and Dissenters, forgot their mutual animosity in the general infatuation. Minor stock-jobbing companies sprang up like mushrooms around the large government scheme :—

The "Political State of Great Britain" gives a list of these bubbles in July amounting to a hundred and four, among which are companies "for assurance of seamen's wages;" "for a wheel for perpetual motion;" "for improving gardens;" "for insuring and increasing children's fortunes;" "for making looking glasses;" "for improving malt liquors;" "for breeding and providing for bastard children" (the first idea of the foundling hospital); and "for insuring against thefts and robberies." Among other odd projects were companies "for planting of mulberry trees and breeding of silkworms in Chelsea Park;" "for importing a number of large jackasses from Spain, in order to propagate a larger breed of mules in England;" "for fattening of hogs." A clergyman proposed a company to discover the land of Ophir, and monopolise the gold and silver which that country was believed still to produce. It would be almost impossible here to carry the ridiculous beyond what was represented in matter of fact, but there were some burlesque lists, containing companies "for curing the gout," "for insuring marriages against divorce," and the like.

The fault of the caricatures of the period, both political and in reference to the "bubbles," was the same. They were too complex and elaborate. It is set forth in the advertisement of a caricature, called "The World in Masquerade," as a strong recommendation that it was "represented in nigh eighty figures."

Political playing cards had been first published on the occasion of the Popish plot in the time of Charles II. New issues came forth on the occasion of these South Sea bubbles, of which Mr. Wright gives a detailed account. The wise measures of Walpole gradually alleviated the evils which the South Sea affair had inflicted on society, and although the spirits of the Jacobites rose in 1720, at the birth of a young Pretender, and Bishop Atterbury got up a Jacobite plot in 1722, its failure was so signal that the government of King George gained daily in strength. The ministers, strong in their parliamentary majorities, paid little heed to the clamour of the opposition; trade went on flourishing,

and the Pretender was no longer in a position to give alarm. For several years afterwards the bitterness of party feeling appears to have cast itself chiefly into the ranks of literature and science.

This opens a new subject, which Mr. Wright treats of with his usual accuracy of detail and completeness of purpose. The first kings of the Hanoverian dynasty had no love for letters, and those authors only could live by their writings who would throw themselves into the troubled sea of party, or who would pander to the depraved taste of the mob of readers, or rather we should say of the reading mob, and become the tools of the newspapers or of the booksellers. The drama was suffering perhaps more than any other class of literature by the debasement of the public taste. Masquerades had also been introduced by the celebrated John James Heidegger at the Opera House as a new attraction to popularity, and in a short time became the rage of the town. Every one seemed to relish the saturnalia, in which all ranks and classes, in outward disguise at least, mixed together in indiscriminate confusion, where, to use the words of a contemporary writer,—

“Fools, dukes, rakes, cardinals, fops, Indian queens,
Belles in tye-wigs, and lords in Harlequins,
Troops of right honourable porters come,
And garter'd small coal-merchants crowd the room;
Valets stuck o'er with coronets appear,
Lacqueys of state, and footmen with a star;
Sailors of quality with judges mix,
And chimney-sweepers drive their coach and six:
Statesmen, so used at court the mask to wear,
Now condescend again to use it here;
Idiots turn conjurers, and courtiers clowns,
And sultans drop their handkerchiefs to nuns.”

Although the masquerade soon became more than a figurative leveller of society, that sharpers and women of ill-repute gained admission, and that nightly scenes of robbery, quarrels, and scandalous licentiousness occurred, still Heidegger was caressed by the court and the nobility, and gained both money and honours. Heidegger's ugliness was an especial subject of caricature, but he shared this unenviable notoriety with other foreigners, for in those days, as in actual times, singers and dancers from Italy obtained large sums of money, and returned to build themselves palaces at home, while first-rate actors at Drury Lane, or Lincoln's-Inn-Fields experienced a difficulty in obtaining respectable audiences.

It was the degeneracy of the stage at this period which brought forward the satirical talents of Hogarth, then a young man. In 1723, immediately after the appearance of the pantomime of “*Doctor Faustus*,” at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, he published his plate of “*Masquerades and Operas*,” with the gate of Burlington House in the background. In 1725 he published his “*Just View of the British Stage*,” and in 1727, a large “*Masquerade Ticket*,” bitterly satirical on the immoral tendency of masquerades, as well as on their manager, Heidegger. A sketch by Hogarth has preserved and immortalised the face of this man upon the occasion of the well-known story of the equivoque brought about with his band between himself and his double.

In 1728, the “*Beggar's Opera*” threw masquerades and pantomime into the shade. Lavinia Fenton, formerly an obscure actress, to whom was given the part of *Polly*, became an object of general admiration and within a short time was elevated to the rank of Duchess of Bolton.

This was a fine subject for the pen and pencil of satirists. Hogarth caricatured Gay's opera in a print, representing the actors with the heads of animals, and Apollo and the Muses fast asleep under the stage. Others, with the same profound wisdom and unfathomable self-complacency, that has been exhibited in tracing cause to effect in the case of the adventures of Jack Sheppard, hesitated not to ascribe all the street-robberies of the day to the influence of the "Beggar's Opera." Mist's journal of the 2nd of March, justly attributed such surmises to "certain people of an envious disposition."

By Pope and others, Gay was looked upon only as a new instance of the sacrifice of literary genius to party feelings, and Mr. Wright remarks, that the treatment he experienced, perhaps led in some measure to the appearance of those remarkable literary productions which agitated the world of letters for several years. "The Travels of Gulliver," published in 1727, was followed the same year by Pope's "Treatise on the Bathos," which again was followed by the same author's "Dunciad." Caricature takes, however, generally a more limited field than satire, and Hogarth's grotesque coarseness in his sketch of the dancing attitudes of Monsieur Desnoyer and the Signora Barberini, is a relief to Mr. Wright's disquisition on the wide-extending empire of dulness. For the same reason we will pass over Fielding's "Pasquin," a direct lampoon on government, brought out in 1727, and the attacks on the "Dunciad," although provocative of some good things from Hogarth.

The division among the Whigs, and the formation of a party of discontents under Pulteney and Bolingbroke, under the name of Patriots, filled the country towards the end of George I.'s reign, and during the early years of George II., with seditious attacks in every variety of shape, and again roused the mob into importance. In December, 1726, the coalesced statesmen started a political paper under the title of the *Craftsman*, and the violence of Bolingbroke's and Pulteney's pens, and the provokingly personal character of the opposition, kept increasing till 1731, when the king became so incensed at these virulent attacks, that he instituted a prosecution against the paper. The adhesion of Frederick, Prince of Wales, to the Patriots, in 1737, gave to them a great increase of influence. The foreign policy of the minister was especially made the subject of caricature. The Spaniard paring the British lion's nails, an Englishman fighting with a Spaniard, while a Dutchman is picking his pocket, the political "Jack the Giant Killer," and "Hosier's Ghost," are good examples of the caricatures of the day which culminated in "The Motion," one of the most spirited caricatures of the time, which bore reference to an attempt made on the 13th of February, 1741, to oust out the ministry. The opposition retaliated, but not very successfully.

To these succeeded the caricatures, which were very numerous, on the affairs of Maria Theresa, the English ones being in her favour, those printed on the continent against her. In one of the most spirited of the latter, the queen is represented as a ragged gipsy (*Bohémienne*) offering her jewels to the King of France, who replies disdainfully, "*Portez les a Pompadour.*" It was in the midst of this hurly-burly abroad, that Walpole's power was at length broken. His fall was celebrated by a variety of caricatures. In one called "Bob, the political Balance Master," the fallen minister is decked in his coronet, and seated at one end of a balance, held up by Britannia, who sits mourning over sleeping trade.

At the other end of the balance sits Justice, who is unable to weigh down effectually the bulky peer, assisted as he is by his bags of treasure ; but in spite of this help, his position is critical, and in his terror he cries out to the Evil One, who appears above, "Oh ! help thy faithful servant, Bob !" Satan gives him a look any thing but encouraging, and, holding out an axe, replies to his invocation, "This is thy due!"

The ministerial changes and promotions that ensued upon the fall of the Walpole administration also afforded a fertile subject for caricatures and satires. But the rebellion of '45 and the military preparations made to resist the progress of the young Pretender, were the theme of by far the happiest efforts. Some of the latter caricatures are exceedingly laughable. In most of them the Pope, the Devil, and their associates figure as the prime movers of the rebellion, and all were more or less elaborate. Hogarth, however, carried away the palm over all competitors. His "March to Finchley," his "City Trained Bands," and other similar caricatures, are too well known to require notice.

The naturalisation of the Jews became, in 1752, a new subject for political satire and caricature. The elections that followed in 1754 will ever be memorable in the history of art, as having given rise to Hogarth's four capital prints of the humours of an election. The satires and caricatures that followed upon such serious subjects as, the American war with France, the accession of William Pitt to power, the seven years' war, and the conquest of Canada, which all preceded the death of George II., were curiously diversified by the episode of *Beer versus Gin*, which gave origin to Hogarth's prints of "Beer Street" and "Gin Lane."

The subjects of satire and caricature assumed a more domestic and incidental character during the latter years of the reign of George II. and the first of George III. than they had previously done. Satires upon quackery and credulity were quickly succeeded by the Cock Lane Ghost ; exaggerated fashions, hoop petticoats, and great head-dresses, alternated with the stage and the opera ; Garrick and Quin, Handel and Foote ; and the literary quarrels of Churchill, Smollett, Johnson, and Chatterton.

The political heroes of the first ten years of the reign of George III. were William Pitt, Lord Bute, and John Wilkes. It was a period at which factions raged with extraordinary violence, and satire and caricatures were largely used as weapons in the virulent party warfare then going on. Pitt as the distressed statesman, and as Gulliver in a bubble flight, Bute's patronage of Scotchmen, the well-known head of the editor of the *North Briton*, the Cumberland tool, and the now perpetually recurring Fox's heads, are the staple subjects of the day.

The violent political agitation that characterised the duration of the North administration was succeeded by the dispute with the American colonies—a rather sore subject for caricature, but not the less made use of. The tea bill was represented in popular squibs and caricatures as a bitter dose, which Lord North was forcing upon an unwilling patient *usque ad nauseam*. In a caricature published with the "Westminster Magazine" for April, 1774, under the title of the "Whitehall Pump," poor Britannia is thrown down upon her child, America, while Lord North, who was remarkable for the shortness of his vision, viewing her through his glass, is pumping (tea) upon her, and appears to be enjoying her distress.

The songs of the renowned Captain Morris, the O. P. riots, and caricatures in reference to Rodney's triumphs, to "Honest Sam House, the

publican," to the Duchess of Devonshire's political ardour, to Farmer George and his wife, to Burke, Grattan, and Flood, and those in reference to the Warren Hastings affair, and to the Regency Question, give great relief to those virulent and never-ending political squabbles which, what between state coalitions, back-stairs' influence, the enmity of Pitt and Fox, and the opposed interest of father and son, constituted the great features of George the Third's reign, and attained a culminating point with the progress of the French revolution and the war with France. Gillray was to the latter part of the epoch what Hogarth had been to George the Second's reign.

It is curious in present times, when the immediate proximity of a great and warlike nation, exceedingly vain-glorious, easily excited, and deeply imbued with national prejudices, combine with the change that has been given to maritime defences by the introduction of steam, and the unfortified state of the British coasts, to cause serious apprehensions of an invasion to be entertained by many thinking persons, to read in Mr. Wright's amusing work, the humorous effects produced by the many invasions with which we were threatened during the First Revolution and the supremacy of Buonaparte. Gillray came out on these popular topics in all his strength. A caricature published on the 1st of February, 1798, under the title of the "Storm Rising; or the Republican Flotilla in danger," represents Fox, Sheridan, and their allies, drawing the enemy's flotilla to our coast by means of a capstan and cable, while Pitt, from above, is blowing up the storm that is to drive it away—in the winds we discover the names of Duncan, Howe, Gardiner, &c. The flotilla has in front the flag of "liberty," but the flag behind is inscribed as that of "Slavery." The turrets and bulwarks represent "murder," "plunder," "beggary," and a number of other similar prospects. On the other side of the water are seen the fortifications of Brest, with the guillotine raised on its principal tower, and the Devil dancing over it, and playing the tune of "Over de vater to Charley!"

Numerous pictures were also published, to show the disastrous state of things to be expected in this country when the Whigs should have helped the French to the mastery. Of these, the most remarkable was a series of four plates, engraved by Gillray, and said (in the corner of each plate) to be "invented" by Sir John Dalrymple. They are entitled "The Consequences of a Successful French Invasion." The first represents the House of Commons occupied by the triumphant democrats, the mace, records, and other furniture of the house, are involved in one common destruction, and the members are fettered in pairs, in the garb of convicts, ready for transportation to Botany Bay. In the second, the House of Lords is the scene of similar havoc; a guillotine, supported by two Turkish mutes with their bows, occupies the place of the throne; and the commander-in-chief, in his full republican uniform, pointing to the mace, says to one of his creatures, "Here, take away this bauble! but if there be any gold in it, send it to my lodging." In the third plate, the good people of England, in rags and wooden shoes, are forced to till the ground, while their proud republican task-masters follow them with a whip. The fourth is a lesson for Ireland; having come over with the specious pretext of delivering the Catholic faith from Protestant supremacy, they abuse the Catholic clergy and plunder and profane their churches.

The successes of the British navy filled all hearts, except those of the Whig leaders, with hope and joy. Gillray immortalises these successes in the rather coarse vein of humour of the day, as "John Bull taking a luncheon; or, British cooks cramming old Grumble-Gizzard with *bonne chère*." John sitting at his well-furnished table, is almost overwhelmed by the zealous attentions of his (naval) cooks, foremost among whom, the hero of the Nile, is offering him a "fricasee à la Nelson,"—a large dish of battered French ships of the line. The other admirals, in their characters of cooks, are crowding round, and we distinguish among their contributions to John's table, "fricando à la Howe," "dessert à la Warren," "Dutch cheese à la Duncan," and a variety of other dishes, "à la Vincent," "à la Bridport," "à la Gardiner," &c. John Bull is deliberately snapping up a frigate at a mouthful, and he is evidently fattening upon his new diet; he exclaims, as his cooks gather round him, "What! more frigasees!—why you rogues you, where do you think I shall find room to stow all you bring in?" Beside him stands an immense jug of "true British stout" to wash them down, and behind him a picture of "Buonaparte in Egypt," suspended against the wall, is concealed by Nelson's hat, which is hung over it. Through the window we see Fox and Sheridan running away in dismay at John Bull's voracity.

The results of the battle of the Nile led many to entertain hopes that Buonaparte would never be able to get back to his own country. Gillray published a caricature on the 20th of November, entitled "Fighting for the Dunghill; or, Jack Tar settling Buonaparte," in which Jack is manfully disputing his enemy's right to supremacy over the world; the nose of the latter gives evident proof of "punishment." Jack Tar has his advanced foot on Malta, while Buonaparte is seated, not very firmly, on Turkey. Gillray's idea of a French republican was so original that it became the foundation of all attempts to caricature our enemies for many years. A caricature by the same hand remains to commemorate the return of Buonaparte from Egypt and the overthrow of the French Directory; it was published on the 21st of November, 1799, and is entitled "Exit Liberté à la Française! or, Buonaparte closing the farce of Egalité at St. Cloud, near Paris, November 10th, 1799." The peace of Amiens was celebrated by Gillray in a caricature entitled "Preliminaries of Peace; or, John Bull and his little Friend marching to Paris." The little friend is Lord Hawkesbury, who is leading the way across the channel, over a rotten and broken plank; John Bull accompanied by Fox and all the approvers of the negotiations, allows himself to be led by the nose, while Britannia's shield and a number of valuable conquests are thrown into the water as useless. Another caricature of similar import was entitled "Political Dreamings; Visions of Peace! Perspective Horrors!" Wyndham, says Mr. Wright, had described in strong language the evils which the peace would draw down upon this country, and as embodied in this picture, they are certainly fearful. The preliminaries are endorsed as "Britannia's Death Warrant;" and she herself is seen in the clouds dragged off to the guillotine for execution by the Corsican depredator. Visions of headless bodies crowd around. Lord Hawkesbury's hand, as he signs the peace, is guided by Pitt. On one side Justice has received a strong dose of physic. On another, we see St. Paul's in flames. And here the long gaunt form of Death treading in stilts (two spears) on the roast beef and other good things of

Old England. At the foot of Wyndham's bed, Fox, as an imp of darkness, gives the serenade. The figure of the ominous serenader is absurdly grotesque. Gillray's imps are perfectly original, as is also seen in the caricature entitled "*We are the Assessed Taxes.*" A caricature which enjoyed an unusual degree of popularity, and with which Buonaparte himself is said to have been highly amused was "*The First Kiss this ten Years ; or, the Meeting of Britannia and Citizen François.*"

The invasion threatened in 1803 called forth a far greater number of songs, satires, and caricatures than any that preceded. Every kind of wit and humour were brought into play to keep up the national zeal. Gillray, on his side, represented King George as the King of Brobdignag, eyeing his diminutive assailant with contempt. Other caricatures represented the blustering invader in the same character. In a fine engraving by Gillray, bearing the same title as the one just mentioned, "*The King of Brobdignag and Gulliver,*" the diminutive boaster is seen attempting to manœuvre his small boat in a basin of water, to the great amusement of King George and his court. Jack Tar's impatience for the French to come out was set forth in a caricature by the same hand, in which John Bull is represented as taking to the sea in person, to chant the serenade of defiance. The head of Buonaparte is just seen over the battlement, uttering the threat which he had now been repeating several weeks, "*I'm a coming ! I'm a coming !*" His boats are safely stowed up under the triple fort in which he has ensconced himself for personal security, and John Bull taunts with no little ill-humour. Gillray also published several caricatures setting forth the consequences of the landing of Buonaparte. In one, our brave volunteers are driving him and his army into the sea. In another, entitled "*Buonaparte forty-eight Hours after Landing,*" John Bull is represented bearing the bleeding head of the invader in triumph on his pike. In a third the king, in his hunting garb, is holding up the Corsican fox, which he has hunted down with his good hounds Nelson, Vincent, &c. Buonaparte is said to have been much offended with some of these caricatures, which were often coarsely personal, and the first consul was particularly sensitive to any thing like ridicule against himself or his family.

As Gillray was disappearing from the scene, a number of clever caricaturists supplied his place. The Rowlandsons, Woodward, and Cruikshanks, and their companions continued to assail our foreign enemies with numerous caricatures during 1807 and 1808. John Bull, who seems to have been brought into existence by the admirable political satire of Pope's friend, Dr. Arbuthnot, first took his modern pictorial form under Gillray. But the plump, sleek, good-humoured individual of that great artist, had a more coarse and vulgar air communicated to him by Rowlandson. Woodward, however, restored the original idea of the personification of Old England. Nothing can be happier than that artist's "*Genial Rays ; or, John Bull Enjoying the Sunshine,*" which represents the sun of patriotism shining in its full glory, and lusty, happy John Bull reclining on a bed of roses and basking joyously in its rays.

THE RICHEST COMMONER IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RIVALS.

THIS is undoubtedly the age of action—the age for breakfasting in Edinburgh and dining in London—the age for quick and rapid events as well as for flying transit. A monarch hurled from his throne like a loose horseman from his saddle,—his successors scarcely installed in his stirrups before *bang!* they are sent after him; and many other similar instances of modern rapidity too numerous to insert in the *New Monthly Magazine*.

Charles Summerley having recovered the first transports of joy at regaining his liberty, and replaced the hat so sorely damaged in Mrs. Dooley's service by a new one, lost no time in repairing to the station of the Glauberend railway to take a ticket to restore him to his nearly lost Moley. Great was his joy at the double event—joy at his escape from the legal Philistines without leaving a disagreeable trace of his adventure in the papers, and joy at his uncle not having *pooh, pooh'd* his proposed marriage as he expected.

Brief as his absence had been, it had been sufficiently long to install Mr. Rocket fully in his place. Watering-place courtships are generally pretty brisk. People often finish of an afternoon what they begin in the morning, or propose in the morning on the strength of an overnight acquaintance. They present a grand contrast to the long tedious trail of a country acquaintance, courtship, offer, acceptance, reference to the parents, and so on. Mr. Rocket was quite a brisk haymaker.

When Charles re-appeared at Glauberend, it was pretty well known in the Dooley establishment that he was what is technically called "done." Women have very quick perceptions as to what will "do" and what will "not," and the Dooley domestics had bowed so many nice young men out, that they could almost calculate the time when their services would be wanted. Charles, in their estimation, was just one of the sort of young men whose last *entrée* would terminate with the week, when tired of hops and the eternal roll of London wheels, Dooley would re-appear at Glauberend to inhale fresh air and empty his house of the unprofitable young gentlemen he found sheltering there. It had, however, transpired in the regions below that he was to die a natural death—at least, at the hands of Mrs. Dooley—and laying "that and that" together, the servants had pretty generally come to the conclusion that the interview with the "missus," which had had such an unfortunate effect on his hat lining, had been Charles Summerley's dying speech and confession. This impression was confirmed by his non-appearance the next day, when of course he received the sympathies of such of them as he had been civil to or "tipped" in his transits.

Moley, too, on hearing her mamma's report of the information elicited at the memorable interview, made up her mind that it was an affair "finney," as her maid, Lucy Green, would say, and immediately sought the only consolation a young lady can receive on losing a lover—the substi-

tution of another. The Richest Commoner was immediately placed uppermost in Miss Moley's mind, just as a Club waiter supersedes the day of the month on the mantelpiece by its successor. The shock of separation is greatly assuaged when it is a mere transfer of the feelings, instead of a period or full stop. It is just like getting out of one railway carriage into another to continue a journey, instead of the dead lock of a standstill that one comes to on leaving a train.

Charles felt so buoyant and elated, that it never struck him that his elation might be caused quite as much by missing the trip to Norfolk Island, which so lately stared him in the face, as at any favourable return he had to make to dear Mrs. Dooley's significant inquiries. True, his uncle had not "*pooh, pooh'd*" his overtures, as he thought might be the case, but if he had taken his ideas back to the point at which the policeman interrupted him in Bryanston Square, he would have found that he had about satisfied himself that the extent of his commission, 375*l.*, and not more than 400*l.* a year, would go a very little way towards satisfying Mrs. Dooley's motherly expectations. He forgot that he had never inquired about the herryditaments, as Mrs. Dooley called them, the houses on the land, the ships on the sea, the hop gardens, the variety of things she had enumerated as capable of being applied to matrimonial purposes.

Subsequent events had completely washed all these out of his recollection, and he now returned with about the same amount of confidence in his uncle's acquiescence and proposals for an allowance, that he had in Mrs. Dooley's discretion, when she sent him to the uncle. If any doubts ever rose in his mind he immediately dispelled them, as many have done before, and many doubtless will do yet, by the cheering and consoling inquiry, "how do people manage to get married who have *nothing*?" Looking round the world he saw loads of people married and getting married, who in worldly phraseology "had nothing," and who yet seemed to get on uncommonly well. There was Tom Lowe, whose father had failed not many years before, married Miss Woolley, whose father had done the like, and yet they had a capital house in Keppel Street, with a footman in red plush smalls to open the door. There was Sam Rickerby, who, after performing the metropolitan exploit of living upon nothing, had settled down in the country in still greater splendour with a portionless lady, and altogether it seemed to Charles quite clear that there must be something about the married state that made money go a great deal further than it did with people when they were single.

Pace keeps up the spirits and inspires hope. There is something exhilarating in cutting through the pure air at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and the most panting sighing lover must be satisfied with the rate that an express train carries him to his fair one. The Glauberend, as every body knows, is an excellent railway, and the sun is said to take its time from their tables.

With exuberant joy at being able to dispel Moley's conscientious scruples as to sweethearting her without his uncle's knowledge, and with bright visions of hope rising as high as Jacob's ladder, Charles went straight from the station to Belvedere Terrace. How bright, how sunny, how loveable every thing looked. It was perfect elysium. He was happy, and thought he bore the news of happiness to her. She, whose principles of propriety were so strong as to conquer her womanly feelings and make her insist upon every thing been done "on the square." Angelic being!

What fools men are to be sure. We say "men," for they are all alike in that respect. Their vanity always comes to the aid of any flattering lie a woman chooses to tell them. Charles reached the glad mansion and knocked. The green footman started as he opened the door and saw who it was. Hannah, the housemaid, and he were just in the act of talking Charles over when his knock interrupted them. They thought it a pity to throw such a nice, genteel-looking young man over, though they could not but admit that such a one as the Richest Commoner was not to be met with every day. Still Hannah thought, if she'd been "Missus" she'd have kept them both in tow, one for each young lady, for it was a pity to see one suited and the other not. The knock interrupted the conversation.

If the footman's astonishment was great, what was Miss Moley's at hearing the well-known voice through the thin lath and plaster wall between the passage and the dining-room, where she was *lôte-à-lôteing* with Mr. Rocket. There was no mistaking it even without the stutter.

"Is—is—is—Miss—Miss—Miss—Dooey at home?" asked Charles.

"Yes, sir," replied the footman, with a bow and a pleasant smile of recognition.

"Oh, gracious! I *hope* he won't show him in here," exclaimed Moley, rising from the sofa in despair.

"Who is it?" asked Mr. Rocket, thinking it might be papa.

"Oh, only a tiresome boy who comes teasing; but you know one doesn't like being interrupted by any one," observed Moley, as she heard Charles's footsteps passing onwards to the stairs.

"Certainly *not*," rejoined Mr. Rocket, seizing her fair, fat hand, and pressing it to his lips, as she again sunk by his side.

Moley and he had been making love by innuendo; that is to say, they had been picturing a very magnificent life of connubial happiness, whose principal ingredients were diamonds, an opera-box on the dress-circle, as nearly opposite the Queen's as it could be got; a house in Belgrave Square, the Duke of Bedford's, if he would let it; 'lace *ad libitum*, as a noble marquis said of his huntsman's breeches; and the knock disturbed them in the consideration of equipage. They were discussing the merits of certain turn-outs, considering whether Lady Glengall's grays were better than Lady Wilton's cream-colours, and whether the beautiful Duchess of Montrose's barouche and spanking browns were more dashing than the magnificent Duchess of Sutherland's long-tailed grays. All this, as we said, was done by innuendo—by a sort of mutual consultation of each other's tastes, though they perfectly understood that they were limning out an establishment for themselves. The knock we say, disturbed all this; but having registered the kiss of the hand that was to "restore confidence," as they say in the city, we will accompany the "tiresome boy" up-stairs to the old lady—the *old* lady, when he expected to fly into the arms of the young one!

The footman preceded our friend up-stairs to the drawing-room, and opening the door, disclosed Mrs. Dooey *couchant*, on a long green sofa bound with yellow, her turban all awry, showing a good deal more of a pair of very thick legs than was elegant. Her shoes, too, were down at the heel. Charles shuddered at the sight.

"Mister Summerley, marm," said the footman, in a loud tone, close at her head, which had the effect of causing her to start and upset a light

work-table at her elbow, on which she had deposited a half-emptied tumbler of brandy-and-water before she fell asleep. This made matters worse.

"*Drat the table !*" exclaimed she, peevishly, poking down her petticoats with one hand, as she rolled her legs on to the floor, clawing her head, to feel if the turban was on, with the other. "Well, sir," said she, looking at Charles in any thing but a motherly manner, "so you've got *back*, have you ?"

"Yes, ma'in—that's to say, I've—I've—I've—returned," replied he, full twitter.

"Well, sit down," replied she, extending him a couple of fingers to shake hands. "And what have you done in London?" asked she, looking at him.

This threw our friend into a cold perspiration, and deprived him even of the power of stuttering. He thought she had heard of his Lock-up-house exploit.

"Well, tell me all about it," continued she, encouragingly ; "you know you mustn't have any secrets with me *now* ;" as much as to say, "I'm your mother-in-law."

"Well, I—I—I—certainly—that's to say—I—I—I—wish—to—to—to—but—but—but—I assure you," continued he, twisting his pocket-handkerchief and gloves up, as if he was going to try to put them into a walnut-shell, "that it was not my fault—or rather I should say that—that—that—"

"Well, but what does your uncle *say*?" interrupted Mrs. Dooeey, anxious to get to the pounds, shillings, and pence of the matter.

"Oh, my un—un—uncle—that's to say, my uncle says he will be—that's to say, is—I mean my uncle is quite agreeable—very happy that's to say."

"And what does he say he'll give you?" asked Mrs. Dooeey.

"Oh, he says he'll al—al—al—low me f—f—f—four hundred a year," replied Charles, despairing of getting the three hundred and seventy-five pound offer out.

"Four hundred a year," repeated Mrs. Dooeey, in a tone and manner that neither said one thing nor another. The fact was that in all the great and glorious conquests of the young ladies they had never turned up any thing better, though none of the suitors had ever had less than five thousand a year to begin with. "Four hundred a year," repeated Mrs. Dooeey, thoughtfully, "that's only a small beginnin'; it'll require a good deal of economy and management to make both ends meet upon that," observed she, "but Mr. D. will most likely assist, but that I can't *promise* ; however, Melia and you can talk matters over, and you will hear what *she* thinks."

"It was Ma—Ma—Maria—Miss Dooeey," observed Charles, "*not* Amelia."

"Maria was it !" replied Mrs. Dooeey, pretending to recollect herself. "Maria! so it was ; I was thinking it had been Melia, who's nearer your age, too. But now you mention it, it was Maria ; she, I'm sorry to say, has got a sick headache, and is not able to see any one to-night, but she'll be better in the mornin' I make no doubt, and if you come at luncheon time, or as soon after as you like, we shall be happy to see you, but I'd better give you a hint not to trouble Mr. D., who's comin' on Saturday—*leave him to me* ;" so saying she rang the bell and bowed

Charles out, thinking to try and appease Amelia, who was still in high dudgeon at being done out of her man by offering her Charles, and, of course, making the best of him.

CHAPTER XII.

S A T U R D A Y.

AT length came Saturday. There is something about Saturday that always proclaims itself. Saturday in the country is denoted by drab-coated arm-basketed farmers hobbling their hairy-heeled horses to market—you stand a chance of getting your ribs stove in by similar articles in the care of their daughters or spouses, who are staring and gaping about instead of looking where they are going—there is more trespass from cattle on a Saturday than on any other day. London has its signs also. Trucks of clean clothes are seen wheeling along the streets, and covered carts from laundresses in the once suburb villages are drawn by miserable-looking horses in the last stage of life, looking very much as if they had been bought at Smithfield the day before—footmen, shop-lads, and light-porters may be seen hurrying about with carpet-bags and registered paletots and umbrellas, looking so jovial that there is no mistake about master being off till the Monday.

A great change takes place at the watering-places—at least at the mercantile Glauberend watering-places, though, indeed, what places are not mercantile in this happy island of ours. Better to be a “nation of shopkeepers,” as Bonaparte said, than of soldiers like our neighbours over the water. The steady desirables come down on a Saturday—men veering between thirty and fifty—who the girls pretend to laugh at to the youngsters, but omit no opportunity of catching when they can—mamma’s have sad work separating their charges for these visits, getting young Mr. Firebrand or little Mr. Sugarlips, who they have been teasing and encouraging all the week, to make themselves scarce until the Monday, hinting that Mr. Longface is “serious,” and doesn’t like callers on a Sunday, or that Mr. Guttle has been very gay in town and wishes for a little quiet. The servants comment on the snoring, arm-chair tranquillity of the Saturday and Sunday evenings compared to the mirthful polka-practising, piano-tingling clang of the week days. Young gentlemen are very tractable. Few think of making up to girls much their seniors, and in the simplicity of their hearts they attribute the same sort of feeling to the fair sex. Mrs. Dooley had suffered much from Saturdays, much from the watchful caution necessary to keep the respective candidates within bounds, and much from her fear of Mr. Dooley finding her out when he came down.

Dooley, as we have already said, though, as it is some months since, it, perhaps, may be as well to repeat it, Mr. Dooley, we say, was no great promoter of matrimony. He did not care much about it either way. If a good thing turned up, of course he was ready to take it, but he did not keep dabbling in the article, and watching the market as Mrs. Dooley did. They had therefore, frequent squabbles and misunderstandings; Dooley always making a point of running down whoever Mrs. Dooley had in hand; heretofore, we are sorry to say, with but too much reason. If great expectations would “boil a pot,” as Mr. D. called housekeeping, it

must be confessed they had had expectations enough to keep the boiler of a steam-engine going ; but, alas ! when they came to be analysed, like the steam, they all ended in smoke.

However good spec., bad spec., or middling spec., exterminating Saturday will come at last ; and never had any Saturday, all-important as Mrs. Dooeey thought each one at the time, dawned upon her more fraught with mighty consequences than the particular Saturday under consideration. We need not say that she had had all the magnificent Thursday night conversation, about the carriages, and horses, and houses,* and opera-box, detailed to her as actual realities instead of hypothetical speculations, which might have to be furnished by one side just as well as the other, and she felt that she was about to retrieve all the past errors and miscalculations of her " mousing " career, by one splendid capture that would astonish Dooeey, and establish the supremacy of her management. Things, as they generally do at first, went smoothly enough. Amelia, like an angel as she was, had again yielded to her elder sister ; and Charles, with a youthful simplicity that cannot be too much commended, never suspecting that the loved one who had sent him on his errand, could have transferred her affections during the brief period of his absence, just looked upon Mr. Rocket in the friendly light of a future brother-in-law. If an occasional qualm crossed his mind that Moley was more attentive to Mr. Rocket and less to himself than she might be, he attributed it to feminine delicacy, which he doubted not would be amply compensated for when they were alone. So the Friday afternoon passed in pleasant, idle, gossiping, ogleing, saunterings, and mixed sisterly sweethearting : and this brings us back to dread Saturday.

Mr. Dooeey, like a great many gentlemen who go into the country for " air and exercise," made it a rule never to take any exercise if he could help it. Accordingly, the barouche was ordered to be ready to convey Mrs. Dooeey up to the station to meet him. As the bright bays came prancing round with, their half-dashed green and yellow rosettes at their heads, and the livery servants in their usual fancy neckcloths, a thrill ran through the Dooeey household, similar to what naughty bystanders experience on seeing the sheriff get into his coach to meet the judges of assize. They thought there would something come of it.

Dooeey, though an estimable man, was not showy : he would not be selected for a fancy quadrille, or to dance before the queen. We have seen many men who were not very personable, yet extremely *purseonable*. Rothschild was no beauty : his fat pasty face, large puffy lips, and heavy features, betokened no intellect. Old Cockey was much of the same cut, and no one would accuse him of being a flat. Dooeey was a little, fat, roundabout, turnip-headed fellow, with a thin fringe of long, sandy-gray hair, round the sides of his shiny bald head. His features were coarse and common-place—little pig eyes, with very slight brows, a thick, broad nose, with Spanish pointer-sort of nostrils, with always one, and now two or three carbuncles dotted about, the result of sundry white-bait expeditions to Rosherville, Greenwich, Richmond, and Blackwall.

Every article of clothing about him was of the most uncouth and awkward cut, presenting a rare contrast to the spic and span elegance of his fashionable daughters. On this occasion he had on a very roomy black coat, with most capacious outside pockets, whose gaping mouths seemed ready to

swallow a leg of mutton or any other trifle he might choose to put in them. Not sporting much of a neck there was little room for cravat, a deficiency that he endeavoured to compensate for by most flagrant ends, equalling any thing that the most ambitious "once round" dandy of the present day can accomplish. If a man only sticks to his own cut, however monstrous it may be, it's "odds" but fashion will work round to him sooner or later, just as dull time works round to a child's watch once a day. In addition to the fly-away ends, he had a hand-saw sort of frill that in windy weather kept flopping backwards and forwards like a fan. Summer and winter, morning and evening, he sported a black satin waistcoat, the morning one being generally a good deal stained and frayed, being, in fact, the evening one degraded.

Dooey had a very long body and marvellously short legs, so fat, that when fore-shortened by sitting, they looked more like bladders, or dump-lings, than any thing else.

Insignificant as they were, however, he seemed to grudge them their necessary covering, and while his coat and waistcoat were ample and spacious beyond measure, he had always the most short, scrimpey, parsimonious trousers that ever were seen. These had dog-eared pockets with very long slits at the bottom, to show his baggy white stockings and drawer strings, and the grotesque shape of his roomy shoes.

Such was the little man who came puffing, and wheezing, and waddling through the confluent crowd of arrivers, all rushing to the exit door of the Glauberend station, and claimed the green barouche with an air of ownership that astonished several first-class passengers, who had been wondering how such a queer-looking little old chap happened to be among them.

"*Hooy!*" exclaimed he, flourishing a baggy, noseless cotton umbrella, very much the cut of himself, and then denoting, by a half-circular ground sweep, that he wanted to be taken up where he stood, a proceeding that might either be adopted for the purpose of showing his consequence, or that he might avail himself of the last step of the Grecian portico of the station for getting into the "chay." The coachman hissed and touched the well-bitted horses with the point of his whip, the footman ran a semi-circle by their sides, regardless of his stockings, and the wave of passengers opened as the carriage drove up.

"*Souse,*" went the great father-in-law in his seat.

Little passed between Mr. and Mrs. Dooey beyond the usual inquiries, "All well here?" "All right in London?" in traversing the half-mile between the station and the town; indeed the racing of busses, and hurrying of cabs and flies, with the usual interruptions from over-careful nursery-maids getting into the way with children's donkeys, &c., was opposed to conversation. So Dooey rested with both hands on his podgey umbrella, staring, and thinking what a contemptible thing a country crowd was compared to a London one.

The most approved way of breaking the ice occupied Mrs. Dooey's thoughts. She pondered whether to do it with a flourish of trumpets, breaking out in the usual womanly way—"Well, Absalom, and what do you *think*?"

Absalom.—"Nay, I can't tell, my dear."

Mrs. Dooey.—"Well, but guess."

Absalom Dooey.—"P'raps the poodle's dead,"—being the way he had once met her before when she thought to astonish him. She did not

know whether to take him that way or begin in a humbler, more deferential tone, enlisting him rather in the inquiry, as it were, so as to be safe in case of a failure, or again, whether to take the very humblest tack, and set Dooeey on to ferret out an apparently bad bargain, letting him astonish himself with its goodness as he proceeded.

Things seldom turn up in the way we anticipate. Some unlooked-for circumstance mars the whole train, and it is wonderful what trifles turn the current of great events. Bowling along the Victoria Esplanade at the rapid pace coachmen think indicative of consequence, who should they come on at the turn but the double marriage party itself. Dooeey started and almost forgot to return the smiling, kissing-hand salutes of his daughters.

"What's that young jackanapes doin' here?" snapped he, with a stamp of his umbrella against the bottom of the barouche that would have sent it through if the umbrella had had a nose.

"Oh, my dear, that's Mr. Rocket," replied Mrs. Dooeey.

"No, not him;—the one in buff trousers, that's young Summer——, what's his name, *I'll swear*," rejoined Mr. Dooeey, with another stamp.

"Summerley," said Mrs. Dooeey, helping him out,—adding, "Oh,—that's nothin', I've settled him."

"Then who's t'other chap?" inquired Dooeey, anticipating that he wouldn't be settled.

"Well, my dear, that's the gentleman I named," replied Mrs. Dooeey, determined to take the humble tack; "that's Mr. Rocket,—the gentleman in the green cut-away."

"Rocket, who's he?" grunted Dooeey, with one of his least sugary looks.

"Oh, it don't concern us, my dear," replied his loving spouse, "I wish it did—he is Miss Emily Bury's beau."

"But he's with *our* gals, at all events," retorted Dooeey.

"That's nothin'," observed Mrs. Dooeey, "he's a bit of a flirt, I believe, he may p'raps hav' a fancy for seein' what they're like, but as to any thing more—"

"Hang it," snapped Dooeey, again giving the feruleless umbrella a hearty dig against the bottom of the carriage, "you women are always thinkin' of courtship and matrimony, and such like nonsense—*can't you leave the girls alone?*"

The trouble of answering this inquiry was saved by the carriage pulling up with such a jerk at his door as nearly shot him head-foremost on to the opposite seat. His blessings of the coachman were half drowned by the clattering of the steps and the footman's uproarious knocking and ringing at the door. The greater row, the greater respect, is the London servant's adage, and the Dooeey flunkey, though nothing in London, not even statureable enough for a cane, was a great gun in the country, and gave the tone to sundry muffs, who, never having been in London, looked upon him as the very *beau ideal* of the "order."

Before Dooeey had got himself fairly cooled and his bristles down, the party came trooping in to welcome his return. Dooeey was rather out of sorts; indeed he generally was at a week's end, after the fatigues of London life, where he and sundry other gentlemen consoled themselves for the absence of their families by alternate "chopping" with each other—said chops consisting of turtle, and venison, and every delicacy

they could lay hands on. Dooley wanted a little repose—perhaps a little medicine might not have done him any harm—and he would just as soon have seen his daughters alone; but this was a treat he was not to be indulged in. Mr. Rocket never doubting that the affability of the ladies was partly derived from the father, freely accepted Miss Moley's half "shake off," half-earnest invitation to "come in," and Dooley, as he sat puffing and wheezing, heard, what of all things were to him the most detestable, a pair of heel-spurs clank, clank, clanking in the passage. Charles Summerley followed as a matter of course, thinking the partners would now be rightly sorted, and he would get the still unaccomplished confab. with Moley.

The young ladies having each done the pretty in the kissing way, Moley introduced Mr. Rocket, who forthwith sat down beside the old gentleman, and began to converse with him—or rather to try.

"It was a fine day, how did the country look?" inquired the candidate for the son-in-law-ship.

"Country look," grunted Mr. Dooley, as though he had a very bad cold, "looks much as it always does at this time of year."

"Town will be empty, I suppose," observed Mr. Rocket.

"Not more so than it generally is at this time of year," retorted M. Dooley.

"The country's pleasant now," said our friend, cocking up one foot and ringing the rowel of the spur with the other.

"It generally is at this time of year," replied Mr. Dooley, crossing his little fat legs.

Mr. Rocket was rather abashed at this frequent "sell," and determined to change the subject.

"Were you at Tattersall's on Monday?" asked he.

"*Never was at Tattersall's in my life, sir!*" exclaimed Dooley, with emphasis.

The brothers-in-law with all convenient speed took their departure.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DINNER.

"THE old gentleman's rather grumpy," observed Mr. Rocket to Charles, as the door closed upon them, and they walked away together. "He's no relation of your's, is he?" added he, suddenly checking himself, as if he might be going too far.

"No—no—no," stuttered Charles; "no—no—not yet, at least."

"Ah! I twig," replied Mr. Rocket. "*Is to be*, that's to say—all right—we shall be brothers-in-law, I hope—may as well lend each other a hand. Where are you going to dine?"

"I am go—go—go—going to dine nowhere—that's to say, I'm—I'm—I'm not engaged anywhere," replied Charles.

"Come and dine with me at the 'Imperial,' at seven, then," rejoined Mr. Rocket.

"With all my heart," replied Charles, who had no great taste for his own society, and knowing that the chance of a *tête-à-tête*, or even spending the evening with Moley, was out of the question, with the old gentleman down, of whom he stood in greater awe, if possible, than he did of dear Mrs. Dooley. Not but that he wished to love Mrs. Dooley, but somehow he couldn't; she was too much the schoolmistress.

Seven o'clock found the best of every thing served in the best style, in the best room of the reputed best, that is to say, dearest hotel—the "Imperial." The landlord was in his best clothes, as were a couple of lank-haired, greasy-faced, greasy-collared waiters, who were summoned abruptly from the turmoil of the coffee-room, from whence they came alternately mopping their faces and rubbing the plates with a duster-looking napkins, to assist in the grand procession of the first course. The pompous landlord did the honour of placing the soup and taking the order for the wine—a ceremony that generally adds some twenty per cent. to the bill. Of all outrageously overpaid people, we question whether any can compare with landlords. Certain trades and professions, or rather some of the members of certain trades and professions, may make large profits occasionally, but for a real, steady, money-sweeping business, commend us to the well-frequented hotel. Every thing seems to turn into gold as it enters the doors. Fish, meat, poultry, vegetables, wine, all rise seventy-five per cent. as they come in. Landlords will doubtless say they charge because they can get it; but it is very questionable if they would not get more if they were reasonable. A man feels at home in an hotel abroad, whereas in England they are places to avoid. They are only harbours of refuge from which people escape the moment they can. People feel they do not get their money's worth in them. With perhaps a dozen or so exceptions, the best-appointed hotels in England only show how vastly inferior they are in all the little niceties which constitute comfort, to a man's own home. Serving a badly-cooked dinner upon plate only makes it look worse than it would upon delf, and who hasn't a lively recollection of some splendid affair of an hotel "blow out"—dull plate, dirty thumbs, limp napkins, mountainous *entrées*, ragged, stained, hurrying waiters, faded bouquets, and abominable rose water?—all on a hot summer's day, too!

But to our particular dinner at the Imperial at Glauberend. Though we said the room was the best, the fact was, it could be made better, larger at least, by the removal of the great wooden partition which ran through the centre, an arrangement with which the majority of our readers are doubtless familiar—an arrangement which, while it presents the semblance of privacy, is, in fact, more public than a coffee-room, for in a coffee-room you can see who is watching and listening, while in these public privacies you can be both watched and overheard without being conscious of either.

Behind this barricade our friend Monsieur de la Tour intrenched himself, when his master, contrary to custom, banished him, landlord, waiters and all, from the room as soon as they had got the soup, fish, wine, and other *et cæteras* placed on the table.

Soup eating is only an undignified process. The noise a party make in lading it in has a painful resemblance to what one hears in a pig-stye. Like the memory of departed greatness, it is always performed in solemn silence. Our friends soup down, a glass of cask sherry a-piece followed.

"Well, I say, you are going to turn Benedict pretty early; you'll not be much more than of age, are you?" observed our friend Mr. Rocket, as he handed his brother-in-law a ration of cod.

"Oh ye—ye—yes I am," replied Charles, with the true youthful wish to be thought older than he was.

"Well, all right," said Mr. Rocket, "can't marry too soon, especially when you get such a young and beautiful creature for a wife. By the

powers, they're a couple of angels—never saw two lovelier girls in all my life."

"Ain't they!" exclaimed Charles, in ecstasy.

"Let us drink their healths," rejoined Mr. Rocket, applying his thumb to the cork of a bottle of forty shilling champagne, charged at the usual inn rate of seven guineas a-dozen; "let us drink their healths," repeated he, as the cork bounded against the ceiling, and the hissing, fizzing, ginger-pop-looking stuff came foaming down the bottle-neck.

Having helped himself to a bumper of froth and fixed air, he handed the bottle to Charles, who got a better potation to his share.

Champagne is doubtless the real balm of Gilead. It soothes and exhilarates, and opens, and expands the heart of the closest and most morose. It performs far greater wonders than Holloway's pills, or Leaming's essence. A party can hardly be said to begin before the champagne makes a start. As to one "going off well," as it is called, without champagne, that we consider is an utter impossibility.

But then, to make it available it should be iced, and poured into get-at-able glasses. Those crane-necked needle-case looking things they generally have at inns, and too often at private houses, only tantalise the palate, and make a man look as if he was taking pills instead of enjoying an exhilarating beverage.

The first glass, which like the first of every thing, is most enjoyable, and most looked for, is generally a flash in the pan, a mere glass of froth. The second, by dint of dribbling down the side, may be better, but it is generally the third ere it gets settled to any thing like steadiness. This is the usual course where two parties are concerned in the destruction of a bottle, but where there is a party, and bottle succeeds bottle in a rapid order, one never gets a "good swig," or feels any better for what one gets.

Every body gives champagne now-a-days of some sort or another, and yet how few seem to think it necessary to do more than just give it. People will spend a couple of guineas in wine, and yet grudge, or never think, of the couple of shillings' worth of ice that makes it drinkable. Very moderate champagne ices into very passable wine. There isn't one servant in twenty (in middle life, at least), with any idea about icing wine. If they do venture to take out the cork on putting it into the ice, they are terrified on seeing all the worthless froth pouring down the neck, and stick the cork in as fast as ever they can, whereas, if they would let it exhaust itself, and then put in the cork, the wine would ice in half the time, and the first glass would be as good as the last. But the fact is, at parties' "blows out," as they are sometimes called, there is so much hurry and confusion, so much to do that the servants are not accustomed to do, and either so few of them to do all there is, or so many, that they do nothing but get in each other's way, that icing the wine is generally forgot, or done in such a careless way that the wine is very little the better for it. Then "Chaw" gets the bottle bodily in his hand and goes warming it about the room, squirting it in people's eyes, dribbling it over their coats, and, perhaps, knocking old ladies' turbans and trimmings off as they throw back their hands to get at the thimble-full of wine that lurks in the stalk of the glass.

Then see the same parties when they are not over busy, or in winter with ice to be had for nothing, and what a freezing they give it! They take their revenge. They absolutely perish and annihilate any little body

the poor feeble stuff may have, and guests are obliged to sit with their glasses in their hands to thaw the wine. There should be a public ice appointed in all corporate and dinner-party giving towns. He would be of far more use than many of their M. P.'s.

But to our story. Each succeeding glass, rubbish though it was, raised the spirits and banished the caution of our young friend Charles, who began to talk and chatter in the presence of De la Tour and the waiters, as freely as he would in their absence. He talked of blue eyes and brown hair, and fair forms, and pearly teeth, and sweet voices, speaking in the strict spirit of impartiality in the plural number.

At length having exhausted the panegyrics and the cheese, Mr. Rocket drew him with the withdrawal of the cloth to closer quarters.

"Our esteemed father-in-law will be deuced rich, I should think," observed he, *sotto voce*, pouring himself a bumper of rough much doctored claret out of a once smart jug, from which the plating was beginning to disappear, and passing the jug on to his guest.

"I—I—I—don't know, that's to say I—I—I never heard."

"Oh, but you should make it your business to inquire," replied Mr. Rocket. "These men in trade are not always so rich as they appear, up one day, down another; you should make him enter into full particulars—tell you all about himself, where he has his tin, what his yearly profits are."

"I—I—I—darn't," replied Charles, "he'd—he'd—he'd."

"Horsewhip you, perhaps," interposed Mr. Rocket.

"No; I—I—I don't s'pose that exactly, but he—he—he—that's to say she—she—she would be very an—an—angry."

"Oh, but you should do it gingerly, lead him on by degrees, talk to him about business, ask his opinion of commercial matters, where it would be safe to invest money, and so on."

"But—but—but I haven't any to—to—to—invest," interposed Charles.

"Never mind that," replied Mr. Rocket, again resorting to the claret jug, and passing it on to Charles. "He's not supposed to know any more of your affairs than you are of his."

"But Mrs. Do—Do—Doey does," retorted Charles.

"So much the better," rejoined Mr. Rocket, again appealing to the jug; "so much the better," repeated he, passing it back to his guest. "She'll be the very woman for you. Confide in her and she'll tell you all about her husband's affairs."

Charles shuddered at the thoughts of encountering the old lady again.

"I see you are not up to the thing," continued his friend, encouragingly.

"Let me manage for you, and I'll bring you safe through; you musn't be mealey mouthed. Go at the old girl as a matter of course, praise her daughter, say what a fortunate man he will be that gets her, regret that your fortune does not allow you to aspire to her."

"But I—I—I—*have* aspired!" exclaimed Charles.

"*You have!*" retorted his friend, in astonishment, "why they told me you were a mere dangler!"

"I—I—I don't know what, what, what they told you," rejoined he; "but—but—but—I'm *engaged* to Maria, that's to say Miss Do—Do—Doey."

"*The Devil you are!*" exclaimed Mr. Rocket, setting down his glass with a thump that snapped it short off by the stalk.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE world of letters has experienced, in the death of the Viscount de Chateaubriand, a loss that had been for some time foreseen, but which is not for that the less keenly felt. This distinguished author and statesman died at Paris on the 5th of July. To the honour of France, people of all parties, and of all political factions united to do honour to the memory of their illustrious countryman. The life and adventures of the Viscount de Chateaubriand have filled so large a space in the politics, the literature, and the society of France during the first thirty years of the present century, and his fame has been perpetuated by so much of romantic interest, or conventional adulation, throughout the period immediately preceding our own time, that although the reflection of his past greatness alone remained to light up his declining years, his death was an event of sufficient interest to divert attention from the living occurrences of an age not less agitated than that in which it was his lot to have attained distinction and to have risen to eminence.

M. de Chateaubriand was born in the year 1769, like so many others of the men who were destined to play a prominent part in the gigantic labours of the last generation. Amongst the ample list of his immediate contemporaries, we find the great captains, the statesmen, the poets, who were to inaugurate the 19th century upon the ruins left by the first French revolution. They in their various paths discharged that task; but whilst they conquered nations, governed mankind, or adorned their age, M. de Chateaubriand remained faithful to his vocation. That vocation was not, as has been represented, one simply of knight errantry. The young Breton officer who had retired from the army of Condé, after the siege of Thionville, when the storm of the first French revolution had, for the time, blown over, did not become a mere wandering emigrant. M. de Chateaubriand sought in the gloom and sadness of his solitary exile for a vent for mixed and melancholy emotions, in which his poetic soul had been steeped by the events that had passed around him.

"I was still very young," says M. de Chateaubriand, in his preface to "*Atala*," "when I conceived the idea of writing the *epopee* of the man of nature, or of painting the manners of savages, by connecting them with some known event. After the discovery of America, I saw no subject of greater interest, especially for Frenchmen, than the massacre of the colony of the Natchez at Louisiana, in 1727. All the Indian tribes conspiring, after two centuries of oppression, to restore liberty to the New World, appeared to me to offer as fine a subject for the pen as the conquest of Mexico. I threw a few fragments of this work on paper; but I soon perceived that I wanted reality of colouring, and that if I wished to paint that which was, I must, as Homer did before me, visit the people whom I intended to describe.

"In 1789, I communicated to M. de Malherbes my intention to visit America. But wishing at the same time to give a useful object to my journey, I formed the design of discovering by land the passage upon which Cook had thrown so many doubts. I started; I saw the American solitudes, and I returned with plans for another journey which was to have lasted nine years. I proposed to myself to traverse the whole of the continent of northern America, to make my way upwards along the coast north of California, and to return by Hudson's Bay. M. de Malherbes undertook to lay my plans before

government; and it was upon that occasion he heard the first fragments of the little work, which I now present to the public. It is well known what became of France up to the time when Providence caused one of those men to appear whom she sends in sign of reconciliation when she is weary of punishing. Covered with the blood of my only brother, of my sister-in-law, with that of the illustrious old man, their father; having seen my mother and another sister, full of talent, perish from the treatment to which they were subjected in the dungeons, I wandered in foreign lands, where the only friend that remained to me destroyed himself in my arms.*

After ten years of the brutality and blasphemy of Jacobin clubs and revolutionary journals, France was enchanted to strike a fresh vein of poetry in the pages of "Atala." M. de Chateaubriand had previously published in this country, where he had taken refuge for a time, a work, entitled "An Essay on Ancient and Modern Republics," which had not obtained for the author the success which he was now destined to achieve. "Atala" was penned in the desert, under the shelter of the huts of savages. It is a sort of poem, half descriptive, half dramatic; every thing lies in the portraiture of two lovers, who ramble and converse in solitude; the whole interest is embodied in the picture of the anxieties suggested by love amidst the calm of deserts, and the repose of religious feeling. The work is written in the antique form, and is divided into prologue, narrative, and epilogue. The chief portions of the narrative take a denomination, as the huntsmen, the labourers, &c., as in the first ages of Greece, the rhapsodists sang under various titles, fragments of the Iliad and of the Odyssey. "For now some time," says M. de Chateaubriand, "I only read Homer and the Bible; happy if it is made evident, and if I have succeeded in imparting to the tints of the desert, and to the sentiments peculiar to my heart, the colours of these two great and eternal models of the beautiful and the true."

It has been said that Chateaubriand was, at this time, profoundly imbued with the feelings and ideas of him whom he called *le grand Rousseau*, and whom he places in his first published work among the five great writers who must be studied. But he personally defended himself from the imputation of siding with a philosopher, whose eloquence he justly admired, but whose doctrines he equally justly condemned. "I am not," he says, "like M. Rousseau, an enthusiast for savages; and, although I have, perhaps, had as much reason to complain of society as that philosopher had reason to praise it, I do not think that pure nature is the most beautiful thing in the world. I have always found it very ugly, wherever I have had occasion to see it. So far from being of opinion that the man who thinks is a depraved animal, I think it is thought that makes the man. With that word 'nature,' every thing has been lost. Let us paint nature, but beautiful nature; art ought not to occupy itself in describing monstrosities."

"Atala" was soon followed by "The Genius of Christianity," a work which it is undeniable imparted to France for a time a sacred stamp,—a kind of moral baptism, which the lower class of her literary population vainly struggled to belie and to discard, by plunging into odious and revolting excesses. "It is no doubt permitted to me," remarked the author at the time, "under a government which does not proscribe any peaceable opinion, to take up the defence of Christianity, as a subject of

* They had both been five days without food.

morality and of literature. There was a time when the adversaries of that religion had alone the right to speak. Now the lists are again open, and those who think that Christianity is poetical and moral, can say so aloud, and it is still permitted to philosophers to argue the contrary."

The expression used by the author, "the poetry of Christianity," reveals the whole principle by which he was animated. His enthusiasm, the brilliancy of his thoughts, the pomp of his images, the vividness and animation of his style, however worthy of admiration, all leave the same impression of a straining for effect, that is not congruous with the sobriety and magnitude of the subject of which he treats. With M. de Chateaubriand, reason is generally the slave of imagination and passions. In the "Genius of Christianity," as in his subsequent work "Les Martyrs," we find that the object of their author is not so much to vindicate the truth and sanctity of the Christian religion, as to prove that it is poetical and interesting. We search in vain for any edifying comparison between paganism and true faith; the inquiry resolves itself into a consideration of Homer and Virgil, on the one side, of Tasso and Camoens on the other. Thus the question, instead of being social and religious, becomes merely literary—a question of art and taste—nothing more. M. de Chateaubriand is acknowledged by all to be a most admirable painter, although sometimes guilty of exaggeration; but it may be more than doubted whether he will ever be ranked among men of sound reasoning and profound thought. The true Christian thinker must, it has been most justly observed, be shocked to see the worship of our Saviour defended by flowers of rhetoric; to see paganism, with all its sensual idolatry, its voluptuous absurdities, favourably contrasted with the austere, pure, Christian religion, the eternal symbols of which are self-denial, suffering, prayer. It is, indeed, matter of notoriety, that the ecclesiastics of Roman Catholic Europe universally expressed dissatisfaction with the very books that seemed to be written in the interest of the clergy.

If the works of M. de Chateaubriand had been ever free from this prevailing taint, the illustrious author's friends might contend that he adopted the only mode of making any religious impression on the country; that it was, in fact, necessary to appeal, in the first place, to the imagination of France. But during the whole of his life, and in all his works, he has been misled by poetry, imagination, and love of effect. Thus, in his "Essay on English Literature," there are many sparkling, paradoxical papers, written to prove that Luther had no genius, and that Roman Catholicism is more favourable to liberty than Protestantism. In his "Etudes Historiques," with still greater inconsistency, he places that notorious impostor and would-be Messiah, Apollonius of Tyana, among the Christian martyrs, and allows the truth of the popular tradition, which classes the Saviour of the world among the vile mob of pagan deities wherewith the Pantheon of Tiberius was populated.

Bonaparte was not slow to perceive the use which might be made of a pen which, if it had not the gift of raising an imperishable monument to its possessor's literary fame, had at least the art of gratifying, and sometimes leading the taste of the time. Nothing was better fitted than such compositions to assist in the restoration of letters, of religious observances, and society; but, like most of the ornaments of the consular and imperial times, these productions were of tinsel rather than solid gold; and men

continued to praise them rather from their original effect than any fresh perennial charm which they possess.

M. de Chateaubriand, was, however, of too independent a spirit to submit to the conditions of Bonaparte's service, especially when it was degraded by treachery, and stained by blood. However various indeed may have been his impulses during his political career, however great the versatility of his ideas, it must be allowed that he has always sacrificed his personal interests to what he considered his duty ; he has never hesitated to sacrifice his ambition to his conscience. Upon the murder of the Duke d'Eng-hien he instantly resigned his post of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Valais, and served Napoleon no more ; for although the young poet and the embryo statesman might be regarded as a soldier of fortune, he was at least no mercenary retainer.

It was after this check in his public career, that M. de Chateaubriand started on his pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and that he described in glowing colours befitting the part he had assumed, his itinerary from Paris to Jerusalem, including his return through Egypt, Barbary, and Spain, where he paused to mourn in the halls of Grenada over the last of the Abencerrages. This, with "René," which like "Atala" might be considered a fragment of "Les Natchez," constituted the chief of M. de Chateaubriand's works of fiction. "René" is the type of morbid reverie—of the bitterness resulting from social inaction blended with a proud scorn and self-satisfaction ; his haughty and solitary soul finds in disdain an inexplicable source of superiority over all men and things. It is the personification of one of those moral maladies which so often assail human nature, blighting all freshness and vigour in the soul. By many "René" is considered as the finest specimen of its author's style and genius, yet it will not admit of comparison by the side of its prototypes, "Manfred," "Childe Harold," and other creations of a similar character in which Lord Byron delighted. Yet gloomy, pensive, and desponding, and at the same time so lofty and so scornful in the consciousness of genius, "René" exercised a pernicious influence and added to the previously existing dissatisfaction of the minds of the more youthful, idle, and ambitious portions of society.

M. de Chateaubriand's political life may be said to have begun in 1814. His *début* in the cause of the restored monarchy was brilliantly successful. The fall of Napoleon was viewed by numbers in France with great satisfaction ; the country was in a deplorable state of exhaustion ; French blood had flowed for years in every part of Europe ; the miseries and terrors of war had weighed so oppressively on all, that the word "peace" was hailed with boundless enthusiasm. Nevertheless, the partisans of the dethroned emperor were still numerous, and ready to rush in the field at the first signal. It was with the view of opposing this yet powerful and formidable body of Bonapartists that M. de Chateaubriand—carried away by that passionate excitement so rife in France at this eventful moment—published his celebrated pamphlet on Bonaparte and the Bourbons.

This pamphlet may be considered as the genuine, ardent, and unreserved expression of the passions that were then filling the Royalist party with almost delirious exultation. It, as Louis XVIII. expressed it, did the work of an army ; 100,000 copies were sold with prodigious rapidity ; and whilst the allied forces occupied the capital of France and brought back the descendant of St. Louis, it was some compensation that the greatest

master of the French language, intensely national in his predilections and his defects, should have pleaded the cause of the Bourbons in the popular ear.

Notwithstanding that M. de Chateaubriand's political pamphlets form his chief title to literary eminence, that they are master-pieces of stirring eloquence and of dialectic logic, and that in them he shines with undimmed lustre, yet is his political career most obnoxious to the severity of criticism. In his devotion to the cause of royalty, he always maintained that the best means of governing France were to be found in an unalterable fidelity to the charter of Louis XVIII. He saw in it the anchor of safety for his country, which he had beheld tossed by so many violent gales; and he became, therefore, one of its firmest and most faithful supporters. Yet styling himself at once "a royalist by reason, a legitimist by duty, and a republican by taste," his political career has generally been considered as governed by a singular conflict of these opposite motives. It is, however, well to remember that while the earlier part of his political life was characterised by the defence of that spirit of olden royalty which prevailed in the charter, because he saw it threatened by the modern revolutionary ideas; in the after part, by the defence of its liberal elements, he felt the necessity of opposing the old aristocratic ideas which, in spite of all his efforts, still continued stagnant and exclusive. Hence it was that but a short time back, M. de Chateaubriand was looked upon almost as a revolutionist by the legitimists, while the government considered him, together with the great orator, Berryer, as one of the most formidable champions of legitimacy. There is every reason to believe that this apparent political inconsistency has often resulted from his being in advance of the parties he joined at different periods; from his bold independence in withstanding their demands when opposed to his own conscientious principles, and from his carelessness in mortifying their pride and selfishness whenever he thought that just provocation had been given.

When at a later period of the restoration, it was considered by the government advisable, as a mode of inspiring confidence, to call to the highest dignitaries of the realm the men of the revolution and of the empire, M. de Chateaubriand wrote his "*Monarchie selon la Charte*," the aim of which was to controvert the opinion generally entertained at the time, that there was a want of capacity among the royalists, and a monopoly of talent among their adversaries. As a reverse to this, when his own incompetent, rash, and pretentious policy had almost caused a rupture with this country, which had nurtured him in penury, had inspired the government of the restoration with the fatal scheme of regaining the frontier of the Rhine by the sacrifice of the East, and had involved the Dynasty, which he purposed to uphold, in a disastrous war with Spain; when M. de Villèle declared it was even worse to have Chateaubriand in the cabinet than in opposition, and he was cashiered with singular asperity at two hours' notice; then the ex-minister took refuge in the columns of the *Journal des Débats*, whence he directed a tremendous fire against the increasing bigotry and intolerance of the party to which the accession of Charles X. gave a decided and fatal ascendancy. M. de Chateaubriand was always, under whatever colours he fought, a firm and constant vindicator of the liberty of the press, of the unfettered expression of opinion, the privilege of a truly free people, from whence

emanate all social regenerations. In his last work, the "Congrès de Verone," published a few years ago, he vindicates his conduct in sending a French army to relieve Ferdinand from the constitutional demands of his subjects, and to crush a nascent liberty, with so much success, that he is said to have succeeded in washing away that blemish on his character according to the ideas of modern France; but according to an authority nearer home, "the history of the congress of Verona, as recorded by his own pen, suffices to stamp his official career with the deepest condemnation."

M. de Chateaubriand may be said to have retired from public life with his expulsion from ministerial power. He still raised his warning voice against the errors of the government, which were leading to the catastrophe of 1830; and in the height of that revolution he was borne one hour in triumph by the men of the barricades, and in the next he delivered his last speech in the Chamber of Peers in favour of the rights of the Duke de Bordeaux. At that moment his expression to the Duchess de Berri, "*Madame, votre fils est mon Roi,*" and his pamphlet against the banishment of this elder branch of the royal family, marked him out as the leader, or at least the champion of the Legitimist Party; but his time was gone by, and his relations with the elder Bourbons, it has been truly remarked, soon dwindled down into a harmless and not unpleasing mixture of loyalty, politeness, and devotion.

In the character of M. de Chateaubriand, the enthusiasm, if not the true genius of a poet, was blended with the aspirations, if not the fixed energy, of a statesman. As a politician he did not possess that steadiness and certainty of foresight which belongs to practical and experienced minds. The positive easily escaped an imagination so quickly excited, feelings so easily carried away, and a temper truly *Bretonne* in its stormy pride. Generally in opposition to the reigning power, he was a friend either to the past state of things or else engaged in some visionary plan for the future. The present was always neglected. The same thing applies itself to his works, which have been compared by a contemporary to a dazzling arsenal, where you find weapons for and against every system—in "favour of and against liberty—for and against monarchy, constitutional freedom, and Bonapartism.

For example, since 1830, M. de Chateaubriand, in his pamphlets, especially in the celebrated one entitled, "*Du Bannissement de la Famille de Charles X.*," and in another on the imprisonment of the Duchess of Berry, approached the verge of republicanism, and joined in friendly communion with Armand Carrel and Beranger; nay, he penned on Napoleon, whom he so reviled at the Restoration, divers eulogistic pages, in which he exalts that conqueror to a level with the Hannibals and the Charlemagnes.

There is, however, one feeling that pervades all his works, and it is one of bitterness—of lassitude of soul, and disappointed hope. At all periods of his life, his favourite themes have been the ingratitude he has experienced, the chilly touch of death, the silent tomb, the very worms that are to banquet on his body. Even in the sole work by which M. de Chateaubriand establishes his claim to belong to the class of modern critics, his "*Essay on English Literature,*" he devotes a chapter in the conclusion to the state of his own feelings—tinged with that deep and gloomy discontent, and full of those expressions of bitter discouragement which are to be met with in all his works. This affectation of melan-

choly is the more inexplicable on the part of one who has been so much and so long the favourite of fortune and of his country. In this so-called "*Essay on English Literature*," M. de Chateaubriand has in no degree followed the progress of modern criticism. This is probably owing to a feeling of *pride* on the part of the author, for these two volumes of essays are replete with rancour against contemporary literature and against some of its most distinguished promoters. The pen of M. de Chateaubriand has traced in this work some very beautiful observations on Milton, but on points known to all ; thereafter it becomes singularly excursive, and sundry chapters are altogether devoid of connexion and bearing. The merits of Chaucer are discussed and dismissed in a few lines ; those of Spenser are treated with the like lack of ceremony. Several passages on Shakspeare are certainly very fine, although the chapter on the great bard is singularly incomplete. All contemporary poets are neglected or omitted, with the exception of Byron and Beattie ; the former is spoken of with coolness, almost amounting to indifference. At the same time M. de Chateaubriand considers it fitting to find space in these essays, as before noticed, for a long paradoxical dissertation on Luther, and for equally strange digressions on M. de Lammennais, Captain Sir John Ross, &c., &c.

M. de Chateaubriand also belongs to the political school of historians by his "*Etudes Historiques*," in which he never omits an opportunity of instituting comparisons between early events in the history of France, and contemporary occurrences. A rumour had been prevalent during many years that M. de Chateaubriand was preparing a history of France, and the announcement had caused high expectations to be entertained : great, therefore, was the surprise when in 1832, the "*Etudes Historiques*" were published. They consist merely of fragments ; and he gives as reasons for not putting his former plan into execution, his advanced age, and the discouragement and lassitude provoked by again beholding a darling throne laid prostrate at his feet.

By a curious coincidence, M. de Chateaubriand, after having lived through one entire cycle of the great revolution of his country, expired almost at the moment when some of the most terrible scenes of his early youth were renewed in the streets of Paris. Some time back he visited, in a fit of despondence, the grave that awaited him, and which had been prepared for him by his countrymen on the sea-shore at St. Malo. His body, after a public funereal service at the church of the Foreign Missions, has now been removed to the city that gave him birth, and to the tomb which was the object of his previous pilgrimage. MM. Victor Hugo and Ampère were to represent the French Academy at the final sepulture, and by a curious change of things, one of the candidates for the seat vacated by the illustrious legitimist, is M. Armand Marrast !

Those who have ever sympathised with M. de Chateaubriand, who have read and meditated on the diversified effusions of his genius—and the popularity of his works of fiction have insured him many readers in this country—will now grieve to think that the possessor of such manifold gifts has ever been wilfully unhappy ; that, notwithstanding all he has achieved for fame, it is trifling when compared with what he might have effected ; and that he, so great a worshipper of glory, is probably not destined to enjoy that posthumous renown which has doubtless always been the great object of his ambition.

PHILIP AND HIS POODLE.

CHAPTER VI.

PHILIP reached in safety the railway station, to which we left him speeding, and had the satisfaction of finding that a parliamentary train, the only one in which his garb allowed him to travel without exciting suspicion, was expected in a few minutes. From this fortunate occurrence he drew a favourable augury, a feeling however that was quickly damped, for on retiring to an unoccupied bench at the extremity of the platform, where he thought he might best escape observation, he saw the fearful handbill announcing the hundred pound reward, with his name, and the description of his person, pasted on the back of the seat! Instinctively leaning against the perilous placard, so as to screen it from notice, he began to consider in great perturbation of spirit, whether it would be safer to take the rail, trusting to his disguise, or again to commit himself to the fields. At this moment a train, travelling in an opposite direction to the one for which he was waiting, arrived at the station, and as several passengers alighted, Philip turned his back to them, and pretended to be gazing at the country.

Thus had he been occupied for a minute or two, when he heard a loud ecstatic bark, accompanied by a rushing of feet across the wooden platform, and an animal leaped upon his shoulders, eagerly embracing his neck with its forepaws. Too long had he been familiarised with that exuberant salutation to doubt its source, and forgetting every thing in the delight of thus unexpectedly encountering his favourite, he turned hastily round, patting and caressing the poodle with an eager fondness that was fully reciprocated by its object.

"My darling Unicorn," he murmured, pressing his head to his bosom, "I knew before that you were a wonderful animal, that all England could not match you for sagacity, but that you should make your escape from London, and track me through all my wanderings to such a distance, beats every thing. Well, old boy, now we have met once more, we won't part company again, if I can help it."

So deeply had his attention been absorbed by this apparition of his quadruped friend, that he had not noticed the approach of a short, sturdy, muscular man, who stumped up to him, and patted him familiarly on the shoulder, as he said, with a knowing nod,

"How are you, Muster Philip Pemberton?"

These ominous words sent a thrill of terror to his heart, and hiding his features, in a new embrace of the dog, he pretended not to have heard the question.

"How are you, Muster Philip Pemberton?" repeated the man in a louder voice, and with a more determined tap of the shoulder.

"Is it me, you mane?" answered Philip, "then ye just got the wrong sow by the ear, for my name's Paddy Cavan, of Connaught, at your service."

"Not a bad fetch," resumed the stranger, "capital brogue, and the dress, and the stained face and hands, are as good a dodge as ever I see; but you're Philip Pemberton for all that."

"Bad luck to you, get out o' that same, and away wid ye, or ye may chance to find Paddy Cavan an ugly customer."

"Why, Lord love you, don't the dog know you, and don't you know the dog? That 'ere animal has been only three days in my possession, but I'd take his word for a thousand pounds. He's more 'cute, fifty times, than many and many a Christian. Come, come, Muster Pemberton," he continued, in a sterner tone, seeing that he was preparing for resistance, "showing fight is no go—I've got a warrant for your apprehension. I don't stand no nonsense where the stakes is a hundred pounds; and if you don't come along with me quietly, the railway porters will help me to bundle you into a carriage neck and crop. The train's just going to start, I see, so you must budge, willy-nilly. You'll excuse my taking hold of your arm. Don't know as ever I walked arm-in-arm wi' a tanner's man afore—he! he!"

Seeing that it was vain to deny any longer his identity, aware that escape was impossible, and utterly prostrated in spirits by this sudden arrest, the captive suffered himself to be led along the platform in silence, a state of affairs with which Unicorn was evidently by no means satisfied. Having a strong suspicion, from the looks and tones of the parties, that all was not right, he growled menacingly at the stranger, and gazing up at his master, inquired with his eyes whether or not he should fly at him; but a downward move of the hand made him forbear, though he still watched the object of his mistrust very closely, and with a particularly sullen snarl. At a word of command from his master, he submitted to be put into a large wicker basket on the top of the luggage van; the Bow-street officer, for such was the stranger's vocation, followed his prisoner into a second-class carriage—the bell rang, the whistle shrieked, and Pemberton was whirled rapidly along the rail, in a state of mental distress which few but the guilty can experience. Perhaps the faithful poodle, innocent as he was, would have been hardly less miserable, could he have known that he had been the sole cause of his master's arrest, and was thus answerable for all the consequences that might ensue from it.

To the great relief of Philip, who already deeply felt the disgrace of his situation, there were no other passengers in the carriage, in a corner seat of which he ensconced himself, too much engrossed by his own sad thoughts to make any reply to his companion when he rubbed his hands with manifest satisfaction, and said in a coarse voice,

"Well! this won't be a bad day's work, I reckon, but I ought to be well paid for all my trudgings back'ards and for'ards, and on such a briling day as this, too. Why, I calculate I must have walked a good sixteen or eighteen mile, fust and last, and nothing to support me, that's to say nothing to speak on, for bread and cheese ain't rump steaks, and the ale's uncommon poor in these parts."

To repel all such attempts at conversation, Philip shut his eyes, and pretended to doze; and his companion, either from sympathy or fatigue, or the effects of the ale, presently fell into a real, though not very sound sleep, for he quickly started up whenever the wheels ceased their monotonous and lulling effect, or the driver's whistle sounded.

While the fellow travellers are thus engaged, we may briefly record the circumstances which led to Philip's arrest. Although the forgery had been discovered when he fled from London, nothing had occurred to in-

culpate him as its perpetrator, until two of the bank notes he had received were traced to him, and a suspicion of his guilt being once aroused, his sudden abscondence materially tended to confirm it. Quickly now was verified his mistrust of Peter Crawley, for that worthy, always on the watch to make every occurrence subservient to his own advantage, lost no time in turning king's evidence, on a promise of immunity, and a handsome recompense to himself.

The offender being thus identified, a reward of a hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension, and the hand-bills to which we have alluded were widely circulated. It will be recollected that he quitted the railway carriage sooner than he had at first intended, in consequence of his being suspiciously scrutinised by a fellow traveller. More than once had this man, himself a native of the sister isle, seen him perform Irish characters at the private theatre, and some peculiarities in his appearance, and mistakes in his brogue, convinced him, in spite of his disguise, that he was no other than "the gem'man as belonged to that 'ere clever poodle."

This persuasion, however, awakened no further attention until, on his return to London, he saw the hand-bill, when he hurried off to his brother-in-law, a sharp Bow-street officer, communicating what he had seen, and stipulating for a portion of the reward, in case his intelligence should lead to the apprehension of the felon; adding, however, that it would be difficult to nab him as he had been accustomed to wear various disguises on the stage, and had probably already changed the one in which he had decamped. We have stated that the officer was a quick-witted man; he had heard that the poodle was a remarkably sagacious animal, and it immediately occurred to him that he might be made instrumental in the detection of his master under any disguise, however cunningly devised. Betaking himself accordingly to the party in whose charge he had been left, he showed the hand bill as a proof that the real owner was little likely to return, and made an offer for the purchase of the dog. The good woman, who had not previously heard of her late lodger's guilt, and who was one of the voluble dames that run on in their talk till their breath is exhausted, draw it in audibly and rapidly, and then make a fresh and more vigorous start, lifted up her hands, eyes, and voice, as she ejaculated,

"Gracious goodness me! Only to think! Mr. Pemberton a felon, and to dare for to come to my lodgings, who am notorious for being the respectablest house in the whole neighbourhood, and who once had a real alderman staying here upwards of two months, without ever stirring out because of them beastly bailiffs, and a Pole, who was either a patriarch, or a professor, or something of that sort in his country, and paid me all he owed except the last three weeks; why, I do say for a good-for-nothing forgerer to go and come to a house with such a character as mine is really quite monstrous! As for that spiteful unprincipled dog, who's not a bit better than his master, and quite capable of swindling, shop-lifting, robbing the till, and every thing that's pickpocketish, you shall have him at the price you mention, and welcome, though I can't say I believe he's a real natural creature any more than I am, but rather a four-footed witch of some sort, whereby you shall judge for yourself, for only last Wednesday I bought two pieces of dog's meat for his dinner, which might have been rather the worse for keeping, for the weather is muggy, but after all dogs, you know, dogs isn't Christians, and shouldn't give themselves airs as sich.

Well, sir, same day I had bought two beautiful mutton chops for my own dinner, and having got my fire in beautiful order for a brile, I goes me to the larder, and what should I see but my two mutton chops spirited clean away, and the two nasty pieces of dog's meat laid on the same plate in as nice apple-pie order as if they was the greatest delicacies in the world. I never was so took aback in all my life ; you might have knocked me down with a feather."

" You don't mean to say the dog had changed dinners with you ?"

" Yes, but I do though ; and the hanimal all as good as told me so, for when I looked round, he gaped open his mouth, and made a noise for all the world like a loud impudent bust of laughter ; but I wasn't going to be trod upon like a worm by a dog that's robbed me of a couple of chops, so I fetched him a famous blow with the roller, and, says I, there, my fine feller ! there's something you won't soon forget ; and sure enough he didn't, for that same afternoon the spiteful creature dragged the mat on to the dark kitchen stairs in sich a way, that as I was coming down with a dish of hash mutton, from the first-floor lodger's, I fell, and sliddered and bumped down to the very bottom of the stairs, filling one of my shoes with hot gravy, and breaking the dish all to shivers ; and no sooner had the dog heard the clatter, than he set up another aggravating laugh, louderer than the fust. If I could ha' caught him, I'd ha' cut off his t'other ear, that's what I would, for I know perfectly well it was all done on puppus. Howsever, I've done with him now, thank the fates ! and you may thank you'rn too, for you've got him a bargain, having luckily to deal with an honest woman, that scorns to take any advantage of any body."

The honesty of selling another person's dog, for the support of which money had been entrusted to her, might have been questioned by squeamish and over-scrupulous people ; but the contract was completed, the buyer walked away with his prize, secured by a string ; and the successful result of his speculation has already been detailed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE unhappy prisoner whom we left in the railway carriage, pretending to be asleep, but in reality contrasting the ignominy and certain ruin that awaited him, with the respect and prosperity that he might have enjoyed had he properly availed himself of the advantages he had possessed, was aroused from his painful reverie by the snoring of his companion, whose nodding and dozing had deepened into positive sleep, though he still started up on the smallest interruption to the rocking motion of the carriage. A louder snore than usual, implying a more complete unconsciousness, suddenly suggested to Philip the possibility of his jumping out, for the door on the side where he sat had not been fastened, and thus getting a new chance of escape. Well was he aware that the attempt might cripple him for ever, or even cost him his life ; but his situation was desperate, and he was ready to incur any risk that offered a chance of extrication. Always impulsive, he had no sooner conceived the thought than he determined on its execution. The window being already down, he slowly passed out his arm, turned the handle as noiselessly as possible, opened the door gently, and leaped out in the direction that the train was taking. As the carriage was near the end, and the driver chanced to be

gazing in an opposite direction, this daring and most perilous exploit escaped all notice, except that of the ever watchful Poodle, who barked vociferously, and made violent but vain efforts to break from the basket and join his master.

Fortunately for Philip, whose fearful exploit had occurred on an embankment, he descended upon some loose earth recently cast up, was thrown prostrate by the impetus he had received, and rolling rapidly down the opposite slope, was received upon some turf, whence he arose without having received the slightest injury, and ran to a near covert as the most immediate place of concealment. Gazing anxiously from this point in the direction of the train, he marked with alarm that there was a station at no great distance, well knowing that if the carriages stopped the officer would instantly awake, and probably effect his recapture. To his indescribable relief the train passed on, disappearing shortly in a cutting, and as he trusted that he would now have a respite of some duration, he took a survey of the neighbourhood, that he might decide what course to adopt. The country around him consisted of open fields, alternating with glades and copses, through which ran a winding river, fringed with pollard willows and thick bushes. Speeding across the intervening fields, he made for a thicket beside the water, for the double purpose of taking breath, and of holding a consultation with himself, a process that lasted some little time, for it was much easier to discover difficulties than the means of avoiding them.

While thus occupied, he saw a man approaching, whose figure presented an alarming resemblance to the bearer of the hand-bill by whom he had been questioned at the gate of the tannery, and whose movements he accordingly watched through the loopholes of the leaves with an intense anxiety. No footpath, no bridge, no discernible object was calculated to draw him to that particular spot, yet on he came directly towards it, and as Philip's mistrust gradually increased to the fearful conviction that he had been observed, and had been tracked to his lair, he resolved to betake himself to a still more effectual place of concealment. Throwing off, accordingly, his shabby clothes, he slipped into the river where an overhanging clump of alders formed an impervious screen, keeping nothing but his head above water, and determining to remain *perdu* till the coming stranger should have quitted the vicinity. He had now lost sight of him, but he heard his approaching footsteps; they sounded nearer and nearer still; they appeared to pass the spot, and presently, before he could have reached any distance, they ceased altogether. The pursuer, if such he really were, seemed to be at fault, but not to have abandoned the chace, and Philip had no alternative but to remain quiet till he could form a conjecture as to his further movements.

Some little time had thus elapsed when his anxiety increased to terror as he heard a splash in the water at no great distance, and caught the sound of a swimmer striking towards his hiding-place, as if for the purpose of seizing him, even in the river. Peering intently through the leaves, as he drew nearer he perceived that the object of his scrutiny was not, as he had apprehended, the man of the hand-bill, but a total stranger, and apparently a gentleman. Great was his delight at this discovery, still greater when he swam past him, not in apparent search of any one, but manifestly recreating himself by taking a bath, to which the warmth of the afternoon had probably tempted him. Philip, however, still kept his eye fixed upon him until an abrupt bend of the river hid him from sight.

when he deliberated, as far as the perturbation of his mind would allow, as to the best course of immediate action. Having already determined on assuming a new disguise as soon as he could, he availed himself of the present opportunity for completely washing off the colouring matter with which he had tinted his face and hands, so as completely to restore the fair and bright complexion he had received from Nature. An important question now remained to be decided. Should he steal away instantly, or wait till the bather had returned and taken his departure?

While revolving this point, Necessity, the mother of invention, or Danger, the father of happy expedients, suggested to him a stratagem, which had no sooner flashed across his mind than it was carried into instantaneous execution. Drawing himself noiselessly from the river, he ran along the bank till he reached the spot where the stranger had deposited his clothes, in which he rapidly invested himself, leaving nothing behind, but deferring the proper adjustment of his toilet to a less pressing occasion. Thus equipped, he again took to his heels, running away from the owner of his handsome suit, and always directing his flight towards the enclosed part of the country, until he had gained a start of several miles, when he thought he might safely rest himself, as the bather could not have marked his course, and even if he had, was little likely to pursue him in a state of nature. Having recovered his breath and cooled himself, he arranged his new and goodly suit after the most approved fashion, made a display of the handsome pin which he had found in the cravat, emerged from the covert which had been his dressing-room, and bending his steps towards a small country town a-head of him, he marched into it with a somewhat magisterial air, twirling by its silken tassel a valuable Indian cane with a carved ivory head. Entering the principal inn of the place he inquired how far it was to the railway station, and being told it was upwards of six miles he peevishly exclaimed,—

"Confound it! then I shall miss the train I want, after all. How very provoking that I should lose my way in cutting across the country. I hardly know what is best to be done, for I'm too tired to return home."

"You can have a supper and bed here, sir, and take the first train in the morning," was the disinterested suggestion of the landlord.

"Well, I suppose I must," was the reply. "See that I have a comfortable bed, and let me have a nice dinner and a bottle of your best wine as soon as possible, for I feel half-starved."

Upon this declaration, the guest was ushered into a small sitting-room where, having first locked the door and ascertained that none of the windows were overlooked, he proceeded to examine what was contained in the pockets of the dress which he had so unceremoniously appropriated. A silk purse, containing ten sovereigns and some loose silver, a gold watch with an additional hand to mark the seconds, a morocco case furnished with a lancet and other surgical instruments, several opened letters addressed to Messrs. Davis and Son, and a sealed one directed to Samuel Gibbons, Esq., Eccleshall, Staffordshire, were successively deposited on the table, forming a collection which, however it might have gratified a professed rogue, filled the bosom of the party now gazing at it with compunction and dismay. Although circumstances and temptation had hurried him into the forgery, it was perpetrated with a full intention of repaying the money, and a confident expectation of doing so before the fraud was discovered; but the valuables now displayed before him, and the manner in which he had obtained them, degraded him to the level of

a common thief, and lowered him in his own eyes. Repentance, however, came too late, and poor Philip had now to learn that when the first step has been taken, it is always difficult, and sometimes impossible, to pause in the career of crime. Laying, however, the flattering unction to his soul, that as self-preservation is the first law of nature, he was justified in violating the laws of property, and that as he knew the name and address of the proprietor, he might hereafter restore every farthing and every article,—an act of honesty upon which he was inflexibly resolved, although the exact time was rather indefinite, he quieted these self-upbraidings, and finally effected a triumph over them by exclaiming—“After all, every man will admit that necessity has no law.”

From the open letters, some of which were from patients, others allusive to social and domestic matters, and all dated from London, he gathered that Messrs. Davis and Son were surgeons and apothecaries in Bloomsbury, but what was the purport of the sealed letter, and why was it in the pocket whence it had been taken? More than mere curiosity was concerned in the solution of this question, for its contents might materially influence his plan of proceeding, or rather, might suggest a plan, for at present he had formed no scheme whatever. Breaking, therefore, the wax very carefully, so that it might easily be replaced, he unfolded the enclosure, and read as follows:—

“My Dear old Friend,—

“This letter will be handed to you by my son and partner—Augustus, who has seen all the letters that have passed between us on the subject of his marriage with your daughter, should she take a fancy to him; in which case, as I have already told you, he is quite ready to settle the whole of her fortune upon her. As they were such good friends when they played together as children—though I dare say they would hardly know one another after so many years’ separation, I do hope my dear Susan, of whom I used to be so fond when she was a cherry-cheeked little girl, will soon become my daughter-in-law.

“Augustus’s professional engagements, for I can assure you that he is a monstrous favourite with the Bloomsbury ladies, will not allow him to be long absent, but as we know all about each other, and understand one another perfectly, there can be no use in delay, and no objection to hurrying on the marriage, more especially as my declining health makes me anxious to see my dear boy settled. I need not repeat that he will have the whole business at my death. With best love to Susan, I am, my dear old friend,

“Yours, very truly,

“GABRIEL DAVIS.”

This was destined to be a day of sudden impulses leading to extraordinary results, for no sooner had the reader concluded the letter than he threw it down on the table, clapped his hands together, and ejaculated in a vehement whisper, “By Jove! the very thing! Hang me if I don’t personate the monstrous favourite with the Bloomsbury ladies, marry Susan—I dare say she’s a very pretty girl, apply part of her fortune to the payment of the bankers, and the hushing up of that infernal forgery affair, and live like an honest man all the rest of my days! Every thing combines to ensure success; the old folks have settled all the preliminaries; so many years have elapsed since the parties met, that no suspicion will be entertained as to my identity; the father himself recommends that

the marriage should be hurried forward, and if I have any luck I may carry off the heiress before the original bridegroom can supplant me. Poor devil! I wonder what he's about at this moment. Running up and down the river's bank, I suppose, in his birthday suit, ha! ha! ha! No, no, I have it, I have it; that will be ten thousand times better. He will find my old clothes; he will be obliged in self-defence to put them on; he will sneak away to escape observation; the fellow with the hand-bill when he got to the "Cricketers" will doubtless have raised a general hue and cry for my apprehension; the wearer of my clothes is pretty sure to be encountered, arrested and committed to prison; and in the meantime the wearer of his clothes will be fixing the day for his marriage with the cherry-cheeked little heiress. Capital! how romantic, and how dramatic! In short, this adventure is expressly made for me, and I am expressly made for the adventure."

His jubilant soliloquy was interrupted by the appearance of dinner, to which he did ample justice; with the assistance of cigars the bottle was gradually despatched, and feeling thoroughly exhausted, not only from the bodily fatigues, but from the exciting events which had so rapidly succeeded each other he retired to bed at an early hour and presently forgot all his past and future perils in a sound sleep.

A VISIT TO THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF CRESSY AND AGINCOURT.

IN LETTERS ADDRESSED TO H. P. SMITH, ESQ.

By H. L. LONG, ESQ.

LETTER II.

CRESSY.

IT was not mere accident or caprice that conducted Edward to the fields of Créssy, as a suitable arena for bringing the quarrel between him and his adversary Philip to the arbitration of the sword. "Here," said he, "we will fight. I am now upon the lawful possessions of my lady mother, given to her as her marriage portion." Edward drew some happy augury from the circumstance of his standing, as it were, upon his own territory, and therefore no longer to be regarded in the character of an aggressor. He was himself Comte de Ponthieu, and when a boy of thirteen, under the title of Earl of Chester, had done homage to Charles-le-Bel for the fief, having been invested with it by his father, in order to escape himself from an act of submission which was insufferable to him. Again in 1328, even when King of England, Edward the Third had done homage at Amiens on the accession of Philip of Valois, as a vassal of the French crown, which at the very time he laid claim to as his own. We may well believe that if these humiliations were disgusting to the English monarch, it was not less offensive to the King of France to have a rival sovereign in possession of territories situated within the precincts of his kingdom, and accordingly we find that while one party was perpetually endeavouring to evade the odious ceremony of doing homage, the other was seeking every opportunity of confiscating the fief, and annexing it to the crown of France. The Comté of Ponthieu was the heritage of Eleanor of Castille, the beloved consort of

the first Edward. It descended to her as the heiress of a long line of ancestors of different houses, among whom Robert-le-Diable enjoys an unenviable distinction. This comté boasted itself as the most ancient fief of the Frankish monarchy, claiming an existence as early as the middle of the seventh century. Various are the derivations assigned to the name of "Pagus Pontinus," or "Provincia Pontina," some deducing it "à multitude Pontium," and one author, less felicitously, discovers it to be a translation of Portus Itius, "mot-à-mot Pons Itieu, et par contraction, Ponthieu," and yet the early title of "Dux Franciæ maritimæ seu Ponticæ," seems to offer no objectionable origin for the name. Be that as it may, Eleanor of Castille transmitted the honours and embarrassments of Ponthieu to her son Edward the Second, who settled its revenues as pin-money upon his wife, Isabella of France, and she, who survived until the year 1357, was the undoubted possessor of Ponthieu at the time when her chivalrous son and more chivalrous grandson marshalled an army at Cressy to defend her rights.

Cressy itself was in those days a place of far greater consideration than the mere "chef lieu de Canton" into which it is now dwindled, and in still earlier times is ascertained to have possessed one of "ces immenses fermes," described by Thierry, "où les rois francs tenait leur cour et qu'ils préféraient aux plus belles villes de la Gaule." Here, too, they had one of their strongholds. "Il existe encore à Cressy des restes, des fondations de cette maison royale." Subsequently the Comtes de Ponthieu occasionally resided at Cressy. (See also "Account for repairs at Cressy," Chapter-house Library at Westminster, l. i. 4.)

Etymology, even in our native tongue, is somewhat of a service of danger, but to attempt it in a foreign language is like playing with edged tools. I shall venture, however, to hazard a conjecture that Estrées-les-Cressy derives its name from the same source as the "strats" and "streets" embodied in the names of places in our own country, and that les-Cressy may be a corruption of les-croissées, indicating a situation where two roads cross, where the streets—or viæ stratae—se croissent—the great Roman military highway from Lyons to Boulogne, laid down by Marcus Agrippa during his command in Gaul in the year after the battle of Actium, crossed the Somme at Amiens, and the Anthie at Ponches (Pontes), and in its passage straight across the intermediate country, runs close to Estrées-les-Cressy, bearing in many places the not unusual appellation for such works, that of Chaussée Brunhault. The other intersecting road, one, perhaps, of Gaulish origin, and anterior to that of the Romans, pointed, and still points away from the ford at Blanquetaque, traversing the forest as the "Chemin Vert," from Noyelle to Cressy, which it approaches near an ancient farm called "le Donjon," and leads to Therouenne, the ancient capital of the Morini, having crossed the Anthie at La Broye. These roads have now yielded in importance to the various routes royales which concentrate themselves at Abbeville; but Abbeville sprang into existence, or at least is noticed in history, not earlier than the year 861, whereas Amiens was found by Julius Cæsar a town of importance sufficient to induce him to select it, on his return from Britain, as the rendezvous for the general council of the Gauls. While therefore Amiens existed un eclipsed by Abbeville, its road to Boulogne would have been one of the most important in Gaul, and Estrées-les-Cressy, placed at a point of union with another considerable highway, would have been conveniently situated in those times of deficient com-

munication ; moreover, Cressy enjoys some peculiar natural advantages, enough to allure more fastidious tastes than those of the barbarous Frankish sovereigns. The bourg is enjoyably seated on the south slope of its hill, on a good dry soil, overlying chalk ; the air is said to be particularly pure and salubrious ; the clear little stream of the Maye flows through the meadows before it ; on the north, behind it, expands a high undulating, agreeable extent of open country, while to the south the grand forest of Cressy held out irresistible attractions to the mighty hunter, whether Merovingian, Carolingian, Norman, or Bourbon, all enthusiastic devotees of the chase. This royal forest still abounds with roe-deer ; the wolf, the boar, and the red-deer are become extinct, but wolves during the middle ages existed in such formidable numbers that the municipal authorities at Abbeville offered rewards “ aux veneurs et sergents de la forêt de Crécy et aux veneurs de plusieurs nobles pour les engager à redoubler de vigilance contre les loups, afin que *iceux leux ne joissent dommages aux bonnes gens du pays* et aux bourgeois qui avoient bestes à laines.” These animals, assembling in troops, penetrated into villages, and sometimes even into towns. “ Ils infestaient tellement les routes que le chapelain de l’Hotel Dieu, qui allait dire la messe à Saint Nicholas-des-essarts, était obligé de se faire accompagné par un dogue pour se défendre contre leurs attaques ou contre les voleurs.” M. Louandre records the chase of a stag, extracted from “ *Le Parfait Chasseur*” (Paris, 1683) which would have excited the envy of our Plantagenet Nimrods. “ Au XVII^e siècle il y avait encore dans la forêt de Crécy des cerfs d’une force vraiment extraordinaire. L’un de ces animaux ayant été attaqué, dans cette forêt, par le Duc d’Angoulême, Comte de Ponthieu, en fit deux fois le tour, passa l’Anthie et ne put être atteint que dans le Boulonnais. Il s’y défendit encore de telle sorte qu’il blessa un des piqueurs, en abattit un autre, et que tous les chasseurs furent obligés de l’attaquer avec précaution, et à la faveur des arbres. Il avait le plus beau corsage et la plus belle tête qu’on pût voir. Le Duc d’Angoulême dit qu’on n’en avait jamais rencontré qui eussent fait une plus belle course que celle-là, car elle dura plus de sept heures. Il y a peu de forêts, dit Lelincourt, où les cerfs aient de semblables forces.” It is not likely that these attractive sports would have been overlooked by the English Comtes de Ponthieu, or that Edward while he resided during his youth in the comté would have failed to visit Cressy and enjoy the sports of the field over the very ground where in his manhood he afterwards engaged in the more desperate game of war. I observed several partridges in walking over the fields of Cressy, as well as among the low coppice wood of the Grange, and the quail, just arrived from Africa, was beginning to make itself audible among the young green corn. So this description of game has re-established itself, although our countrymen are accused of having exterminated it during their occupation of Picardy in the days of Henry VI. There is rather an amusing account of their proceedings in this respect extracted by M. Louandre from a manuscript of the fifteenth century, by Pierre C. Pietre, Abbot of St. Ricquier, which is preserved in a private library at Abbeville. From this ancient “ *Cronique*” it appears that the English, holding possession of St. Ricquier, committed great devastation in the vicinity. “ *En abattant arbres en gardins, et allées—et tout le bas à carpenter et plusieurs méchants maisons de ladite ville . . . Et faisant merveilleux dommage, au bas de l’abbaye . . . copant et abattant tous les plus beaux arbres sans pitié . . . les dits Anglois durant l’iver*

mangèrent même tous le cats de ladite ville et disoient en leur langage qu'il les aimoient mieux que conins (lapins) et si prendront par engins tous les lèvres, conins, et pertris du pays environs, car ils'avoient gens à ce propices et savoient la manière de les prendre."

We may gather from this old Chronicler's story, if it can be relied upon, that the practice of eating cats, with which we rally our continental neighbours, is, after all, the result of a lesson taught by the English, who if they have now abandoned this taste, have kept up the art of trapping hares, rabbits, and partridges in undiminished perfection.

The town of Cressy, as we drove along its broad street, rather reminded me of Alton, although I fear our Hampshire town would not be much flattered by the discovery of any resemblance. There are the substructures of the fortress of the Frankish feudatories said to exist still, and the church, composed principally of chalk, and exhibiting the various architecture of all ages since the twelfth century, may possess the lower portion of its tower, its doorway, and the columns of its nave, co-eval with the time of Edward, but not a vestige of a monument of any victim of the great battle remains, and the good-humoured old curé and his assistant assured me that no memorial whatever of that great event could be discovered. But on the hill above the town stands the tower, now a windmill,* but once intended for other purposes, which, with its walls of solid masonry, seven feet thick, coated externally with chalk, is in all probability the identical building that formed the key of Edward's right flank, and from the summit of which he surveyed the field of battle.

The original purport of this tower may be questionable, but it appeared to me not unlikely to have been erected as a sort of look out in those days of constant alarm, to give notice to the palace below of any hostile approach; perhaps too as a kind of Pharos, like that described by Mr. Pusey, in his account of Lincoln-heath, or what we still see at Woking, amid the waste wastes of Surrey, to guide the night-wandering traveller along the "*Chemin vert*," or the belated hunters, whose pursuit of some one of the great stags of Cressy had led them far away into the Boulonnais or Artois.

The brilliant sunshine and bracing air, which attended our visit to Cressy, together with the exhilarating influence of a springy April day, may have assisted in producing the favourable impression, but Cressy struck us as being most happily situated, combining all the enjoyments usually sought for in this country, and amply justifying the preference shown it by the Merovingian monarchs over "*les plus belles villes de la Gaule*." What the then "*belles villes de la Gaule*" may have been, we may conjecture by the circumstance of the odoriferous mud of Paris having been perceptible at some leagues' distance, while Cressy cannot have been less agreeable then than it is now, and one great satisfaction in imagining it consists in the security we feel that the aspect of the country has undergone no change. The town of course has suffered various transformations, but we may confidently assume that the Grange, and the wood of Estrées on one side, as well as the meadows of the Maye, on the other, remain unaltered in appearance, and that the interjacent

* There are three or four windmills on the hill of Cressy, but they are of wood, and totally dissimilar to the massive masonry of the old tower. Nevertheless, some such mill existed at the time of the battle. In a MS. (No. 7136) in the "*Bibliothèque du Roi*," the Prince of Wales is described as placed "*amont les champs près d'un moulin et par derrière un bois*."

open space where the battle was fought is precisely in the state in which it existed when Edward took up a position on the hill above the town, and prepared his forces for the reception of the enemy. The selection of this admirable military position is universally considered to have displayed great judgment on the part of Edward and his marshals, and the vast numerical inferiority of his army was in some degree compensated by their judicious arrangements, and by the interval of repose obtained by the troops previous to the approach of the enemy.

The hill of Cressy, thus occupied by the English army, is a broad shoulder of land, proceeding from the high open country on the north. It presents a considerable escarpment at its southern extremity, overlooking the town of Cressy, as well as on its west side, the rear of Edward's position. On the eastern side the escarpment is less marked, and gradually diminishes until united with the level of the plateau on the north. The valley in front of this side, bearing the name of the Vallée des Clercs, much resembles that well-known hollow between the English and French positions at Waterloo, except that, instead of being a uniform depression, as at Waterloo, one end of the Vallée des Clercs slopes to the Maye, and the other rises gradually up to the plateau above. Edward's army occupied the brow overlooking this valley; his right wing rested on the town of Cressy, in which a strong detachment was placed, with the intention apparently of defending the passage of the Maye, a very insignificant stream, not more than seven or eight feet broad, but still, in connexion with its marshy meadow, capable of adding considerably to the security of Edward's situation. The King of England in person commanded the right wing, where the tower acted as an excellent observatory for the whole country. The youthful Prince of Wales, then in his sixteenth year, was nominally entrusted with the command of the left wing, but the Marshals Warwick and Harcourt, as well as the Lords Chandos and Holland, were with him, to protect the person and guide the actions, without diminishing the glory of the heir-apparent of the crown. The left wing of the army was on this occasion the post of honour and danger, for it possessed none of the advantages of ground which characterised the rest of the position. There was no natural escarpment on this side, where the plateau of the hill of Cressy uniting on a level with the high ground on the north, offers, of course, the easiest access to an attacking enemy. The insecurity of this extremity of his position was not disregarded by Edward: he accordingly provided against it by a fortification constructed after the fashion of Attila and his Huns upon the plains of Chalons. He collected all his own baggage-waggons, as well as all the carts and carriages of the country upon which he could lay his hands, and formed with them a barricade of considerable strength, which actually proved of most essential service in the very crisis of the battle. In front of the men-at-arms of the Prince's line, stood those formidable archers whose cloth-yard shafts became for many years such terrible instruments of destruction wherever they flew. This redoubtable phalanx, forming nearly half the army, was drawn up in the figure of a triangle, which Froissart compares to the "herse," the common French wooden harrow, an implement we see lying about in all directions in France, by the sides of the fields and roads, or suspended by its pointed end under the eaves of the farm-buildings, of so very primitive and simple a nature, that no agricultural associations can by any possibility have improved upon the pristine model, which probably

dates from the days of Triptolemus. Thus was formed the line of battle, extending all along the crest of the ridge which faces towards the gentle declivity of the Vallée des Clercs. Behind the line was Edward's reserve, under the command of the Earl of Arundel, and still further in the rear, all his baggage, parked, and backed by the wood of Cressy Grange. Among the various discordant enumerations of the English forces, the exact truth, if it was ever known, has been lost irrecoverably; but as Edward's army, on his first arrival in Normandy, did not exceed 40,000 men, it is not likely that more than from 25,000 to 30,000 were brought into the field at Cressy.

The Prince of Wales, by Edward's order, was armed with a black cuirass of richly wrought steel, from which circumstance he was ever afterwards surnamed the Black Prince; the king himself does not appear to have armed immediately for battle, but at an early hour in the morning of the ever-memorable day, the 26th of August, 1346, he rode along the line, dressed in a cap and mantle of green velvet, ornamented with gold, and holding a white staff in his hand, to inspect and animate his soldiers; after exhorting them to conduct themselves with honour, he forbade on pain of death that any man for the sake of pillage should dare to quit the ranks, for if the fortune of the day should declare against them, all booty would be useless; he caused them to receive the sacrament, to rest, seated on the ground, with their helmets and bows before them, and above all, "*boire et mengier un morsiel et rafraichir*," so that they might be vigorous and ready for action on the arrival of the enemy. "When every man," says Hollingshed, "was gotten into order of battle, the king leapt upon a white hobby, and rode from rank to rank to view them, the one marshall on his right hand, and the other on his left, desiring every man that day to have regard to his right and honour; he spoke it so courteously and with so good a countenance, that even they which before were discomfited, took courage on hearing him speak such sweet and loving words amongst them. It was nine of the clock yea ever he had thus visited all his 'vassals' (divisions), and thereupon he caused every man to eat and drink a little, which they did at their leisure." The appearance of cannon at Cressy is more remarkable, from the circumstance of that being the first battle in which they were ever employed, than from their having performed any real service during the engagement. The fact of their being there at all has even been doubted, from the silence of Froissart, who has been charged also with a wilful suppression of all mention of them, in order to elevate the glory of the English arms. But Villani, who died within two years of the battle, expressly describes their dreadful noise, and their effect upon men and horses. Moreover, the MS. preserved at Amiens affirms that, "*li Angles descliquierent aucuns kanons qu'il avoient en la bataille*." One of these antique guns is still in the Tower of London, having escaped the conflagration of 1841. Whatever they were, and in whatever numbers, we can hardly suppose that they told with any degree of effect upon the events of the day, so as to tend in the least to the final issue of the conflict.

Firmly planted on the Hill of Cressy, with a marvellous hardihood, undaunted by disparity of numbers, and undisturbed by the presence of his boy son in the face of imminent danger, the English monarch, with his five-and-twenty thousand men, quietly awaited the approach of his hundred thousand enemies.

T I C K ;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD ETON BOY.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT, AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE COLONIES; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF AN EMIGRANT."

CHAPTER XXVI.

PEOPLE may talk as they please of the advantages of civilisation ; but there is one characteristic of the present social system which may suggest a doubt, whether after all, the balance is all on one side ; and that is the modern system of all the world being in debt. If those respectable savages, our forefathers—and respectable they must be presumed to have been seeing how very fond most persons are of referring to their "ancestors"—and it being indisputable that the further they go back the less clothed and the more savage their ancestors must have been ;—I say, if those respectable savages, our forefathers, had to bear the inconveniences of mud huts without chimneys, and villages without drainage, and were obliged to live in a little dirt ; on the other hand, they enjoyed the inestimable advantage of not being in debt ! The furniture and conveniences of their dwellings were, doubtless, of the simplest kind, and when they went abroad to take the air, they were content to array themselves in unsophisticated sheepskins ; it is true also, that having a naturally-philosophical contempt for death with a concomitant disregard for the lives of other people, they were in the habit, too unceremoniously, of killing their friends and relations, and occasionally of eating them—a state of things repugnant to our notions of polite behaviour and to modern cookery, and calculated to engender family animosities ; but, then, to counterbalance those disagreeables, it must be remembered, that they had no acceptances to pay ! They lived in that blessed time before the invention of bills of exchange ! and savages as they were, they were not so savage as to have devised the modern laws of debtor and creditor ; laws, which, although still suffered to exist in this civilised and professing-Christian state, are, by the declaration of four living lord-chancellors and of one some time since deceased (Lord Eldon) and by the unanimous opinion of all thinkers and writers, justly reprobated as vicious and demoralising, and most disgraceful to the legislature ; and which seem to have been devised rather by a conclave of demons in hell with the desire of spreading mischief, and hatred, and misery among mankind, than by a Christian people professing to deal with one another according to the precepts of Christian charity ; but to dwell further on this point, at this time, would be too digressive ; I return, therefore, to my story.

Tormented with the thoughts of my own experience of one of the miseries of civilisation, and perplexed with the difficulty of breaking the matter to my father, I mechanically followed my horse into the stable and sat down upon the corn-bin. There I remained for a considerable time in a melancholy reverie. Our ancient coachman, who was now

grown full of years (and beer), but who still retained for me that affection which he had originally conceived for me as his quasi-foster-son, from the memorable circumstance of my nurse having borrowed for my use the baby-clothes of his own forthcoming heir-apparent, observed my depression; and seeing from the forlorn expression of my countenance that something lay heavy, like a truss of hay, upon my heart, he leaned benevolently on his pitchfork with which he was dressing up my horse's bed, and attempted words of comfort.

"Sorry to see you out of sorts, Master Leander."

Sometimes he called me master and sometimes mister; on occasions of ceremony making use of the latter distinction, and falling into the more familiar "master" at times when his sympathy was called into exercise by the show of any grief or disturbance on my part.

"Sorry to see you out of sorts; nothing gone wrong nowadays with Sultan, I hope?"

"Nothing," said I.

"Hasn't been down?" (here he smoothed down my horse's knees with his hand); "all right there?"

"No," said I.

"Been shy at his leaps, p'rhaps; you do put him to it sometimes, I must say, Master Leander; a horse is only a horse after all."

"It's not that," said I.

The old coachman took a deliberate and scientific survey of my favourite horse, including his fetlocks, shoes, and froggs, and ending with his tail, which he combed out affectionately with a comb which he took from his waistcoat-pocket.

"You see, Master Leander," said he, "that a horse is only a horse, and hasn't the sense of a Christian, although for that matter I've seen one of 'em do for an old horse that had lost his teeth what Christians wouldn't do for one another, and that is, chew his victuals for him, but still you see, they haven't got quite the sense of Christians; and if you've been a-putting him at that piece of water that you turned him over in t'other day, why you mustn't be surprised if he gibb'd a bit; a burnt child dreads the fire, you know, Master Leander, and so may a drowned horse shy the water."

Having delivered himself of this philosophical apophthegm, which he evidently regarded as a rhetorical hit, he applied himself again to the horse's tail to which he gave an additional finish with his iron comb, and then leaning complacently on his pitchfork, he awaited my reply.

"I never went near the water," I replied—still musing.

My old friend mused upon this, also; it was plain that there was something wrong with his young master, but what it was, since the horse was all right, it was out of his power to divine. But as a natural association of ideas suggested to him that my melancholy had something to do with the house which I had left; and as certain remarks had already been begun to be spread abroad about my adventures ghostly and otherwise, the affectionate instinct of my quasi-foster-father led him to surmise that the hitch lay in that quarter, and that my pretensions in respect to the young lady had not met with a satisfactory reception. This was a delicate point to touch on; but as he had my interest too much at heart not to enter into all my likes and dislikes as if they were his own, he contrived to

convey his inquiries and consolations, like the Eastern patriarchs of old, in the shape of parables :—

"I've sometimes thought, Master Leander," said he, "that if we could sift away our troubles as I am sifting these oats, it would be a good thing for all of us. You see the same saddle won't fit every horse, and you can't have any thing quite the real thing in this world, Master Leander, not even oats, although master does give the best price for 'em as a gentleman should do, and they cost him almost as much as if he grew 'em himself ! But, you see, there's chaff and husks in all our pleasures, Master Leander; now, to my mind it's the wisest thing to blow the chaff away and to riddle the husks through the sieve and enjoy the corn that's left behind without fretting about the rubbish."

"You are quite a philosopher," said I, with a melancholy smile.

"Well—I've heard that word before, tho' I can't say I understand exactly the meaning of it; but it's something complimentary, no doubt, Master Leander, or you wouldn't make use of it to an old friend like me."

"It means that to drive through the world so as to be disturbed with the jolts as little as possible, one must be a philosopher."

"Well—Master Leander, I dare say what you say is very right, but to my mind now, it's best to drive so as not to make any jolts, and then, you see, you needn't trouble yourself about the bearing of them as you wouldn't have any to bear."

"You speak," said I, "like a second Socrates!"

"And whose coachman was he? Well—that's no odds; but you see the hay that the old coach-horse is straining after in the rack yonder; that bit that's fallen across the hoop. Now, you see, he can't get it strain as he may, for he can't make his neck longer than it is, let him strain never so much; but if you'll give it a shove down for him, then you see he can make a mouthful of it; and that's what I call one friend helping another, Master Leander."

"What I want is beyond your help!" said I, with a sigh.

"Sorry for it, Master Leander; I wish the wheel went round the other way:—but some troubles for certain are worse than others, as some horses have splints and sand-cracks more than others, and the best jockey that ever dealt in horseflesh can't tell the reason of it. I remember one day when I was waiting at table, I heard an army officer say, that the very worst troubles come from money and women, and that it is sometimes from having too little and sometimes too much of the one, and always from having too little of t'other; and I think what the gentleman said was right for I've observed with horses. . . ."

What was the point of philosophy which the worthy coachman intended to illustrate, and what were the points of similarity between women and horses which he was about to adduce, must be for ever lost to posterity, for at the words "money and women" unintentional and unpremeditated as was the hit, it came upon me suddenly, as a "hit upon the raw" to avail myself of stable phraseology, and I started up and paced up and down the stable for a brief space with evident signs of perturbation in my countenance.

The old man evinced his sympathy with my trouble by a look of extreme anxiety and by a prolonged and meditative scratch of his head

which, with him, as with many, was the outward and visible sign of the trouble and embarrassment within.

Now, the long service of the ancient coachman in the family, added to the peculiar relations which existed between himself and me for the reason which I have already mentioned, had established much familiarity between us ; besides, he had been my friend and counsellor from my boyhood upwards ; it was he who held me on my first pony ; who had taught me how to ride ; and who had instructed me in the craft and mysteries of driving, and of horsemanship. All this established a claim to my confidence which had been freely given to him in various of my youthful frolics ; and although I had arrived at an age when the former familiarity between us had necessarily become changed into the growing respect due to my beard and whiskers, I thought, as this was a matter relating to horses and therefore properly in his line, that I might with propriety avail myself of his assistance to get me out of my difficulty.

"That," said I, pointing to my horse ; "that is the cause of my present trouble."

"What! Sultan the cause of your trouble!" said the coachman slapping him affectionately on the thigh ; "Sultan! what way can that be!"

"It's just this way," said I ; "when I bought him I gave a bill for him at six months, and that confounded bill is due ; and, by George, I can't take it up. . . ."

"But surely," said my stable friend, interrupting me, "no one would think of troubling a gentleman to pay his bill! Of course a gentleman pays his bills when it's convenient to him ; although to be sure in buying a horse it's always considered a ready-money affair ; it's not like buying soap and candles ; buying a horse is like a bet—a sort of debt of honour."

"The plain fact is," said I, "that I gave my acceptance for Sultan there—eighty pounds was the price—and I must pay it to-day. Now do you think, coachman, that you can sell him for me instantly so that I might have the money?"

"But what would master say to it?"

"Oh! as to my father, leave me to explain it to him. It's my horse and I may keep him or sell him as please ; what I want is the money."

But it was in vain that we put our heads together to "raise the needful" as the coachman expressed it, on the sudden ; in a few days, he had no doubt he said, that he could sell the horse ("not for the price which I gave for him of course"); but to do it on the instant was, as he emphatically pronounced it, "impossible." In the meantime, the minutes were running away, and the hour was approaching when I should have to meet the abominable Peter ; and either to endure the humiliation of breaking my promise to him and to the father of Lavinia, or to leave him master of the field with the opportunity of carrying on his operations with all the advantage of my absence. Thus perplexed, I soliloquised aloud as to the best way of confessing the matter to my father, assisted occasionally by sympathising hints from my friend the coachman ; but plan and contrive as I could, I could not contrive any plan which was not open to some objection. At last, wearied with my fruitless endeavours, I exclaimed in despair, "By George I am regularly floored, and what to do I know no more than that old coach-horse!"

"If I might be so bold as to point out the road," said the coachman,

"I think I know how I would drive, Master Leander, if I was holding the reins?"

"And how is that?"

"Why I hope you won't turn restive; but instead of planning how to draw off this way and how to draw on that, and how to shave on this side and how to cut in on that, I would just keep on my own side of the road and drive straight on and tell the governor at once that there's a spoke out of one of your wheels, and that if he don't lend you a lift, there must be a breakdown; I'm sure that's always the best way—specially between father and son—to save a dead-lock. And the sooner you do what must be done, the better; for you see, Master Leander, it's like putting a jibbing horse to a stone wall; he may shy and twist, and turn and start as he may, but when he finds the spurs rammed into him and that take the leap he must, why then, you see, he does it at last and no thanks to him, when he might have done it with a good grace at first and saved himself from the pain of the rowels."

"By George," said I, "coachman, you are right! you counsel like Plato himself," and without stopping to reply to his interrogatories as to whether Plato, like Socrates, was also a coachman, or to his expressions of surprise, that, if the two were such "whips" as I seemed to represent them, "he had never heard tell of them in any yard that ever he'd been in," I determined to act on his honest and straightforward advice without delay; and with that intent I forthwith repaired to my father's presence.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Now, although I made my way straight to my father's study door; opened it; went in; and sat down with a sort of determination to make a straightforward confession of my embarrassment; when I had got so far I found a difficulty in beginning which for some time I could not get over. It was not that my father was austere or niggardly towards me in regard to my expenses; but there is an awkwardness in asking for money even from one's own father—albeit that that convenient personage is generally considered as a legitimate object for plunder—that convinces me that man has become possessed, by civilisation, with a sort of additional instinct in regard to money matters; and that the disinclination to try the experiment of getting it out of others arises from the consciousness of our own extreme disinclination to part with it when we have got it ourselves.

There is a wide field for philosophising on this subject; but I will say only this; that I think those who aver that wherever there is a mischief or an embarrassment there is always a woman at the bottom of it, are under a mistake; and that the real truth is, that, wherever there is a mischief or an embarrassment, MONEY is at the bottom of it. It is the lending, and the borrowing, and the losing, and the want of it, which separates parent from child, friend from friend, family from family, and nation from nation; and far from agreeing with the Latin poet in his opinion of "*opes irritamenta malorum*," to my mind it is not the possession but the want of them that causes most of the mischief; with money one can do a vast variety of agreeable and comfortable things, and the

consciousness of its possession makes us not only of a smiling humour inside, but all the world outside is invested with a smiling appearance also ; but without it the darkness of the soul within is but a counterpart of the blackness of the world's looks without. Money, in short, in our present state of civilisation is every thing ; all else, nothing. You may get on in the world very well without merit, without beauty, without worth, without honesty ; but you can't get on without money. It is the Alpha and Omega of all qualifications. Get money—never mind how—but get money, and “all other things,” according to the new apostolic faith, “will be given unto thee !”

Only get money, and more money will be heaped on you ; with pieces of plate as a testimonial of your merit in having got money, and a seat in parliament which you may buy with your money ; and a peerage if you have a mind for it as a reward for your having money. Therefore, I say, tear up your children's copybooks which abound in the fallacious texts of “Despise riches” and “Try to be good rather than wealthy,” and such-like obsolete phrases, and change them for more useful, and practised and really golden rules of life ; let your copies be “Remember that a man is nothing without money ;” “Get money my son—honestly if you can—but get money ;” and above all, impress well into your children's minds, “Get money, and all other things will be given unto thee.”

Some such thoughts as these, forming the germs of future ideas, passed through my mind as I sat in, my father's study contemplating how I should, in the most straightforward manner, confess to him the mess I was in, and ask for his help to get out of it ; but the difficulty was how to begin. Fortunately for me, as soon as he had finished a letter that he was writing, he relieved me from my embarrassment by furnishing the opening from himself :—

“I have been writing a letter to—(it's very odd that none of us know his name !)—I mean to the proprietor of Willow Lodge, to thank him and the family for the care they took of you yesterday ; not that I am fond of writing letters, but your mother particularly wished me to write it ; and it is always right to be civil, although there was something about the people there, I thought, that smacked of the shop. I wonder what he has been ? And that Miss McDragon was rather a frigid personage ;—but the girl was well enough—modest and well-behaved and rather pretty your mother thinks ; besides she is an heiress ; not that I think an heiress is always a prize, for they generally consider that by virtue of bringing you a fortune they have a right to spend all that they bring themselves and yours besides. But I was not thinking of that. What I want to do is to thank them in suitable terms for the service they have rendered to us—and we are an old family—through you ; as your mother says, we owe them a debt of gratitude.”

“I wish it was the only debt that we owed them,” said I, taking advantage of the opening, and “cutting in,” as my friend the coachman would have said, resolutely.

“Eh ?”

“I wish,” I repeated, “it was the only debt that we owed them.”

“What do you mean,” said my father, turning round in his chair, and gazing at me with a dubious look ; “why what have you been doing ?”

“The plain fact is, my dear father, that I have been very indiscreet.”

"Indiscreet ? How ? Has it any thing to do with the young lady ?"

"Nothing directly ; but the truth is that I have been so foolish as to put my name to a bill."

"And what have they to do with that ?"

"Just this ; there is a certain Mr. Peter McDragon"

"And who the devil is he ?"

"The deuce of it is that he holds my bill ; and he is a nephew of the Miss McDragon. . . ."

"Of the she-Dragon ?"

"Exactly ; somehow or other he has got hold of my acceptance—it is for eighty pounds—which I know it was exceedingly foolish and wrong for me to give. . . ."

At this point my mother entered the room, and I felt considerably relieved, for, from my father's brow I observed that he was getting serious, and I felt instinctively that in my mother I should have an ally.

"What is the matter ?" she began, when she observed my father's look which, from long experience, she knew portended a storm, and saw also that I sat very ill at ease ; "what is the matter with Leander, my dear, that you look at him so seriously ?"

"It's a serious matter," said my father ; "Leander has been signing his name to bills."

"Only one bill," I ventured to observe.

"One bill, sir, is too much ;" hastily rejoined my father.

My mother saw that mischief was brewing ; she endeavoured to turn the subject.

"Leander, have you found out the name of our new friends at Willow Lodge ? it's very odd that none of us know the owner's name !"

"Upon my word," said I, "I was so vexed with what occurred there to-day, that I quite forgot to ask about the name ; but there's a new personage who has made his appearance."

"And who is that ?" asked my mother.

"A nephew of Miss McDragon's."

"A nephew ! Is he good-looking ? What sort of a person is he ? What's his age ?"

"Neither good-looking nor bad-looking so far as that goes," said I ; "some years older than I am. He seem to be a great favourite with the uncle and aunt."

"Then he is cousin to the young lady," said my mother, musing.

"Just so," said I ; "and it is this fellow, confound him, who holds my bill : that's the worst of it."

Whether it was that my kind mother's thoughts ran the same way as mine in respect to the he-McDragon, I do not know ; but after a few moments' silence she began to urge my father vehemently to get the bill out of "such a person's" hands ; expressing her wonder and indignation at the same time, that any one pretending to be a gentleman, which she was quite sure he was not, could do such an indelicate thing as to ask to have a bill paid—and in his own house too !

"You have not told me what you have given it for ?" said my father, slowly and gravely, and without giving any indication of being moved by my mother's intercession.

"It was for my horse, Sultan," said I, colouring up in much confusion, for I felt that this was the pinch of the delinquency.

"For that horse! I thought you paid for it at the time—six months ago;—you had the money for it!"

"I had," said I, in a subdued tone of voice, "and I intended to pay for it at the time; but somehow the money slipped through my fingers, and . . ."

"Slipped through your fingers! But this is very wrong," said my father in a severe tone; "the money was given to you for a particular purpose, and you ought not to have applied it to any other way. As to its slipping through your fingers, that's nonsense."

"No, my dear," said my mother, "it's not nonsense, it's very true; for I know how money does slip through one's fingers myself. I'm sure I don't know how it is, but whenever I have any money it seems, positively, to have wings and to fly away of itself, one doesn't know how, and when one looks for it, it is gone!"

"Pooh!" said my father; "women know nothing of money-matters; I tell you that this putting of his name to bills is very wrong, and I am exceedingly angry with him—especially as the money was given to him for the very thing that he gave the bill for!"

As my poor mother could not readily call up any argument to combat this short and very disagreeable statement of the question, she had recourse to the "*ultima ratio conjugis*" and took out her pocket-handkerchief, which my father was aware was significant of a "cry;" and indeed my kind and excellent mother was much affected at my painful and humiliating position; and the more so as differences between my father and myself were rare; but as this was a "money" question, she stood in the position of the upper to the lower house of parliament, and was aware like that noble assembly that her hands were tied, and that she was barred from primary interference. But such aid as she could afford to me she did; not by any loud expostulation or vehement remonstrance; but by silent tears, woman's most powerful weapon, and by a look of intense, but quiet anguish. My father, from long experience, having a sort of prescience of how the affair would end with such an auxiliary against him, if he gave heed to the demonstration, turned himself away from the side where she sat, and confronting me singly, with a severe look, addressed to me these desolating words:—

"Leander, there is one thing that I am determined on; I will not encourage you in this system of accepting bills. To accept a bill is, for a young man, the beginning of evil; and there is no knowing where it will end. Besides it is so easy to give a bill; it's only signing your name, which seems nothing at the moment, and you seem to get quit of your difficulty. I remember when I was at the university, there was a young fellow—Ned Fastman—he had a great many good qualities . . ."

"I remember him well," said my mother, "he used to sing such droll songs . . ."

"He gave excellent dinners and capital wine," continued my father, "but he had one weakness, he never could deny a tradesman; and if he hadn't money—which somehow he never had—he always gave his note."

"That was wrong," said my mother; "you should never write notes to your tradespeople; it's being too familiar."

"It was not that sort of note," said my father rather testily, "but a promissory-note—surely you know what a promissory-note is!"

"Why, a promissory-note," said my mother, "is when you write in answer to an invitation and promise that, you will go"

"A promissory-note," said my father, hitting the table a hard blow with his fist, "is a thing that you must pay—with interest besides . . ."

"It's very shameful," said my mother, "for people to charge interest; why can't they be content to have their money again! Now, there's those bankers of yours—Easie and Screugh—they are always worrying about interest! Really I think they are very mean!"

"Women know nothing of these matters," said my father, with a gesture of impatience; "can't you understand, my dear, that bankers must charge interest—it's what they live by . . ."

"Well," said my mother, shifting her ground, "but they have no right to lend other peoples' money as people say they do; you can't say that's proper?"

"Good heavens!" said my father, rising up, "why, that's their business! But women never can understand these things! Let me see if I can't explain it to you? The currency question . . ."

"Now don't begin to explain again about that," said my mother; "you know the more you explain the less I can understand it—But, what were you going to say about that young man—Ned Fastman—and what has he got to do with poor Leander?"

"It was to show to Leander what these things always end in," resumed my father. "It's not the running up bills that's so bad, although of course it is to be avoided as much as possible; but we know that a gentleman must have those sorts of debts; it's not that, but it's the giving your note for them that is the mischief; besides it's low and degrading. If a gentleman cannot pay this or that account, why, he lets it rest; he does not say he can't pay it; but he just lets the tradesman wait till it's convenient; it's a tradesman's business to wait—it's what he's used to; but to give your note is to confess your poverty; it says as plainly as any thing can—that you would pay if you could, but that you can't—and that is placing yourself in an ungentlemanlike position.—And that's what Ned Fastman did; and what was worse, as often as he did it he thought that he had settled the matter and thought no more about it! And he used to say—when he signed his name in his off-hand way—to a bit of stamped paper that his wine merchant, or his tailor, or his fruiterer, or any one handed to him 'Thank God that's paid!' But it wasn't paid; it was only put off; and then when the day came round for paying his acceptance, there was another bill to be given—with interest of course—twenty, forty, sixty per cent!—no end of interest! It was bill upon bill and interest upon interest, and that was what consumed him like a canker. And the end of it was that he became utterly . . ."

"Married!" said my mother; "poor young man! I remember the talk there was about him, and how much he was pitied. . . ."

"He became so embarrassed and destitute," said my father—"that at last he was obliged. . . ."

"Yes, it's true, indeed, Leander," said my mother; "he was obliged to marry a low vulgar woman for the sake of her money who was old enough to be his mother" (here she shook her head compassionately) "and of course he was miserable ever after . . ."

"What became of him at last," said my father, "was never known. . ."

"It was said that he went to the Cherokee Islands or some savage place to avoid her. . ."

"No wonder," said my father, "for she was a sort of bill that came due every day—under continual protest as it were . . ."

"And whether he was eaten up by the savages, or what became of him," continued my mother, "was never known—but certainly it is a shocking story."

"Whatever his end was," said my father, "it could not be worse than it was here; and I want Leander to see that it was all owing to giving notes of hand."

"If that was the reason of his dreadful fate, and his marriage, and all," said my mother, these "promissory notes as you call them, certainly are very bad things; but Leander is not so bad as that!"

"It is my duty," said my father, waving his hand with much solemnity, "to prevent his being so bad as that, lest he should come to an untimely end. . . ."

"Don't use such shocking expressions," said my mother deprecatingly; "such an untimely end! why it's such an expression as you read of in the newspapers about the wretches that are put in the Old Bailey to be hanged!"

"It is my duty," repeated my father, in a tone of angry decision, "to prevent him from getting into a habit, which whether it leads him to be married or hanged at the Old Bailey or anywhere else, can end only one way; and that is, in his ruin. And so, all I have to say about the present matter is this; as he has got into the mess by his own indiscretion he must get out of it the best way he can; he has bought his horse with his bill, and he must sell his horse to pay it: I won't: besides I have calls enough for money, just now, without being worried with his bills and extravagance."

Saying this he rose, and left the study, followed by my mother, whose voice I heard as they retreated, in earnest expostulation, leaving me alone in the study, (which now had very much the appearance of a room in a lock-up house), where I remained for sometime stupified and stunned, and a prey to all the painful and mortifying thoughts which my wretched position was calculated to engender.

There has been since that time, much excitement about "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill;" but it was nothing to the excitement that possessed me about my own private bill, which it might be said had been read a first and second time and was now stuck in committee without the slightest chance of its getting out of it in a hurry; and the newspapers may talk as they please about questions of political right coming home to men's feelings and bosoms; to my mind nothing comes home to people's feelings and bosoms so forcibly as a bill which is due without the money to pay it; there is no getting out of that difficulty by dint of talking; neither will it do to move the previous question in such a case; the holder of an acceptance has always an invincible objection to any other question than the bill before him; and as he has always the casting vote when the matter comes to a division, the party in the minority has no help for it, but to submit to that which he is very apt to designate as the "tyrant" majority.

There I say, I sat; melancholy and sad like a Chancellor of the Exchequer without a budget; bearing my wretched plight not meekly or resignedly but despairingly and fiercely, and endeavouring in vain to find my way out of the wood. As I thought, and thought, and endeavoured by mere force of thought to create real and tangible money, I became half-mad with vexation and with the insuperable obstruction

which had risen up before me. My vivid imagination pictured to me all sorts of humiliating scenes and overwhelming mortifications. And in the midst of my rambling thoughts and the phantasms of confused imaginings arose in vivid relief the image of Lavinia closely accompanied by the horrid reality of the inexorable Peter that seemed for ever to pursue me through the world with my bill in his hand, like an accusing demon, and to grin and mock at me, while the form of Lavinia faded away in the far distance, and seemed lost to me in a mist for ever ! I was mad ! I don't know what I might not have been tempted to do in my fury ; when, suddenly, I was struck with the resemblance of my present difficulty with that memorable affair of the "marble notes" in my boyish—perhaps if I merely said *more* boyish days the epithet would be more appropriate—and by what means I came out triumphant from the ordeal of that dreadful hour ! The memory of this was a ray of light to me in the darkness of my despair ! Yes, I said, (I believe aloud) I must make a fight of it ! I will call the blackguard out, and pay him off that way ;—besides he deserves it morally and poetically, for his impertinent pretensions to Lavinia as well as for the insulting manner with which he has demanded payment for a bill which he had no business to get possession of, and which he has contrived to get into his hands for the purpose of making a sinister and ungentlemanlike use of. It's a clear case ; I must call him out ; or make him call me out ; at any rate, and by any means I must make a fight of it.

Animated with this determination, I resolved boldly to face the proprietor of Willow Lodge without the money, which I depended on my wit and resources to exclude from discussion for that day at least, and to do my utmost to affront the inconvenient Peter, and to test his valour so as to see whether there was any gladiatorial quality in the animal to justify the fire-eating pretensions of his formidable patronymic of McDragon.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

YOUTH, says the Persian philosopher, is the season of presumption ; and when I look back at those times I cannot help smiling at the perfect confidence which I had in myself of outwitting my rival—the unaristocratic Peter, or of bullying him out of the field. Certainly, there was nothing about him in his personal appearance or manner to convey the idea of intellectual superiority or of martial predilections ; he was of the plain city cut, and wore gray pantaloons and black gaiters, a style of dress which gave me a mean opinion of him from the first. Then he was short and fat and had an ignoble air ; his hair was sandy, and his eyes very large and of a very light blue, with huge ears which seemed formed by Nature to have a pen stuck behind them ; and altogether he had a quiet, calculating, arithmetical cast about him which I flattered myself could not come into competition with my own parts and figure ; and really I thought it was doing him more honour than he deserved to call him out ; but as I have said, I was resolved to shoot him.

I contrived to enter the drawing-room just before dinner was announced, so as to avoid the introduction of the disagreeable topic of bills of exchange ; and in this stage of my manœuvres I was successful, for I found the whole family assembled, and the master of the house in an evident

fidget at my late arrival ; he shook hands with me, however, with sufficient politeness, at the same time pointing to the clock to call my attention to the fact of its being on the stroke of four, and giving orders for dinner instantly to be served up ; to make sure of this injunction being fulfilled he left the room to attend, I presume, personally to the matter ; leaving me to the mercies of the company. I proceeded to make my salaams with a little embarrassment I must confess, but with as much coolness and assurance as I could summon up for the occasion ; my eyes, naturally, first sought Lavinia ; but somehow she had either retreated behind her aunt or that protecting personage had placed herself before her, covering her like a breast-work from the approaches of the enemy. Miss McDragon received my exceedingly low bow very grimly, bending herself with the most frigid formality, and casting down her spectacles on an enormous fan which she held like a shield before her person ; I took advantage, like a skilful general, of the opening which this movement afforded to throw a glance over her shoulder to her niece, which was responded to by a tremulous courtesy, a blush, and a suppressed smile which betrayed itself from the corners of her mouth, by no means indicative of any bitter resentment on her part. This conviction re-assured me, and restored to me all my wonted audacity ; and I looked round with a confident and I believe rather belligerent air for the salute of the antagonistic Peter.

But that pacific individual without giving me time to assume any noticeable airs of defiance, immediately made a step in advance, and seizing me affectionately by the hand, made the most anxious inquiries after my health as well as that of my father and my mother, including my horse and dog. The rascal was so monstrously polite, that, I really was at a loss for the moment how to reply to his most ostentatious politeness ; and, in truth, this unexpected demonstration of attachment on his part quite abashed me, as it was a thing that I was unprepared for ; I was quite prepared to fight but not to shake hands with him. But without giving me time to recover myself, he introduced me with a little flourish about my heroism and so forth, to the only other guest in the room, whom I had remarked as having a military air, and who it now appeared was a Major Touchwood. The major was a fine soldierly-looking fellow, tall and well-made, with an imposing nose, black whiskers, and curly hair ; he shook hands with me, without ceremony and with great cordiality, paying me some compliments at the same time about my gallant conduct and devotion to the fair sex, and then turning away from me with an easy air, he retired to the bow-window looking into the garden and commenced a flirtation with Lavinia.

I didn't like his coolness at all ; and a certain instinct told me that the soldier was a more formidable rival (which I instantly conjectured him to be) than the soft and insinuating Peter from the city ; albeit that the latter had the influence of the ruling powers in his favour : and I was the more annoyed at the major's military movement, as it left me *tête-à-tête* with the said Peter, for whom I had conceived so powerful an aversion, without my being able to ward off his excessive politeness by any present affront.—I was quickly relieved from this embarrassment however, by the return of the master of the house, at whose summons we all marched down to dinner, the major appropriating Lavinia to himself, which I thought very impertinent, and directing me in his frank military

fashion to take care of Miss McDragon, which to my great horror I was obliged to do holding her by the tip of one of her fingers, Peter modestly following behind, and our host bringing up the rear with earnest admonitions to move on faster or the dinner would be cold before we crossed the hall.

On seating ourselves, I found I was baffled again ; for Miss McDragon took the head of the table with the major on one side of her and me on the other ; Lavinia was directed to place herself on the left hand of her papa which was the right hand of the major, and Peter said he would have the pleasure of sitting by me ; so that I was neutralised as it were, by the strategic manœuvres of the enemy, and hemmed in on all sides by hostile forces. This made me a little savage, but I disguised it as I flattered myself, by a show of good-humour bordering on the hilarious ; but which did not deceive, as I have reason to surmise, the observant watchfulness of the attentive Peter :—I am convinced now that it was a plot, and that the major was planted there on purpose ;—but I must not anticipate.

The major, as military men of that time generally did, drank wine freely ; and as our host was moderate in that respect, and as Mr. Peter had his own reasons for shying the bottle that day, the duty of keeping it up with the major unavoidably fell upon me. There was but small skirmishing during dinner, although at one time to raise my spirits and at another to steady them I indulged pretty freely, hoping that some accident would occur after dinner, when the father of Lavinia might not be present, to allow me to affront the obsequious Peter in the presence of a military man of a certain rank, in a way so decided as not to admit of any evasion on his part of my determination to force him to a hostile meeting ; but I was not old enough in the ways of the world, as it turned out ; my flank was turned when and where I least expected it, and I was ignominiously beaten !—and by him, too ! The remembrance of it, even after the lapse of years, covers me with a cold chill of shame : I almost wish I had not begun this part of my youthful adventures ; but as I promised in the earlier portion of these memoirs to be sincere in my confessions I must be true to my text, and throw myself on the indulgence of my readers ; and let it be remembered that I was not twenty years old ; and that love and jealousy disturbed my reason.

Our host followed the custom of those times in giving toasts ; every glass of wine was prefaced by a toast ; and as his city recollections were added to his country observances in that respect, the addition of the two items each multifarious in its way, made a serious sum total ; for in the same way as every glass of wine gave rise to a toast, so every toast necessitated the drinking of a glass of wine. When the ladies retired, the major gave demonstrations of setting to work in earnest by drinking through all the royal family seriatim, assuming to himself the privilege of directing the fire by right of his military rank, and cordially seconded by the accommodating Peter, who drank all the toasts with enthusiasm, but who shirked as I obscurely suspected, the fair and honourable drinking of them in corresponding bumpers ; whereas I and the major did our duty manfully, I scorning to be out-done in the drinking of wine or of anything else by any major that ever lived ; and our host quietly imbibing his share in a quiet and sponge-like way after the manner of the practised toppers of the city, without noise, and without any unnecessary

exhibition of oratory to interfere with the pleasurable process of deglutition. After enjoying himself in his own way as long as was agreeable to him, he begged leave to retire, under the pretext of "business to be attended to" and withdrew, as I suspected, to take his nap; leaving his nephew to do the honours in his absence. Peter immediately rang for fresh wine and clean glasses, and incited the major to go to work; which that active officer did with great spirit, swearing that it should be a "field day."

I confess that my memory of the concluding part of this sitting is somewhat obscure and unsatisfactory; but I remember the major singing, towards the latter part, the sentimental song of "A Friend and a Bottle to give him," the chorus of which was a glass of wine all round; and I have a painful remembrance of having favoured the company with a sample of my own bravura powers in a Pindaric song celebrative, as the burden expressed, of "Wine, mighty Wine," and the moral of which, without my being aware of it, was singularly appropriate to the condition in which the major's toasts and bumpers, encouraged as they were by the insidious Peter, had ingloriously placed me. The plain truth must be confessed—the self-confident and self-boasting Leander Castleton was, as we used to say, at Eton, confoundedly "cut;" which being translated into the language of the vulgar means pretty considerably "drunk;" and in that state the malicious Peter supported me into the drawing-room to be exhibited to Lavinia and her father.

A FEW MONTHS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL E. NAPIER.

THE KAFFIRS OF LAST CENTURY.

Lo ! where he crouches by the kloof's dark side,
Byeing the farmer's lowing herds afar;
Impatient watching till the evening star
Send forth the twilight dim, that he may glide
Like panther to the prey.—*Pringle.*

CAPE Town, in September 1846, exhibited but too plainly by its forlorn and deserted appearance, the baneful consequences of the Kaffir war. The greater portion of its male population had been hastily armed, embodied, and shipped off for the eastern frontier; and such was deemed the urgent necessity of the case, that men of all casts, hues, trades, and callings, composing its motley inhabitants, had been without distinction called forth on this momentous occasion; an embargo being indiscriminately laid, for the defence of the colony, on the services of every class of people.

This summons was equally made and responded to by the substantial Dutch *proprietaire* of the vine-clad slopes of Wynberg and Constantia, and by the opulent English merchant luxuriating after the fatigues of the counting-house, at his country residence of Rondebosch;—the slothful Hottentot revelling in the filth of his smoky hut was aroused from his drunken slumbers,—the industrious Malay laid aside his fishing-nets,—the Mozambique negro (the "galego" of the Cape), dropped his heavy

burden, and willingly grasped the firelock—whilst a corps was even raised of liberated African slaves, from the shores of Angola and the coast of Guinea.

Nor was this appeal to arms limited to the Cape district alone; every portion of the colony contributed its quota to the defence of the country, and even Clanwilliam poured forth its tawny warriors from the neighbourhood of Namaqualand, the far banks of the Orange River, and the remote Kamiesberg mountains; sending them, with little warning, on a march of nearly a thousand miles to the scene of warfare and danger.

Such a sudden call, though at first startling to the peaceful inhabitants of the inland districts, was nevertheless readily responded to; all classes of the colonists appeared equally willing and anxious to oppose the common foe; a disposition on their part, fully deserving of much better treatment than they subsequently experienced at the hands of government.*

Cape Town at the period above alluded to, might therefore be said to have been completely deserted by all save women and infants, cripples and old men; not a single British soldier was to be seen, but their wives and children to the number of a couple of hundred occupied the barracks, whilst the fort was garrisoned by a few ragged individuals of every hue, too old and decrepid to take a part in the "pomp and circumstance of the war," armed with weapons which must have been in store since Van Riebeck's time, and who on the whole appeared well qualified for recruits to Falstaff's far-famed regiment.

Such was the garrison to which the care of the capital was entrusted.

With these martial sights before our eyes, and such warlike notes of preparation sounding in our ears, my *compagnons d'armes* and myself—(for our "brave army" numbered no less than seven field officers, sent out on this particular service)—lost not, as may be imagined, a single moment in starting for the scene of operations:—

For then sat Expectation in the air,
Hiding a sword from hilt unto the point,
With "field allowances, cattle, and Kaffir scalps,"
Promised to "Maitland" and his followers.

And after making the few purchases we required, at Cape Town to complete our equipments—(where, by-the-bye, everything requisite for a campaign, from a waggon to a camp kettle, can be much more easily procured than in London), we in a few days, again found ourselves embarked at Simon's Bay, on board the identical steamer which had brought us out from England, and very shortly afterwards bravely battling against a heavy sea, a strong current, and boisterous wind, as we toiled eastwards to Algoa Bay.

Ere landing the reader on a Fingoe's shoulders, through the surf, at Port Elizabeth, consigning him to the tender mercy of the Kaffirs on the eastern frontier, I propose for a short time to lay an embargo on his patience, by giving a brief account of the latter people; as likewise when and how they came to occupy the country they now lay claim to as rightful possessors;—for such various opinions appear still to exist, and have ever been expressed on this point, as likewise on the justice of our late and former differences with the Kaffirs, that I have endeavoured—by the attentive perusal of every document I could procure on the subject,

* "The way in which the Burghers and most of the native levies were treated when last in the field has disgusted them."—From Sir Henry Pottinger's Despatch to Sir George Berkeley. See "Blue Book" 1848, p. 75.

and after wading through a mass of the most opposite and conflicting statements—to arrive at the truth of the matter, and the result of my investigations, together with whatever information I was enabled from personal observation to collect on the spot, I shall now as concisely as possible recapitulate.

I have already mentioned that at the first period of European intercourse with Southern Africa, the peninsula terminating that vast and little known continent was exclusively occupied by a nation, which, though bearing some imagined affinity in physical conformation to the ancient Egyptians and modern Chinese, differed so widely from those highly civilised nations in mental qualifications and acquirements, as almost to preclude the probability of a common derivation.

Be this as it may, the origin of the Hottentot nation is still, and most likely, ever will be, veiled in the mist of uncertainty and conjecture; it is however known, that shortly after the occupation of the Cape by the Dutch, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the Quaiquæ race inhabited exclusively the whole peninsula; extending on the western coast to the tropic of Capricorn, on the east as far as the river Kye.

This line of demarcation across the continent of Africa, appeared to have been at that period, the southern boundary of the widely extended Bechuana race—a race, which though by some considered of Bedouin origin, is more probably of Negro or Abyssinian derivation—and totally different in language and appearance from the Hottentot tribes—though like the latter, addicted to nomadic pursuits, and living chiefly on the produce of their herds, on the spoils of the chase, and the plunder of war—but to whom the means of obtaining subsistence from the cultivation of the ground was apparently not entirely unknown.

With this sole advantage over their Hottentot neighbours, these savage hordes were probably then—as they continue to be at the present day—under the several denominations of Matabeles, Mantatees, Zoolahs, Amapondæ, Amakosæ, &c, sunk into the lowest depths of barbarism; and they appear then, as at this moment—to have been without any observance of the common decencies of life, without a knowledge of God, or faith towards man;—scantily clad, like the Hottentots of old in the spoils of the chase or the skins of domestic animals, they were however a far more athletic and warlike race of men, but equally, if not more cruel than the latter in carrying on the exterminating wars waged amongst themselves and against their neighbours, for their ferocity and bloodthirstiness is—even at the present day—carried to such a pitch, as not unfrequently to lead them to cannibalism itself, with all its attendant horrors.*

The latter of the ferocious tribes above-mentioned—emigrating or more probably expelled in the first instance by more powerful hordes from the far interior of Africa—seemingly skirted its eastern coast, and avoiding the Kalagaree or Great Desert of the Southern Zahara, appear gradually to have encroached on the weaker, and less warlike Hottentots, whom they drove before them—and, as I have already observed—at the earliest period of European intercourse, they were found located along the coast from Delagoa Bay to the banks of the Kye; this river being then (about the middle of the seventeenth century) the boundary in an easterly direction between the Quaiquæ and Bechuana nations.

* See Sir Cornwallis Harris's account of the Bechuana tribes in Moselekatsé's country, also the Travels of Arbusset and Daumas to the north-east of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

That portion of the last-named race, with whom—from territorial contiguity—we have had the greatest relations, are the Zoolahs near Port Natal, the Amapondæ to the south-west of that settlement, the Amatongas or Tambookies, and the Amakosæ; with the latter of whom we have lately been at war; whilst with other nations of the interior, such as the Wankeets, the Basutos, the Mantatees, and the Damaras, our intercourse has hitherto been trifling, and as yet limited to the visits of a few missionaries, traders, and travellers.

It may not be here out of place to observe that to the Amapondæ and Amakosæ, the appellation of "Kaffirs" has been exclusively applied by Europeans, ever since the first discoveries along the south-eastern coast of Africa by the Portuguese and the Dutch.

This nomenclature is evidently of Arabic derivation, as the term *كافر* or "infidel," is indiscriminately bestowed by the Mahometans on—according to their ideas—all unbelievers, and even Christians are sometimes stigmatised by them with this opprobrious epithet.*

It is easy, therefore, to account for this term now in common use, and applied to the above-mentioned tribes, as having been derived by Europeans from the Arab dealers in slaves, ivory, and gums, who formerly in great numbers frequented the Mozambique channel and the adjoining coasts.

The first missionary in this part of Africa: the celebrated Vander Kemp, who towards the close of the last century—equally with his successors in a similar vocation—failed in making any converts amongst the Kaffirs—is likewise their first historian; and, from his long residence amongst these people, together with a perfect knowledge of their language and customs, he would appear to have been well qualified for this office; but, like many of the same calling who have since trod in his footsteps, so strongly biassed was he in favour of the African race, so inimical to Europeans, that his relations—together with others from similar sources but of a much later date—are nowise to be depended on; and as, until lately, most of the accounts of the native tribes, and also that of their intercourse with the colonists emanated from the same class of men—the British public have long been kept in the dark, and led to the most erroneous conclusions as to remote events, and even as regards much more recent occurrences in this part of the world.

The translation and publication of the old "Records of the Colony," compiled by Lieutenant Moodie, R. N., during the governorship of Sir George Napier at the Cape, has however, thrown considerable light on the subject, and fully exposed the calumnies and misrepresentations of many previous writers, who, pandering to the prevalent feeling of the day, by a pretended and spurious philanthropy, and actuated by other selfish and interested views, did their utmost to show up their fellow-countrymen under the most false and revolting colours.

The following account relative to the Kaffirs is gleaned from most of the works written on the subject, but the "Cape Records" have thereunto supplied a large quota of information which may be considered authentic, as chiefly derived from official sources; thereby avoiding the influence of those petty contentions and that party spirit which for nearly half a century, thanks to the gratuitous meddling of a set of men—who, though wholly unauthorised in a political point of view—have, more particu-

* See General William Napier's "Conquest of Scinde," pp. 120-221.

larly of late years, kept the whole colony in a constant state of internal ferment and agitation, of warfare and devastation from without.

In the following narrative I hope to show (to use the words of the author of this compilation), that "Nothing can be conceived more unfounded and preposterous than the conclusion that any portion of the present colonial territory was obtained by means of encroachment upon the Kaffirs, and that nothing can be more clear, than that the conclusion in question has been arrived at by giving undue weight to opinions destitute of any foundation in fact."

The publication of these "Records" has, to all such as have obtained access to them, and have been moreover candid enough to make the admission, in a great measure dispelled the above-mentioned illusion, and has proved that so far from *ever* having encroached on, or molested the Kaffirs, the Dutch colonists from the earliest periods, and subsequently the British settlers, have ever been exposed to, and have most severely suffered by the unprovoked aggressions of these "irreclaimable barbarians" (as they were so justly termed by Sir Benjamin d'Urban), who after despoiling the Hottentots of the territory, which to our knowledge the latter possessed 150 years back, as far as the Kye River, have since then—allured by the hope of plunder—gradually crowded on the colony, and often without any previous warning or declaration of hostilities, swept in overwhelming numbers across its border; burning, murdering, and plundering, in their devastating course; carrying off immense numbers of colonial cattle; and only leaving behind them a depopulated and desolate wilderness covered with heaps of smoking ruins, with the intention, which they ever carry into effect—of returning to repeat their merciless spoliation on the same ground, whenever a few years of renewed colonial industry should have remedied the havoc committed; whilst the same want of protective measures again held forth a similar temptation for renewed outrages on the part of these insatiable savages.

I have before observed that the term of "Kaffirs" has been by Europeans, exclusively applied to the Ama-ponda, the Amatomba, and the Amakosa nations; the following genealogical table of the chiefs of the latter horde is extracted from a statement made to government by Colonel Collins, who, in 1809, was sent on an official commission to investigate and report on the condition of the native tribes, bordering the eastern frontier of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

GENEALOGY OF THE KAFFIR CHIEFS OF THE AMAKOSA RACE.

Togow, or Toguh—Gonde, Tzeoo.

Palo—Galeka, Hahabee, Langa.—Mandankee—Mahota.

Posterity of Galeka.—Khowta (father of Kinsa,* Boohoo, &c.) Odessa, Walhela, &c.

Posterity of Hahabee.—Omlao (father of Gaika†) T'Slambie, Oonooqua, Yaloosa, Sikkoo, &c.

Posterity of Langa.—Malouw or Kyno, Kama, Tolie, Kaza, Galeba, &c.

Posterity of Mahota.—Jalamba (father of Dlodlo), Olela, Foona, Kobo, &c., Kassa, Habana, Gola or Nogola, and most of the other

* The father of Kreili, the most direct descendant from Toguh, and the paramount chief of the Amakosæ.

† The father of Sandilli, of Macomo, and Tyali.

petty independent chiefs, are either sons or grandsons of Mahota. Their people are called Mandankees, from the name of their founder. Hinsa's subjects are, for the same reasons called Galikas, and those of Gaïka and T'Slambie: Hahabees. It is not so easy to account for the name of Langa's people, who are called Barrook~~ka~~; nor for that of the vassals of Teachoo, who are called Tindees. The last chief is the son of Banguee, and grandson of Kyka, who was probably a son of Tzeeo, but this I did not hear positively asserted, and I understood that it is a doubtful matter among the Kaffirs. It is possible that he may be of Ghonaqua* origin, for a great portion of his people belong to that nation. His appearance is said to be more that of a Hottentot than of a Kaffir, and he has Hottentot wives.

The other chiefs affect to despise Konga, from his not belonging to the chieftain stock. His father Zaka was a cattle holder of Palo, who made him a captain. His people accepted the name of Genookaquis, from some cause which I could not discover.

From the period of their separation from the Tambookies until the death of Tzeeo, the Kaffirs appear to have resided altogether near the Kyba.† I have seen a farmer, now in his ninety-fifth year, who went with some others, in the year 1738, from Gauritz River, the most distant part of the colony then settled, on a shooting excursion, into Kaffirland. Those persons divided into two parties; one of them was under the direction of a man named Heupenaar, who, in consequence of resisting the attempts of the natives to take the iron from his waggons, was murdered with almost all his people. The other party, to which this old man belonged, received no injury from them. There were not then any Kaffirs residing west of the river Kysee, or, according to the most common name amongst the colonists, the Kyskamma, and some who accompanied the party on their return, took leave of them at that stream, stating it to be the boundary of their country."

The chief, Togou, or Toguh, here mentioned as the first head of the Amakosa nations, of whom we have any intimation, appears about 200 years ago to have come with his tribe from a north-easterly direction, and to have then established himself along the banks of the great Kye River.

The Amakosæ continued under one chief until the death of the grandson of Toguh, when they gradually split into the several tribes, of which they are now composed, and by degrees extending towards the west, continued to drive the Hottentots before them, until they, about the middle of last century, reached the banks of the Kieskamma; but Gaïka (the father of Sandilli) admitted that at the time of his birth not a single Kaffir was to be found to the westward of that river.‡

Now, in 1797, when Barrow was sent by Lord Macartney, the British Governor of the Cape, on a mission to Gaïka, that chief was then about nineteen years of age; it may therefore be concluded that Kaffir encroachment to the westward of the Kieskamma must have taken place subsequently to the year 1770; so much however were the Kaffirs dreaded by the less warlike Hottentots, that as the former advanced, the latter inva-

* The Ghonaquas or Ghonasare, a mixed race between the Hottentot and Kaffir.

† Colonel Collins, in his "Notes of a Journey through Kaffraria," states that—"the 'T'Ky' of the colonists is called 'Kyba' by the Kaffirs residing on its banks."

‡ See account of evidence given before the House of Commons at p. 24 of "Results of Publication of the Cape Records."

riably fled before them, leaving large tracts of abandoned and fertile land at the mercy and disposal of their ferocious aggressors.

Such was the deserted condition in which the Dutch found the Zuureveld*—known at present as the province of Albany—when, in 1752, the Company's marks were erected at the mouth of the Zwartkops River: shortly after, in their progress eastward, they began to settle there in small and detached parties about the year 1770, and in 1775 the Bushman's River was fixed as the boundary between the district of Swellendam and that of Stellenbosch, which in this ancient division of the colony, was marked down as extending to the Great Fish River.

It was at this period, the first serious collisions took place between the colonists and their savage neighbours, the Kaffirs; for the latter continuing that system of encroachment they had so successfully carried on against the Hottentots, from the banks of the Kye (and from how far more to the east, is, and probably ever will, remain unknown), at last by their depredations awakened the attention of the authorities at the Cape, and the governor, Van Plattenberg, in 1778, proceeded in person to the Zuureveld, when the first treaty was concluded between the Dutch and Kaffirs, fixing the mutual boundary by the course of the Great Fish River.†

But treaties with these restless savages were in those days of as little avail as they have ever since proved to be, for favoured by the nature of the country, and the dense thickets bordering the Great Fish River, which effectually served to screen their movements, this so-called boundary was constantly passed by the Kaffirs, whether on hunting or predatory excursions, or for the purpose of retreat, when during their internal wars one tribe happened to be defeated by another; but on all these occasions, under cover of the same dense jungle which then befriended them, they, on their return, carried off the colonial cattle—for whatever the cause or pretext of their visit, they never by any chance went back empty-handed to their own country.

In 1780, after the death of Mahota, chief of the Mandankees, who was killed in a contest with T'Slambie's tribe, Jalamba, his son, retired in the manner above described to Agter Brintjes Hoogte, a part of the present district of Somerset, situated to the west of the Great Fish River, and where the Dutch had then already formed a settlement, the inhabitants of which vainly remonstrated against this unauthorised intrusion, reminding Jalamba of the recent treaty of Van Plattenberg. However, as he turned a deaf ear to all their representations, and refused to evacuate this part of the country, a "commando" was consequently assembled, the result of which was the forcible expulsion of the intruders, with the loss of their chief and many of his followers. Two years subsequently, the son of Jalamba, on making another attempt at encroachment on the colony, met with the same well-merited fate which had already befallen his father.

As I believe this to be the first mention made of a "commando" against the Kaffirs, it may not be here amiss to say a few words concerning a system which has been so much condemned, so often modified, remodelled, placed under endless restrictions, and at last totally abolished; but the necessity of which, against these lawless banditti, has appeared so

* So named by the Dutch in consequence of the nature of its pasturage, meaning, "the sour fields." It received in 1814, from Sir John Cradock, the appellation of Albany, in honour of the Duke of York. See Chase's "Cape of Good Hope," p. 32.

† See Colonel Collins' "Official Report."

evident, that in a late proclamation by Sir Henry Pottinger, for the purpose of raising the native levies, it has again been virtually put in force.

A "commando" was the hasty assemblage, at a given spot, of all the boers or farmers residing in any part of the country, when during a period of *supposed* peace, a robbery had taken place, and cattle been driven off by the Kaffirs. The party, whatever number they could muster, all mounted and armed, started under the command of the veld cornet, the landdrost, or other leading man of the district, and getting on the "spoor" or track of the lost cattle, followed it up sometimes for days* across the border, until they traced it to the kraal of the thieves, or to that, where it had been by them conveyed.

~~This~~ This object effected, the chief of the kraal was next applied to for the restoration of the purloined property; when he refused, and the commando considered themselves sufficiently strong, it was attempted to be recovered by force, and a conflict generally ensued, often attended with loss of life. If victorious, the boers returned in triumph to their homes, bringing back with them the recovered cattle, with possibly a few additional oxen for the trouble they had incurred. On the other hand, were the party over-matched, they made the best of their retreat, either to seek reinforcements, or draw up a report of the circumstance to the official authorities; to which representation, attention was seldom or never paid; for the old Dutch colonial government had no more the power, than the subsequent English one displayed inclination, to assist the border colonists in the redress of their wrongs; but whether successful or not in its results, an expedition of this sort always laid the foundation of ill blood, of repeated bickerings, and an endless series of aggressive and retributive movements.

Those who have so loudly condemned the commando system, argue that it was often made an excuse for invading Kaffirland and plundering its inhabitants, and that a greater number of cattle was always brought back than had been stolen. Admitting that this sometimes took place, and that the commando system were an evil; still—insufficiently as the border has ever been protected—it was only a necessary one, through which, if excesses have sometimes been committed by men under little controul, and exasperated by repeated injuries, it must be allowed, that had not ample provocation been previously given, those excesses would never have taken place; for the colonists were *never* the first aggressors.

On the abolition of the commando system, no check remained on Kaffir depredation, the only mode of putting a stop to which, would have been—and ever will be—to draw a definite boundary, and shoot or capture every Kaffir who may be seen across that limit, no matter under what pretext.

* * * * *

. The above outline of what is known concerning the history of the Kaffirs up to the year 1780, will show, that by fixing the boundary of the Great Fish River, as agreed upon with them, in 1778, by Governor Van Plattenberg, no justly founded accusation of territorial encroachment as regards that people, can then be brought against the Dutch government, that moreover, almost immediately after the conclusion of this treaty, it was infringed by the invasion of Jalamba, and a full detail of all these

* Following the "spoor" is considered quite a science among the border colonists—with the natives it appears almost a natural instinct, such as guides the hound in pursuit of his quarry.

transactions will be found on referring to the before-mentioned authenticated "Records of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope," and to the "Official Report of Colonel Collins' Mission to the Eastern Provinces, in the year 1809."

Before the above documents were made known, the chief argument used by the enemies of civilisation and advocates for barbarism, in support of this alleged encroachment on the Kaffirs, was a "tradition," recorded by a missionary, of the latter people having, in the time of the son and grandson of Toguh, purchased from the Hottentots the country between the Sunday and Great Fish Rivers, and likewise a subsequent similar acquisition of the rest of Albany; whilst the author of these assertions mentions, as a proof of European cruelty and treachery, an indiscriminate massacre of the Kaffirs, "they," says he, "some eighty years ago were invited to a conference by the Dutchmen of Brintjes Hoogte, who, whilst making them scramble for beads, shot the whole of them."*

As to the "tradition" it is beneath notice; for the validity of this asserted purchase, made from a certain self-constituted Hottentot chief called Umkhola, but by the Dutch named Ruyter (and even this transaction is stated in Colonel Collins' official report never to have taken place), will be judged of, when it is stated that the above individual was a malefactor, who to escape the hands of justice, had fled from the Roggeveld, and accompanied by a set of fellow brigands and vagabonds, quietly established himself and his followers in the country of the Zuureveld, which had been abandoned by the Hottentots through fear of the Kaffirs, and still remained unoccupied; the Dutch having at that period as yet only formed a settlement at the Agter Brintjes Hoogte† in the present district of Somerset.

With respect to the "bead massacre," its origin may be traced to Le Vaillant, in whose work it will be found fully detailed, on the authority of a drunken Hottentot, one of his attendants; but for the degree of dependence to be placed on this production of the "lively and poetic Frenchman," the reader is referred to Barrow, who during the course of his travels in this part of the world, trod closely in the footsteps of the former author.

To any one interested in the question as to whether territorial encroachments originated with European or Kaffir aggression, I would strongly recommend the attentive perusal of a pamphlet written by Lieutenant Donald Moodie, R.N., and entitled, "Specimens of the Authentic Records of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, relative to the Aboriginal Tribes,"‡ which will effectually quiet the tenderest conscience on the subject, by the most convincing proofs.

"Upon these proofs alone, and they are accessible to all, we are warranted in the assertion, that nothing can be conceived more unfounded and preposterous than the conclusion that any portion of the present

* See the Missionary Brownlee's account of the Kaffirs, in the "Appendix to Thompson's Travels in Southern Africa."

† See Colonel Collins' Official Report, p. 10, in Moodie's "Cape Records."

‡ Published in 1841, by Richardson, Cornhill, London. Had one-tenth part of the information contained in these papers been in possession of the committee of the House of Commons, which in 1836 assembled to inquire into the state of the native tribes of South Africa, it could never have been misled by the garbled and dishonest evidence on which was founded decisions, which have undoubtedly led to so much subsequent expenditure of blood and treasure on the part of the British nation.

colonial territory was obtained by means of encroachment upon the Kaffirs, and that nothing can be more clear, than that the conclusion in question has been arrived at, by giving undue weight to opinions destitute of any foundation in fact.

"Yet, upon that unfounded opinion rests not only the warnings issued in 1833 to the British settlers by the portion of the colonial press which was subservient to the views of Dr. Philip, to 'set their houses in order,' as 'they could not pretend that they had either purchased the country in which they dwelt, or inherited it from their fathers;' but, the grave report of a Parliamentary Committee, and the following extract from an authoritative state paper:—

"The Kaffirs had an ample justification of the war into which they rushed with such fatal imprudence in the close of the last year (1834). This justification rests on two grounds. First, the Kaffirs had to resent, and endeavoured justly, though impotently, to avenge a series of encroachments upon them, which had terminated in the assumption by Great Britain, first, of the dominion, and then of the exclusive possession, of all the country between the Great Fish River and the Keis Kamma."

It was owing to the fabrication of falsehoods and calumnies similar to those above alluded to—strung together with the most Jesuitical semblance of truth, candour, and philanthropy, and next artfully palmed on the credulity of the British public, that so strong a prejudice for a long time existed in England (at the expense of the unfortunate colonists) in favour of the native tribes of Southern Africa; a feeling which at last acquired such an ascendancy as to pervade the councils of the state, and influence the opinion of the minister, who openly justified the Kaffir invasion of 1834—annulled the treaty by which the barbarians had been rightfully punished for that unprovoked outrage, and finally recalled from his government the gallant veteran, who had so judiciously inflicted well-merited chastisement on our treacherous foes. To such ill-advised measures may undoubtedly be traced the origin of the last Kaffir war.*

Should any further argument be requisite to prove our rightful possession—as successors of the Dutch—to the territory as far as the Great Fish River, that argument is furnished by the Kaffirs themselves, who in justifying their invasion of 1819, said—

"Our fathers drove the boers out of the Zuureveld; and we dwelt there because we *had conquered it*."†

* * * * *

But to return from this lengthened digression to the course of our narrative, at the period when in 1780 the first "commando" against the Kaffirs, drove back the invaders across the boundary of the Great Fish River.

Although the farmers were then successful in repulsing the savages, the latter ever availing themselves of the shelter of the Fish River bush, continued to be such a constant source of annoyance to the Dutch—who by degrees had scattered themselves over the Zuureveld—that another large commando was raised in 1793 for the purpose of expelling these intruders, and recapturing the cattle which had been stolen from the colonists.

This expedition ended in a sort of prolonged guerilla warfare against the Kaffirs; the Dutch government at the Cape had no regular troops to

* See in "Parliamentary Correspondence," Sir Benjamin d'Urban's Despatch to Lord Glenelg, dated 9th of June, 1836; also Colonel Smith's letter of April 16th, 1836.

† See Pringle's "Residence in Southern Africa," p. 99.

spare for the protection of its subjects on the frontier, but the boers from all parts of the country were summoned to the point of rendezvous; a large irregular force under Mr. Maynier, the landdrost, or chief magistrate of Graaf-Reynet, was speedily assembled; and the commando thus raised, crossed the frontier and invaded Kaffirland, more in pursuit of stolen oxen, than for the purpose of chastising the thieves, who in the meantime doubled on their pursuers, (a manœuvre they have since frequently repeated) got into their rear, and—to compare small things to great—like Hannibal marching on Rome, whilst Scipio was in pursuit of the Numidians; Langa, the chief of the hostile Kaffirs, entered the now unprotected limits of the colony and committed such devastations, that the invaders of Kaffirland were obliged quickly to return in defence of their homesteads; and Mr. Maynier's force shortly after became so disorganised, that a disadvantageous peace was eventually concluded with the enemy, who had no sooner—according to agreement—restored the stolen cattle, than they repented of the act, and instantly recommenced their robberies and depredations.

This commando of 1793, under the orders of the landdrost of Graaf-Reynet, may properly be considered as the *first* of the Kaffir wars, and like all those which have followed, was provoked by Kaffir aggression, Kaffir plunder, and Kaffir devastation.

Its results were as unsatisfactory as ever have proved those of all subsequent operations against these wily savages, and such failures may be chiefly attributable to many of the same causes, which rendered the above campaign so completely abortive.

In the first place, there was a want of sufficient force to guard the frontier, which from its nature, no numbers in fact could have protected, or will ever be able to protect against the Kaffirs, so long as a tract of country, covered with dense jungle, be regarded as the boundary of the eastern province.* Next, the recapture of the stolen property, and not the personal chastisement and destruction of the robbers, appear to have ever been the main objects of hostile expeditions entering the country of the latter; and thirdly the want of faith which constantly marked the conduct of government towards those men constituting the levies, who from remote parts of the colony, had, to the great detriment of their own interests and property, been ordered for service to the eastern frontier; and who, when those services were no longer required, received their “*congé*” without reward, or any remuneration for the expenses and losses they might have incurred, during the time they were in the field.

The consequence of all this mismanagement at that period, was the unsatisfactory treaty of peace (like many of a later date) *patched* up in 1794, by the Dutch colonial government with the Kaffirs, who continued with impunity their usual depredations on the colony, till at last, the Zuureveld was in consequence, nearly abandoned by the Dutch settlers; and generally speaking the boers on the eastern frontier, and of the remote districts adjoining, driven to despair by being thus left to their fate—naturally concluding that the government which could not protect, would as little be able to punish—threw off their allegiance; and in 1795, when the Cape of Good Hope became a British dependency, that part of the country comprising the eastern provinces was handed over to us in a state of the greatest anarchy and confusion.

* One good reason (and now that we can do so with justice) for choosing the Kye, whose banks are free from bush, as the boundary of the colony.

THE COURT AND TIMES OF CHARLES I.*

THERE cannot be a question as to the interest of that kind of intimate correspondence, which belonging to the time itself of which it treats, and proceeding from influential and well-informed authorities, not only affords the most copious information on affairs of state, but draws quite as liberally on affairs which, if less important, are certainly not less attractive. Curious revelations of court manners, quaint pictures of social morals in court and city, and strange details of the private lives of the most distinguished persons of the day, are given by those industrious and prying "Intelligencers"—the John Chamberlain's, the Rev. Joseph Mead's, the Doctor Meddus's, and the Mr. Beaulieu's of the times of Charles the First, as well as of those of his predecessor James the First, and we are indebted to the indefatigable Dr. Birch for this second collection of these at once entertaining and instructive documents.

The worthy Intelligencers certainly plod away at their task at times in a sufficiently dull and sapient tone to gratify the most sober-minded historian; they are also in no small degree touched with the leaven of the day—the vision of that little power which had burst upon the eyes of the commonalty of England, and which by leading them constantly to refuse that which they had little right to withhold, was ever exasperating the monarch to too frequent recourse to the prerogative, and thus daily embittering the great struggle which was then impending between the crown and the commons. Jealous of the power of the favourite, busied with paltry yet amusing court intrigues, and pandering to the appetites of their employers, the Intelligencers evidently sided in the main with the popular party, but discussions such as these, although the staple of the reign, are relieved by details of a very different kind, life-like pictures of a most remarkable epoch, and one in particular of these sage "Intelligencers"—the Rev. Mr. Mead—is never so much at home as when he has got a little bit of court scandal to relate.

How private and personal was the character of the intelligence forwarded by those courtly spies, may be judged of by such a hint as that contained in a letter of the Rev. J. Mead's to Sir Martin Stuteville, dated Feb. 3, 1626.

Besides what is in the enclosed, holding the bottom of my second letter against the fire till it grew brown, I read as followeth:—

"Sir,—Will you believe that the duke should be carried in his box by six men to St. James's to tennis, and the king walk by him on foot? It is true. I doubt not but you have heard of the play in Christmas, which was begun again at the duke's entering, the king having heard one full act."

The treaty of marriage of Charles with Henrietta Maria, of France, was ratified by the king three days after James's death. On the 1st of May (1625) they were married by proxy, in Paris; and on the 7th of

* The Court and Times of Charles the First, illustrated by Authentic and Confidential Letters, from various Public and Private Collections; including Memoirs of the Mission in England of the Capuchin Friars in the service of Queen Henrietta Maria, &c., &c. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

June the queen arrived at Dover, with the Duke of Buckingham. The tit-bits in reference to this marriage are both amusing and characteristic. "I had minded," says John Chamberlain, writing to Sir Dudley Carleton, "to send a list of the ladies that are appointed to meet the queen at Dover; but it varies and alters so often, that it were to no purpose. Their number is about four or five and twenty: all their coaches furnished with six horses, which comes altogether now in fashion; a vanity of excessive charge, and of little use."

The same letter contains also a hint of a different kind, highly indicative of the feelings entertained by the Intelligencer towards the monarch. "The Lord of Arundel hath played a friendly part with the Lady Fanshaw, and caused the king to send for all her pictures, great and small; which may serve as a caveat, that if you bring home any you esteem, he may be the last should see them."

The queen arrived in London at a time when upwards of a hundred persons were dying weekly of the plague; but this appears to have caused but little anxiety. The following is Dr. Meddus's account of the event.

London, June 17, 1625.

The last night at five o'clock, (there being a very great shower) the king and queen, in the royal barge, with many other barges of honour, and thousands of boats, passed through London-bridge to Whitehall; infinite numbers besides those in wherries, standing in houses, ships, lighters, western barges; and on each side of the shore, fifty good ships discharging their ordnance as their majesties passed along by, as, last of all, the tower did—such a peel as, I believe she never before heard the like. The king and queen were both in green suits. The barge windows, notwithstanding the vehement shower, were open, and all the people shouting amain. She hath already given some good signs of hope that she may ere long by God's blessing, become ours in religion.

She arrived at Dover on Sunday, about eight in the evening, lay there in the castle that night, whither the king rode on Monday morning from Canterbury, came thither after ten of the clock, and she being at meat, he stayed in the presence till she had done, which she being advertised of, she made short work, rose, went unto him, kneeled down at his feet, took and kissed his hand. The king took her up in his arms, kissed her, and talking with her, cast down his eyes towards her feet (she seeming higher than report was, reaching to his shoulder,) which she soon perceiving, discovered and showed him her shoes, saying to this effect: "Sir I stand upon mine own feet; I have no helps by art. Thus high I am and neither higher nor lower." She is nimble and quick, black eyed, brown haired, and, in a word, a brave lady, though perhaps a little touched with the green sickness.

One ship, where upon stood above a hundred people, not being balanced nor well tied to the shore, and they standing all upon one side, was overturned and sunk—all that were upon her tumbling into the Thames; yet was not any lost that I can hear of, but all saved by help of boats.

The bells rung till midnight and all the streets were full of bonfires, and in this one street were above thirty.

Another letter of the same date is still more particular.

It were but lost labour to tell you the queen arrived on Sunday at Dover; that on Monday, at ten o'clock, the king came from Canterbury thither to visit her; and though she were unready, so soon as she heard he was come she hastened down a pair of stairs to meet him, and offering to kneel down, and to kiss his hand, he wrapt her up in his arms, and kissed her with many kisses. The first words she said to him were, *Sire, je suis venue en ce pais pour*

votre majesté pour estre usée et commandée de vous. They retired themselves an hour, and then, having made herself ready, they went forth into the presence, where she recommended all her servants by name and quality in order. At dinner, being carved pheasant and venison by his majesty (who had dined before), she eat heartily of both, notwithstanding her confessor (who all the while stood by her), had forewarned her that it was the even of St. John Baptist, and was to be fasted, and that she should take heed how she gave ill examples or scandal at her first arrival. The same night, having supped at Canterbury, her majesty went to bed, and, some time after, his majesty followed her; but, being entered her bed-chamber, the first thing he did, he bolted all the doors round about, being seven, with his own hand, letting in but two of his bed-chamber to undress him; which being done, he bolted them out also. The next morning he lay till seven o'clock, and was pleasant with the lords that he had beguiled them, and hath ever since been very jocund.

Yesterday, I saw them coming up from Gravesend, and never beheld the king to look so merrily. In stature, her head reached just to his shoulder; but she is young enough to grow taller. Those of our nation that know best her disposition are very hopeful that his majesty will have power to bring her to his own religion. Being asked, not long since, if she could abide an Huguenot, "Why not," said she, "was not my father one?"

The opportunity for increasing the force of the Catholic missions in so heretic a country as England, which was afforded by the marriage of the Princess Henrietta Maria with Charles I., was not lost upon the papal power. The Capuchins, a community of friars vowed to poverty, having distinguished themselves by the stand they made in France against the Huguenots, a certain number were selected to attend the princess for the service of her chapel in England. The good fathers directed themselves immediately upon their arrival with so much zeal to the overthrow of Protestantism, that it not only drew upon them universal obloquy but also involved their royal mistress in continual disputes. The history of this mission, written by Father Cyprien de Gamache, is most unquestionably the most curious and entertaining record connected with the court and times of Charles I.

No sooner had the priests arrived than, according to Dr. Meddus, they became importunate to have the chapel finished at St. James's. The king's answer, however, was, that if the queen's closet were not large enough, they might have mass in the great chamber; and if the great chamber was not wide enough, they might use the garden; and if the garden would not serve their turn, then was the park the fittest place.

Mr. Chamberlain says of a feast given to the ambassador and other French, by the Duke of Buckingham, upon the occasion of the publication of the articles, that they were "entertained with such magnificence and prodigal plenty, both for curious cheer and banquet, that the like hath not been seen in these parts. One rare dish came by mere chance: a sturgeon, full six feet long, that afternoon leaping into a sculler's boat, not far from the place, was served in at supper. In all these shows and feastings," continues the worthy Intelligencer, "here hath been such excessive bravery on all sides, as bred rather a surfeit than any delight in them that saw it. And it were more fit, and would have become us better, to compare and dispute with such pompous kind of people in iron and steel, than in gold and jewels, wherein we came not near them." The Rev. Joseph Mead testifies to the same purpose. "The great

feast at Whitehall was on Tuesday, where is unspeakable bravery; but the Duke of Chevreuse put down ours "

There is a characteristic sketch of Henrietta Maria, in a letter of the same Intelligencer, which we do not discover in Miss Strickland's excellent biography, where, however, justice is done to her majesty's talent in breaking windows.

The friars so frequent the queen's private chamber that the king is much offended, and so told them, having (as it is said) granted them more than sufficient liberty in public. This Mr. Mordaunt writes to me, and, besides, that which follows:—"The queen," saith he, "howsoever little of stature, is of spirit and vigour, and seems of a more than ordinary resolution. With one frown, divers of us being at Whitehall to see her being at dinner, and the room somewhat overheated with the fire and company she drove us all out of the chamber. I suppose none but a queen could have cast such a scowl."

Nothing, indeed, could exceed the wilfulness of the weak and headstrong young queen, except, perhaps, that of her ghostly counsellors; witness a scandalous example given by the reverend Intelligencer who relates—

That the king and queen dining together in the presence, Mr. Hacket being then to say grace, the confessor would have prevented him, but that Hacket shoved him away. Whereupon the confessor went to the queen's side, and was about to say grace again, but that the king, pulling the dishes unto him, and the carvers falling to their business, hindered. When the dinner was done, he thought, standing by the queen, to have been before Mr. Hacket: but Mr. Hacket again got the start. The confessor, nevertheless, begins his grace as loud as Mr. Hacket, with such a confusion, that the king, in a great passion, instantly rose from the table, and, taking the queen by the hand, retired into the bedchamber. Was not this a priestly discretion?

It is curious that the existence of a north-west passage, in the attempt to discover which so many lives and so much money have been sacrificed within the last half century, was a subject of interest at this early period. In a letter of Sir Robert Carr's, dated Salisbury, October 18, it is said, "There is talking here that there is a ship come home which assures the king that the north-west passage is now found, which will be no small benefit to this nation." At this time, the last months of 1625, the various letters contain frequent references to the progress of the inglorious expedition which had been sent under Sir Edward Cecil, Lord Wimbeldon, against Cadiz, the mischief done by the Dunkirkers who, to our disgrace, swept the channel of our merchants and fishing-boats without an attempt at retaliation, and to the progress of the plague, which after driving the court and parliament to Oxford, had ultimately compelled the king and queen to take refuge in the New Forest.

The Dutchmen did not, however, it would appear, from a short notice in one of the Rev. Mr. Mead's letters, let off the Dunkirkers so easily, for it is stated, that having taken two Dunkirk sloops with fifty-nine well-armed men in them, and binding the men back to back, they threw them all into the sea, save the odd man, who was English, and, as the rest confessed, was a prisoner, and was forced to serve—him they landed on our coast. This execution, it is added, was begun by the Dunkirkers themselves.

The year 1626 was ushered in by the return of the discomfited fleet, and by preparations for the equally unfortunate expedition against the

Isle of Rhé. A certain Captain Brett, it would appear, prognosticated to the favourite that the great fleet was never likely to have better success, while there was sent with it *bag* without money, *cook* without meat, and *love* without charity. This was a play upon the names of three chief captains, but it was significative of complaints, which appear to have been general, and therefore probably not without foundation. We have at the same epoch the following account of a highwayman of gentle blood and poetic genius.

"Mr. Clavell, a gentleman, a knight's eldest son, a great highway robber, and of posts, was, together with a soldier, his companion, arraigned, condemned on Monday last, January 30th, at the King's Bench bar. He pleaded for himself, that he never had stricken or wounded any man, never taken any thing from their bodies, as rings, &c., never cut their girdles or saddles, or done them who he robbed any corporeal violence. He was with his companion reprieved, and sent these following verses to the king for mercy, and hath obtained it,—

" 'I that have robb'd so oft, am now bid stand—
 Death and the law assault me, and demand
 My life and means. I never used men so,
 But, having ta'en their money, let them go.
 Yet must I die? and is there no relief?
 The king of kings had mercy on a thief—
 So may our gracious king too, if he please,
 Without his council grant me a release; '
 God is his precedent, and men shall see
 His mercy go beyond severity.' "

In a letter of the Rev. Joseph Mead's, dated February the 25th, there is an account of a curious misadventure that befel the celebrated traveller Sir Robert Shirley, who, expostulating with a Persian ambassador, that he gave not the respect due unto an elder ambassador, the Persian demanded to see his commission; which he producing, the Persian, when he had seen it, gave him such a blow of the hand as felled him to the ground, alleging it was a counterfeit, and that he had abused the Sophi, and would have cut his throat had he not retired himself. An explanation subsequently given by Dr. Meddus was, that Sir Robert Shirley's commission was sealed on the one side, whereas the King, of Persia's use is to give two seals, one at the top of the commission, another at the bottom.

The commencement of the great struggle of the commons with the king may be said to date with the first attack directed against the royal favourite upon his return from pawning the crown jewels in Holland, when the duke was impeached by Sir Dudley Digges and Sir John Eliot; the impeachment comprising charges of peculation and mismanagement; of the betrayal of the interest of his country to the French king; and of procuring, it was more darkly hinted, the death of James by administering to him a deadly potion instead of medicine in his illness. The Intelligencers foresaw that so definite a move must either break the favourite or dissolve the commons. The result, however, was not immediately as had been anticipated. "My Lord Digby" and "my Lord of Bristol" were summoned before the lords of the upper house bar as delinquents, their accuser being his majesty. This was at the same time, that Sir Robert Cotton's library was put under arrest, because he had imparted ancient precedents to the lower house. It was in vain that

Sir Dudley Digges and Sir John Eliot were committed to the Tower and others were threatened, the parliament peristed in refusing to grant any supplies unless justice was done against the duke, and was in consequence dissolved in June. The unfortunate Charles had his domestic as well as public grievances to fight against at the same time. In a letter of a Mr. Perry, who appears to have been a sub-intelligencer to the Rev. Mr. Mead, dated July 1, 1626, it is related as follows:—

On Monday, about three in the afternoon, the king, passing into the queen's side, and finding some Frenchmen, he and servants, unreverently dancing and curvetting in her presence, took her by the hand, and led her into his lodgings, locking the door after him, and shutting out all, saving only the queen; presently, upon this my Lord Conway called forth the French bishop and others of that clergy into St. James's Park, where he told them, the king's pleasure was, all her majesty's servants of that nation, men and women, young and old, should depart the kingdom, together with the reasons that enforced his majesty so to do. The bishop said much upon it that, being in the nature of an ambassador, he could not go, unless the king his master should command him. But he was told again, that the king his master had nothing to do here in England; and that, if he were unwilling to go, England would send force enough to convey him away hence.

The bishop had as much reason to dance loth to depart, as the king and all his well-affected subjects had to send him packing; for he had as much power of conferring orders, and dispensing with sacraments, oaths, &c., as the pope could give; and so, by consequence, was a most dangerous instrument to work the pope's ends here.

The king's message being thus delivered by my Lord Conway, his lordship, accompanied with Mr. Treasurer and Mr. Comptroller, went into the queen's lodgings, and told all the French likewise, that were there, that his majesty's pleasure was, they should all depart thence to Somerset House, and remain there till they knew further his majesty's pleasure. The women howled and lamented, as if they had been going to execution, but all in vain; for the yeomen of the guard, by that lord's appointment, thrust them and all their country folks out of the queen's lodgings, and locked the doors after them.

It is said also, the queen, when she understood the design, grew very impatient, and broke the glass windows with her fist. But since, I hear, her rage is appeased, and the king and she, since they went together to Nonsuch, have been very jocund together.

The same day, the French being all at Somerset House, the king, as I have heard some affirm, went thither, and made a speech to them to this purpose: that he hoped the good king, his brother of France, would not take amiss what he had done; for the French, he said, (particular persons he would tax) had occasioned many jars and discontents between the king and him; such, indeed, as longer were insufferable. He prayed them, therefore, to pardon him, if he sought his own ease and safety; and said, moreover, that he had given order to his treasurer to reward every one of them for their year's service. So the next morning, being Tuesday, there was distributed among them 11,000*l.* in money, and about 20,000*l.* worth of jewels.

The French were not, however, so easily got rid of, notwithstanding the king's generosity towards them. In a letter of the 11th of August of the same year it says, "Monday last were attending at Somerset House thirty coaches and fifty carts, to have, after dinner carried the French and their goods away, supper being provided for them at Rochester. But so they would not depart, till they were disengaged of moneys they stood engaged for, for the queen: as one bill of 4000*l.* for necessaries of the queen; a second was the apothecary's bill of 800*l.*

for drugs; and the third of the bishop's, of 1500*l.*, for his unholy water. Yet on Tuesday, after dinner, most of them went away." How this was brought about is related more circumstantially in another letter of Mr. Perry's—

On Monday last was the peremptory day for the departure of the French; what time the king's officers attending them with coaches, carts, and barges, they contumaciously refused to go, saying they would not depart, until they had order from their king; and, above all, the bishop stood upon his punctilio. This news being sent in post to the king, on Tuesday morning, his majesty despatched away to London the captain of the guard, attended with a competent number of his yeomen, as likewise with heralds, trumpets, and messengers, first to proclaim his majesty's pleasure at Somerset Gate; which, if it were not speedily obeyed, the yeomen of the guard were to put it in execution, by turning all the French out of Somerset House by head and shoulders, and shutting the gate after them. Which news, so soon as the French heard, their courage came down, and they yielded to be gone the next tide.

The time being come, my Lord Conway, Mr. Treasurer, and Mr. Comptroller, went to see them perform their promise, and brought the bishop out of the gate to the boot of his coach; where he, making a stand, told them he had one favour more to crave at their hands, namely, that they would permit him to stay till the midnight tide, to the end that he might go away private and cool; which was not denied him. So on Tuesday night they lay at Gravesend, on Wednesday night at Rochester, yesternight at Canterbury, and to-night they are to lodge at Dover, from whence God send them a fair wind.

The French priests and attendants are further reported to have been very sullen and dogged at their first setting out, but kind entertainment by the way made them more tame by the time they came to Dover. At that place a fellow threw a stone at Madame St. George, as she entered the boat; "whereupon an English knight that sat next her stepped on shore and gave the fellow a wound, which cost him his life!"

Expostulations on the part of the French at the dismissal of their countrymen from the English court, the nominations to the queen's household, the mutiny in the fleet for arrears of pay and against bad provisions, the various means proposed to raise money, by raising silver and gold two shillings in the pound, and by coining lighter money, and the troublous taxation for the city's fleet of twenty sail, including the supplanting of privy seals, and benevolences by royal subsidies, are the great features that preceded the sailing of the unfortunate expedition to the Isle of Rhé. The opposition to so much and such various taxation was naturally great, and after the celebrated Sir Robert Cotton, a tailor designated as Prophet Ball, appears to have most distinguished himself. The duke, however, was inflexible. He silenced Sir Robert, by inquiring if he came to instruct the king and council; and put the tailor, "who quoted Scripture to them mightily," into prison: in fact, he stopped at no means for effecting his objects. It is even related that the Bishop of Winchester being dead, "a bishop of this land, and a Cambridge man, offered to persuade the duke, that it was the best for him to take the bishopric of Winchester himself; whereat the duke startling, and asking how he could be a bishop? 'If your grace,' quoth he, 'will procure me the bishopric, and take the revenues yourself.'"

There were no less than five bishops died in this year (1626), and even the "Intelligencers" came in for some of the benefits accruing from so many sees to be disposed of. The Rev. Joseph Mead writes that the

Bishop of Ely, overcome with kindness to Dr. Meddus for his intelligence, and surprised at London at the instant, bestowed, within this twelvemonth, a living in his gift in Essex, of 160*l.* or better per annum, upon the doctor's son, a young Master of Arts, and an Oxford man. In November of the same year, the favourite obtained from the king his re-admission of twelve French priests; it is related by the same authority, by the presentation from the queen of a jewel, the second in the kingdom. "There is," saith the same letter, a scurvy book come forth, called *The Devil and the Duke*, for which, on Wednesday, was much inquisition in Paul's Churchyard." The same month Lady Falkland was banished the court for going to mass with the queen, "in whose conversion," says the reverend Intelligencer, "the Roman church will reap no great credit, because she was called home out of Ireland for her grievous extortions."

The poverty of the government, or the passion for money to carry on foreign enterprises, led to many absurd scenes, as well as to disorderly occurrences. The Rev. J. Mead says, in a letter, of November 25th:—

But the sweetest news, like marchpane, I keep for the banquet. Now the French ambassador is departed, a certain heterochta ambassador is coming upon the stage. A youth he is, I hear, with never a hair on his face; and the principal by whom he is sent, and whom he is to represent, lies concealed in this town: and in one word, to solve this riddle, is the President of the Society of Rosy Cross; whose said ambassador, on Sunday afternoon, hath appointed to come to court, with thirteen coaches. The proffers he is to make his majesty are no small ones; to wit—if his majesty will follow his advice, he will presently put three millions, viz., thirty hundred thousand pounds, into his coffers, and will teach him a way how to suppress the Pope; how to bring the Catholic king on his knees; how to advance his own religion all over Christendom; and lastly, how to convert Turks and Jews to Christianity; than which you can desire no more in this world.

The name of this ambassador of the President of the Rosicrucians, we are afterwards told was Phillipus Johbertus; and "his ambassador's or messenger's name (which is but a youth), *Origines*." It is needless to say that the proffer of gold never came to any thing, and that the so-called embassy was looked upon at the time as a contrivance to get access to the king in private, to draw attention to the duke's mischievous practices. We have shortly afterwards a curious little sketch of the manners of the court.

"On Tuesday the queen went by water to Blackwall, and there dined aboard the Earl of Warwick's fair ship, called the *Neptune*; went thence by water to Greenwich, thence came on horseback to and through London; the earl attending her majesty to Somerset House, forty or fifty riding before bareheaded, save her four priests with black caps; herself and ladies in little black beaver hats, and masked; but her majesty had a fair white feather in her hat."

Before the favourite started upon the Rochelle expedition, his trumpeters went about to knights' and aldermen's houses to take their farewell, and have something given them. Pistols and other arms were also in great request, and it is stated that the Earl of Warwick having some six or seven score pistols in his armoury, which his lady refused to part with, in regard of my lord's absence, the duke either sent or procured from his majesty a warrant to break open the door of the armoury and

to take them all out for the king's use. The last thing before his departure the duke gave a farewell supper at York House, and a masque to their majesties, "wherein first comes forth the duke, after him Envy, with divers open-mouthed dogs' heads, representing the people's barking; next came Fame, then Truth, &c." At the same time there was a great press both in and about London, "so much, that on Monday last," says the reverend Intelligencer, in a letter dated May 25th, 1627, "in Middlesex, towards Harrow on the Hill, many were pressed in their beds, to the number of five hundred, and money levied to the sum of 3000*l.* to set them out." Before the duke joined the fleet at Portsmouth, about 10,000*l.* were sent down, the most of it taken for French goods, by Candle, at Merchant Tailors' Hall, "therewith to pay the soldiers and mariners both their arrearages and two or three months aforehand, to encourage them the better." The king was also twice feasted on board the *Triumph*. On the second occasion the chest with the king's plate fell into the sea, "and there lies, for the Dutch diver is said not to have found it."

When the favourite failed in taking the citadel of Rhé, Mr. Pory relates that the upshot of a libel then sung at Paris, was that "the Duke of Buckingham be not able to take the citadel of Rhé, yet is he able to take the Tower of London," which, adds the Intelligencer, "may be construed in many ways." The French king's saying to the Savoy ambassador, as he came that way, was "Alack!" said he, "if I had known my brother of England had longed so much for the Isle of Rhé, I would have sold it him for half the money it hath cost him."

Early in November the sad and doleful tidings arrived in London of the overthrow of the British by the French under the Count de Schomberg. "The duke is expected here on Saturday," it is said, in a letter of November 16, 1627. "Divers lords are ridden towards Plymouth to meet him, and my lord chamberlain is gone with a rich jewel unto him from the king. They report he behaved himself valiantly and saw all the men aboard before he left the land." In a letter of the Rev. J. Mead's to Sir Martin Stuteville, dated December 8, 1627, there is contained what purports to be

A Relation of the Manner of the Defeat of our Men in the Isle of Rhé.

On Monday the 29th of October, in the morning, our whole army came to St. Martin's, except those 300 which were sent to guard the bridge over which we were to retreat into the Isle de l'Oye. But before we could be ready to march away, came intelligence to my lord duke, that the enemy was marching from the little fort, whereupon command was given that we should march away with all expedition that might be. But before we were out of the town, many of the enemy came out of the fort, and followed the rear of us with their swords drawn in a bravado, calling and hallooing unto us. Whereupon, being musket-shot out of the town, we were all drawn into battle, thinking the enemy would have set upon us; for they had 300 horse and above 3000 foot, which were within half a mile of us. But for the present they would advance no nearer us. We therefore all turned faces about, and advanced somewhat towards them, which they seeing, somewhat made a stand. Then Sir William Cunningham and Sir Alexander Brett, with some other of our commanders, shouted out and waved their hats, flourished their swords, and called to the enemy to come on: but they, having a further prospect, would not then stir.

Then we turned our faces again, and marched through a village, where, behind the walls and close places, we laid some of our musketeers in ambus-

cade. Now the enemy marched forward, thinking to have marched that way : but their horses approaching near to our ambuscades, our musketeers gave fire upon them, which caused them to retreat and march another way. We had not marched above three miles further, than we came to many little hills, which we marched up, and underneath set ourselves in battle, staying there one hour before we began to march forward. In the meantime, the enemy, which were about a mile and a half off, came almost up to us, and stood upon the tops of hills, to view after what manner we marched, and which way.

Then were drawn forth of the forlorn hope some musketeers to shoot at those upon the hills, and to play upon their horses. But, as we marched away, they still approached nearer upon us ; at what time the passage was so narrow, having salt pits on each side, that we could not march above five or six abreast. The enemy, now seeing his opportunity, poured forth a great volley of shot upon us. Then was command given to march away as fast possible as we could ; for until this time we had delayed and overstripped time, as being too confident that the enemy durst not meddle with us. But, as our rear begun to march away, their horse soon charged my Lord Mountjoy's troops, which presently retreated, giving fire over their shoulders, and rode in amongst our ranks, and routed us so, that the most began to shift for themselves, and confusedly ran away and many of them casting away their arms ; others, running into the water, were cut off. Our field-pieces were not in the battle.

The other division of the horse fell upon Sir William Cunningham's troops, but they most bravely fought it out unto the last man. Had my Lord Mountjoy done the like, we could not, questionless, have lost one quarter so many of our men. In this we could not charge the enemy, because our own horse were betwixt us and them ; and they fell on with them, both horse and foot, so close, that we had not time to give fire on them, if we durst, for fear of shooting our men. So all those regiments that were in the rear were cut off, and some of those that were in the battle ; and the enemy still came on, charging even unto the bridge, where some commanders made a stand, thinking the soldiers would have done the like ; but they, being disanimated, chose, many of them, rather to commit themselves to the mercy of the waters, than to turn upon the enemy, whereby most of these commanders, being not seconded, were slain ; and had not Sir Edward Conway's regiment, which marched in the van, marched back again to the bridge, the enemy had absolutely slain us all, for they were once gotten over the bridge ; but this regiment coming, beat them back again, and made them confusedly to run away.

There were left certain musketeers of every company to guard the bridge ; the rest went to de l'Oye ; many to the water-side, thinking to find boats to carry them on board ; but my lord duke had been there before, and given strait command, on pain of death, that no sailor should carry any on board until the next morning ; that they should have order about ten o'clock.

The same night our men set fire on the bridge, which being burnt down, they came all away, leaving many a hurt man behind them ; which, doubtless, had they been brought off and well looked unto, they might have recovered again.

This night my lord duke went a shipboard, and on the morrow came ashore again.

The French king dismissed the English prisoners without ransom, and sent them as a present to the queen.

Sir Henry Spry, one of the commanders of the Isle of Rhé, since his return is dead. His lady, being much joyed at his coming home, but seeing him dejected, and not to answer her with like gratulation, asked him how he did ; to whom he answered, " Though I am returned safe, yet my heart is broken," expressing great sorrow and compassion for those commanders who were slain in

his sight, and as his modesty made him say, all far superior unto himself, and thus died within a day after.

In a letter dated the 2nd of February, it is related that "one of my Lady Purbeck's gentlewomen, being asked where her lady was, who is pursued to do penance, answered she knew not, except her ladyship was gone to the Isle of Rhé, now called the isle of Rue; for which untoward speech she is laid by the heels." We have reference made to a curious practice which obtained in London at this period in a letter of the reverend Intelligencer of the date of January 12th, 1627.

On Saturday last, the Templars chose one Mr. Palmes, son to Sir Guy Palmes, their lord of misrule, under the name of lieutenant; who, the same night, to gather up his rents at ten shillings a house, broke open, late in the night, all the doors, not only in Ram Alley, but also in Fleet Street, all along from Ram Alley to Temple Gate—namely, of such as would not open to him; and from those that would not pay he took a distress. This being complained of to my lord mayor, on Sunday night last his lordship, with a guard of halberdiers, marched that way, and about eleven at night found my lord of Christmas in a tavern, who for a while made brave resistance; but at last, being knocked down with halberds, he was conducted, together with some of his company, to the Compter. On Tuesday, Mr. Attorney, being of the same house, fetched them out of the prison with his own coach, and carried them to the court, where the king himself reconciled my lord mayor and them together with joining of hands. The gentlemen of the Temple being this Shrovetide to present a masque to their majesties, over and besides the king's own great masque, to be performed in the Banqueting House by an hundred actors.

It is subsequently explained in another letter, that Mr. Palmes was not himself the lord, but only the lord of misrule's lieutenant, and that he was sent out on Twelfth Eve to gather up his rents, limited at five shillings. "At every door they came to they winded the Temple horn; and if, at the second blast or summons, they within opened not the door, their lieutenants' voice was 'Give fire, gunner!' his gunner being a robust blacksmith, and the gun or petard itself being a huge, overgrown smith's hammer."

The disastrous expedition of the Duke of Buckingham, for the relief of Rochelle, was followed by the still more eventful meeting of parliament held in 1628. In the sad struggle that ensued, it would appear that king and subjects were alike overwhelmed with various emotions which it is not difficult to understand in the then existing relations of society. When the House of Commons gave his majesty, unanimously, in the month of April, five subsidies to be paid between that and Christmas; the king was so affected that he wept. A curious example is given of what D'Israeli, in his "*Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.*," calls "the heated state of the political atmosphere," in a letter of the reverend Intelligencer's, dated June 15th.

I know you have heard of that black and doleful Thursday, June the 5th, the day I arrived at London; which was by degrees occasioned first of his majesty's unsatisfactory answer on Monday; increased by a message afterwards, that his majesty was resolved neither to add to nor alter the answer he had given them. Hereupon they fell to recount the miscarriages of our government, and the disasters of all our designs these later years, representing every thing to the life; but the first day glancing only at the duke, but no naming him. On Wednesday they proceeded further to the naming of him; Sir Edward Coke breaking the ice, and the rest following, so that on Thursday, they

growing still more vehement, and ready to fall downright upon him, a message was sent from his majesty, absolutely forbidding them to meddle with the government or any of his majesty's ministers; but, if they meant to have this session, forthwith to finish what they have begun; otherwise his majesty would dismiss them. Then appeared such a spectacle of passions, as the like had seldom been seen in such an assembly, some weeping, some expostulating, some prophesying of the fatal ruin of our kingdom; some playing the divines, in confessing their own and country's sins, which drew those judgments upon us; some finding, as it were, fault with those that wept, and expressing their bold and courageous resolutions against the enemies of the king and kingdom.

I have been told, by a parliament man, that there were above an hundred weeping eyes, many who offered to speak being interrupted and silenced by their own passions. But they stayed not here, but as grieved men are wont, all this doleful distemper showered down upon the Duke of B. as the cause and author of all their misery, in the midst of these their pangs crying out most bitterly against him, as the abuser of the king and the enemy of the kingdom. At which time, Mr. Speaker, not able, as he seemed, any longer to behold so woful a spectacle in so grave a senate, with tears flowing in his eyes, besought them to grant him leave to go out for half an hour; which being granted him, he went presently to his majesty, and informed him what state the House was in, and came presently back with a message to dismiss the House of all committees from further proceeding, until next morning, when they should know his majesty's pleasure further.

We must follow this political extract, the only one we have indulged in, by another of a different, but still equally significative character.

On Saturday, the next day, June 14, after dinner, the king and the duke being at bowls in the Spring Garden, or, as some say, looking on those who were playing at bowls, the duke put on his hat. A Scottishman, one Wilson, seeing it, kisses his hand, and snatches it off, saying, "You must not stand with your hat on before my king." The duke falling to kick him, the king said, "Let him, George; he is either mad or a fool."—"No, sir," quoth Wilson, "I am a sober man; but this man's health is pledged with as much devotion at Dunkirk as your majesty's here." Others say he said, if his majesty would give him leave, he would tell him that of that man which many knew but durst not speak. Howsoever, he escaped away at that time without any hands laid on him, but since are warrants out and search is made for him.

Libels were, also, posted at the same time in the city of London to the effect, "Who rules the kingdom?—The king. Who rules the king?—The duke. Who rules the duke?—The devil." The furnace of discontent at length flowed over, and upon the occasion of the last preparations that were being made to relieve the heroic and unfortunate Rochellers, which seemed to be always preparing and never prepared; John Felton, a younger son of a Suffolk gentleman of small fortune, realised his own wild ideas of justice by taking the life of the showy and gallant, but despotic, Duke of Buckingham. Several letters have been previously published, particularly from the pen of Dudley, Lord Carleton, and of Sir Henry Wotton, which refer at length to this catastrophe. The letter of our Intelligencers refer more to what occurred after the event than to the event itself. The Rev. J. Mead relates at second-hand, that when Felton gave the blow, he said, "God have mercy on thy soul!" Also, that as Felton passed through Kingston-on-Thames, an old woman bestowed this salutation upon him. "Now, God bless thee, little David!" quoth she, meaning he had killed Goliath. The duke's jewels were legally appraised at 300,000*l.*, yet he had pawned the jewels of the crown in the Low Countries for 50,000*l.*

After the death of the thoughtless, reckless, and extravagant Buckingham, the poor Huguenots of Rochelle were abandoned to the fury of their Catholic conquerors. Humiliations abroad were followed by misgovernment at home. Men, who had before been kept somewhat in check, now took prominent parts in the deliberations of parliament, and stood forward in resolute hostility to the illegal shifts and expedients adopted by the king to raise funds. The rise to eminence of such men as Selden, Cotton, Eliott, Holles, &c., can be traced with curious exactness in this correspondence, till, at length, the last endeavour to rule according to the Stuart notion of royalty—through Star Chamber persecutions, and illegal impositions, brought John Hampden into the field.

It is more pleasant, however, to recur to the many curious revelations of civil manners and the quaint pictures given of social morals, than to these troublous political events brought about by a few daring spirits struggling in the cause of constitutional liberty against an absolute and irresponsible power. Certainly, some of the former are of a nature to startle the proprieties of the present century. We would particularly allude to the case of the Lady Purbeck, and to those of the Earl of Castlehaven and Sir Giles Allington. The reverend Intelligencer, who contributes so largely to the correspondence, was, as before showed, particularly fond of a little bit of court scandal. To judge of the nature of these little episodes, we may select an example of the least objectionable character.

I will now tell you a ridiculous piece, if it may beseem my gravity. Dr. Raven, the physician, having been long suitor to Mrs. Bennet, the 20,000*l.* widow, and being held in suspense, thought, by a more compendious way to achieve his end, so on Wednesday night (her maid, as it is thought, being of the conspiracy, and now in prison), he hid himself in her chamber, and about two of the clock in the morning, came, unready, to her bedside, awaked her, and proffered some service that was not fit; for she, out of a virtuous disposition, refused it, cries "Thieves, thieves! murder, murder!" Up comes her man, apprehends the *Raven*, whom they carried the next day before the recorder, sometime his counsel in his love, who committed him to prison. What the catastrophe will be, I know not.

We afterwards learn that the young widow had two other suitors. "They were all three birds," says Mr. Mead, punning upon their names: Finch, Raven, Crow (Sir Sackville), but the Raven hath fared the worst. The Raven was afterwards arraigned for burglary; "and had not Judge Richardson most nobly jeered him out of his frantic humour, he would have persisted in pleading himself guilty, and so would have condemned himself of a deadly crime whereof he was quite innocent."

The superstitious turn of mind which was so characteristic of the times of James I., and which was turned to so good an account by that wily hypocrite Cromwell, makes itself ever and anon apparent during the reign of Charles I. Upon the occasion of the royal marriage, Mr. Chamberlain deems it worth while to record that "a lioness hath whelped in the Tower, which some take as a presage that all things are like to succeed as in the former time; the beginnings of both in so many circumstances concurring and jumping so just." These Tower lions appear to have been much regarded. We read in a letter of the Rev. Mr. Mead's, dated July 14, 1626, that the Duke of Buckingham rode a few days previously in his coach with the Venetian ambassadors to the baiting of a lion in the Tower. Two years afterwards (July, 1628), we

read of his majesty and the duke journeying to Deptford to see the ten new pinnaces, called the Lions' Whelps.

The progress of the plague naturally called forth strong evidences of the same feeling. The reverend Intelligencer relates, in a letter of July, 17th, 1625, as follows :—

We had a letter yesterday from Dr. Meddus unexpected, which contained nothing almost but lamentation and desire of our prayers ; himself being left alone with one man and a maid, resolved to abide by it, though already five houses were infected in his little parish ; whereupon he relates two particulars in these words following :—

“One (saith he) in Leadenhall Street removed into the country with his seven children, but having buried them all there is come again hither. An old Mr. Balmford (saith he) told me yesterday evening, as sundry others have, that a woman living near Old Swan, removing into Surrey for fear of the plague, when she was come on the hill near Streatham, in the way to Croydon, turned back, looked on the city, and said, ‘ Farewell, London, and farewell plague ; ’ but soon after was taken sick, had the tokens on her breast, and these words to be distinctly read, ‘ It is in vain to fly from God, for he is every where. ’ ”

The short notices that occur in reference to the notorious Dr. Lamb, are equally characteristic.

Colonel Gray should have gone with some command in the fleet, but refused unless he might be colonel. Whereupon, the king commanded him to go with the duke as his counsellor. So his cabin was prepared in the duke's own ship, and the duke, for a while, made muck of him, and used him with great respect. But at length, whatsoever the matter was, he was put into another ship. Will you hear what tale they have at London about this ? viz., that the old countess, solicitous to know what should become of her son, consulted Dr. Lamb, who showed her, in a glass, a big, fat man, with a reddish face, brown beard, an iron arm, and a long dagger, &c., which she presently took to be Colonel Gray, the description in all things fitting him ; and, therefore, suspected he should kill her son. Hereupon, she writes to the duke, and tells she had such a dream, which much troubled her, and therefore anxiously desires, that either Colonel Gray might not go at all, or be removed into another ship, which was done accordingly.

We afterwards learn by date of December 15, 1627, that, “the titular Dr. Lamb is committed to the gate-house, about causing a Westminster scholar to give himself to the devil, of which and some other of his fellows drawn in by this same like practice, is much in diverse report.” The miserable death of this astrologer is related as follows in a letter of the Rev. Mr. Mead's to Sir Martin Stuteville, bearing date June 21st, 1628.

On Friday evening, June 13, Dr. Lamb having been at a playhouse, as he was coming thence, some boys and such like began to quarrel with and affront him, calling him the *duke's devil*, and in such sort, that he hired some sailors and others that he gathered up to guard him home. He came in at Moorgate, and the people following him. He supped at a cook's shop, where the people watched him, whilst his guard defended him from their violence. Thence he goes to the Windmill Tavern, in Lothbury, the tumult still increasing. At length, as he came thence, the people set upon him. He flies to another house, where they threw stones, and threatened to pull down the house, unless Lamb were delivered to them. The master of the house, a lawyer, fearing what might ensue, wisely sends for four constables to guard him out of his house. But the rage of the people so much increased, (no man can tell why or for what cause) that in the midst of these auxiliaries they struck him down

to the ground, giving him divers blows and wounds, and quite beat out one of his eyes. Thus being left half dead, and in such a case, that he never spoke after he was carried to the Compter, in the Poultry, (no other house being willing to receive him) where the next morning he ended a wretched life by a miserable and strange dream. Some say, the keeper got above 20*l.* by taking twopence a groat apiece of such as came to see him when he was dead.

On Monday after, my lord mayor and the aldermen of the city were called before the council-table to give an account of this uproar, his majesty saying, though Lamb were a vicious fellow, he would require an account of somebody for his subject. Some thought the city would be fined, unless they could excuse it the better. A friend of mine affirms that he heard, three quarters of a year since, that Lamb himself should say, he should be killed by the people in the streets, or to that effect, besides some other predictions of the like had of somebody else. If this be true, it may be the fear of his destiny made him, upon the first quarrelling of the boys, to hire a guard, whereby occasioning a greater concourse of people, he may seem to have furthered what he would have declined. They say the people cried, moreover, whilst they were killing him, that if his master was there, they would give him as much. God grant that, to our other sins, there be no blood laid to our charge.

We are afterwards told that the barbarous rabble which mauled and mangled Dr. Lamb, did it in reference to the duke, his master, as they called him, whom, they said, had he been there, they would have handled worse, and would have minced his flesh, and have had every one a bit of him. My lord mayor and sheriffs were sent for to court about it, and have been threatened to forfeit their charter if some of the malefactors be not pointed out. A ballad being printed of him, both printer, and seller, and singer, are laid in Newgate, and some three or four more upon suspicion.

The work concludes with an original memoir of the times, by an observer of totally different sentiments to those whose correspondence precedes him. Father Cyprien de Gama  che is, as before remarked, the historian of the missive of the Capuchin zealots, who were upon the occasion of the royal marriage deputed over to this country for the purpose of gaining back one of the strongholds of the reformed religion. The narrative of the bigoted father, if it is not to be always depended upon, to the strict letter, like the correspondence of the professional Intelligencers, and is not therefore of so much interest to the historical student, certainly carries away the palm of amusement. The account of the escape from the custody of the parliament of the Duke of York, in the disguise of a girl, and that of the infant princess as a beggar's brat in the custody of the Countess of Morton, clothed in rags, and disfigured with a hump, is an incident so full of romance that we regret it is too long to transfer to our pages. The same narrative, besides many curious details posed and of real conversions, further contains many interesting particulars respecting the royal family, both before and subsequently to the death of Charles, and also respecting several distinguished persons who were with them after their exile.

THE QUESTION OF GENERAL EMIGRATION.

GENERAL emigration is decidedly the question of the day. The urgency of such a measure being carried out upon a broad and extensive scale, is felt on every side. The statesman is interested in finding a good outlet for a population which is always in advance of the existing arrangements for profitable employment, and which is sure to become expensive and dangerous when unemployed. The landowner under the existing system of parochial rates for the poor, is interested in settling elsewhere those whom he cannot employ, and who are sure soon or late to become a burden on his property. The labourer is interested in exchanging nine shillings a week, and the chance of still less, for full work, plenty of the necessaries of life, and a little farm of his own. The manufacturer is interested in getting a colonist instead of a pauper for a customer. The colonial employer is interested in getting servants and assistants. The merchant and shipowner are interested in the colonial trade and the transport of emigrants. All parties are indeed alike interested in this great question.

"On the broad circle of this fair world's surface," says Mr. William H. G. Kingston, in some suggestions just published for the formation of a system of general emigration, "Great Britain claims dominion over thousands upon thousands of rich acres, ready to give forth all the necessaries of life to every one of her present, and to millions of her still unborn subjects, who will yet seek them; while, at home, multitudes, able and willing to work, are dying of hunger and disease—discontent and crime are seen around, because there is here no land to till, no occupation for their exertions, no remuneration for their labour.

"The object then clearly all-important to be obtained is to transfer the superabundant population to those lands where their industry will be rewarded by the production of plenty, and where they will consequently become a contented, and under good institutions, a virtuous and loyal community."

The means of attaining this object is the problem to be solved. For once, the distress and discontent manifesting itself in this country in almost open insurrection, the fears entertained from the pernicious examples abroad—the redundancy of population and the diminished and daily diminishing demand for labour—above all, the annual descent of hundreds of thousands of hungry Irishmen, rushing pell-mell along the highways and into the boroughs and cities of Great Britain, often bringing with them fever and pestilence, always bringing loss to the British labourer, and the example of moral and political discontent and disquiet, has roused the public to the vital importance of the subject. That something should be done every one demands. That much can be done every one acquainted with the colonies admits. On every side and by every class of persons in England, not only the utility but the necessity of some great scheme is acknowledged. It has ceased to be a matter of speculative and contingent good; it has become one of earnest, urgent, and pressing need.

Every body, however, finds the difficulties almost insuperably in his

own case. Notwithstanding, therefore, the immense advantage of an extensive emigration, no one moves. Every body waits for every body else. A leading authority avers that such blame as belongs to the obstruction of colonisation must be divided between two parties, the government and the public. The public expects the government to take upon itself the whole management and responsibility of a wholesale emigration ; to force the emigrants, to appoint their leaders, to find their ships (which Captain Marryat suggests very justly might be some of the men-of-war lying idle), and to procure them employment on landing. The government, on the other hand, waits till the pressure becomes urgent, till people are clamorous at the concurrent increase of rates and decrease of work, till our streets swarm with beggary, and our hospitals with pest, before it gives even a superficial attention to the most important of public questions.

Yet surely it would be wiser and easier to find employment for the emigrant, than for the home labourer. Lord Ashley laid before the House, on the 20th of July, a petition from delegates representing 200,000 artisans and mechanics in London, asking among other things for a labour protection board elected by the working classes, the president thereof having a seat in the cabinet, a fair day's labour being fixed by each trade, and a fair remuneration by law. Demands of this kind may some day or other assume a far more perplexing character, than any that have to be got over in the great problem of emigration.

It is the duty of government to do for all, that which each class cannot do for itself. That is what we have ministers for, with a legislature, and an immense machinery of deliberative heads and executive hands. Ministers have, however, a great dread of taking the initiative, and still more so of doing more than is absolutely necessary. A minister thinks that if he propounds a measure which has not been bellowed for by millions for several long years, he is going out of his way and giving himself most unnecessary trouble. A minister seeks not to suggest, but to keep in power, and to live free of scrapes and difficulties. It is much to be regretted that we so seldom see men at the helm, who can suggest and govern, as well as defend themselves, and who can command opportunities as well as parliamentary majorities. Yet two immense responsibilities are wrapped up in the emigration question, the future peace and tranquillity of this country, and the prosperity of the greatest colonial empire in the world.

When Lord Ashley introduced the other day to the notice of the House, the condition of those who form the staple of what are called the ragged schools, most appalling was the picture ! Infancy without the tenderness of a mother's love—childhood without the protection of a father's care—boyhood with no instruction but that of older and astuter vice—manhood seared at heart and lost to all good purposes or end ! Emigration was the remedy proposed, and government acceded to Mr. Hawes's request and assigned 10,000*l.* to the scheme ; a sum, however, that will go but a very small way towards draining off even a portion of that hungry and clamorous industry which here pants in vain for work and for wages.

On the other hand, the Australian and Natalian colonies concur in demanding an influx of labour. This is the indispensable condition of

their existence. Give them labour, and every resource with which beneficent nature has blessed them—wide and verdant plains, spreading prairies, fertile valleys, thick woods, virgin mines, untried fisheries—shall all be brought into production. Whilst we in England are complaining of the dearness of food and the cheapness of our population, our fellow-countrymen at the Antipodes complain of the dearness of men and women and the cheapness of mutton and beef. There sheep are boiled down for tallow. Of 23,000,000 acres which are contained in the eastern division of the colony, only 40,000 are under cultivation. Look to the inexhaustible fields for agriculture and pasturage opened by the expeditions of Leichardt, Mitchell, and others! Then, while New South Wales prefers its claim against Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick retort by a comparative denunciation of Australia. To complicate the embarrassment, witnesses come forward to assure the legislature and the country that, in the competing virtues of Canada, New Brunswick, Australia, and New Zealand, we forget a modest possession, which shares the virtues of all, without the faults of any of them—Prince Edward's Island. Whilst the mind is puzzled by this cloud of witnesses, the perplexity is augmented by an unexpected recommendation of Ceylon, and a florid description of Natal in Africa. The confluence of testimony from so many quarters, makes it almost conflicting. Yet there is great difference between them. The emigrants who prosper best at the Cape and in North America, in Canada, New Brunswick, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward's Island, are very small capitalists, men who land with 10*l.* or 20*l.* in their pockets, and enter upon a few acres at once, or those who make 10*l.* and become proprietors forthwith. Australia requires generally speaking a different class of emigrants; capitalists of from 2000*l.* to 10,000*l.*, or of nothing but health and willingness to work. The relative positions of the two is, however, too often placed in the extreme.

The case, however, is clear so far, that the old and new worlds are yearning to each other with reciprocal wants, and that for the welfare of both, an organised and extensive system of emigration, to be quickly entered upon and for a long time persevered in, ought at once to be set on foot. It does not appear that the public are unwilling to act. The parishes, if we may infer any thing from the declarations made at Marylebone, are willing to contribute to the expense of a pauper emigration; the colonists, on the authority of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, are ready to contribute also. If between the two a sufficient sum cannot be raised for the purpose, surely government, which must ultimately exercise a controlling, a restraining, and a parental power over whatever system is adopted, might advance a loan to make up the deficiency. If the land fund is not sufficient, a labour fund might be created in the colony to repay this. Again, it has been justly remarked, that of the 5,000,000*l.* now annually expended on workhouses throughout England, one-twelfth might be not only humanely but profitably devoted to emigration. The colonial lands, except in the largest of the Australian settlements, where the Wakefield system of a fixed price per acre for all kinds of lands exists, are sufficient of themselves to defray the expenses of a large immigration. The price of transport to Australia averages to each emigrant about fifteen pounds. Of this, five pounds a head, it is

believed, would be paid by most parishes; another five pounds would, it is said, be paid down at once by the settler on engaging his labourer. The third five pounds may be obtained by savings, or by government loans, and repaid by a labour-tax. There are here at once two modes of getting out of the difficulty. Another mode has been proposed, viz., the imposition of an excise duty on wine and spirits, which it is well known are ruinously cheap in the colony. To emigrate to Southern Africa, where labour is equally urgently demanded, eight pounds would suffice, and of this five pounds would be as readily paid down by the employer in our African, as in our Australian settlement.

If such, then, are really the facts of the case, that emigration is for a variety of reasons become an imperious necessity, and that the means to further that emigration upon a sufficiently comprehensive scale already exist, it is obvious that all that is wanted is a well organised machinery to carry out a scheme forthwith. Mr. William H. G. Kingston justly remarks, that an association* might certainly be formed for the object of carrying out a general system of emigration, but were it to become of the magnitude required for effecting any visible or permanent relief to the crowded masses, that very circumstance would prove that the state ought to perform the functions of which it had been compelled to take charge. Mr. Kingston also argues, that if a parish incurred the whole expense (thirty pounds) of sending out a young couple, that they would be the ultimate gainers by not having the children of the said couple to provide for; that this country would benefit in like manner by the manufactures, &c., consumed by the colonist; in fact, that all classes would derive benefit from the outlay, and that the capital of thirty pounds expended on the deportation of an able-bodied prolific couple, would return to the mother country fifty per cent. in the first year of arrival, and would keep continually increasing!

Mr. Kingston is of opinion that for an undertaking of the magnitude contemplated, it will be necessary to establish a new department of government. Certainly on the principle that preservation is better than cure, a board of emigration would be a far more advisable measure than a board of labour. We must, however, refer the reader to Mr. Kingston's pamphlet for the details of the machinery by which he would make the proposed board adequate to the proposed objects. It is a clever pamphlet, worthy of study by all interested in so great and so national a subject.† Nor must it be forgotten that in all schemes of colonisation there is one thing that must not be overlooked, and that is the education and paternal care of the emigrants. It would be a monstrous crime to lay the foundations of a new state upon immorality, lawlessness, and irreligion. All that can be done, must be done, abroad as at home, to educate, soften, and improve the hearts of the lower classes.

* A society has, it appears, been actually formed at No. 4, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, London, for the promotion of colonisation.

† Some Suggestions for the formation of a system of General Emigration, &c. By William H. G. Kingston, Esq. T. Bosworth, 215, Regent Street.

FRENCH ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

Actors killed and wounded in the Revolution of June—The Gymnase an *Ambulance*—State of the Drama in Belgium and Holland, Mademoiselle Rachel—French *Artistes* in London—Vernet's Umbrella—Luxembourg, Mademoiselle Grigny—M. Dussert's *Tableaux Vivans*—Mademoiselle Constance and Mademoiselle Armande—Subsidy granted to the Theatres.

DURING the eventful days of June only one actor, a young man of the name of Georges, attached to the Théâtre Beaumarchais, lost his life, though several were more or less wounded. Among these I may mention André Hoffmann, slightly hurt by a fall from a barricade, and Sévin of the *Déclassés Comiques*,* who, in addition to a bad wound in the shoulder, had one of his cheeks literally shot away. M. Dejean, manager of the Cirque Olympique, received no less than three balls in the leg; and Got, a young actor of the Théâtre de la République had, while doing his duty as a national guard, a very narrow escape, a bullet passing through his *shako*, and grazing the top of his head. More than one musket-ball has left its mark in Roger's pretty apartment in the Rue Rochochouart (rather an exposed situation, directly leading to the barrier); its owner, luckily for him, had left Paris for London a few days before "les événements." M. Hippolyte Cogniard, one of the managers of the Porte St. Martin, was taken prisoner by the insurgents, and barely escaped being thrown into the canal; and Nestor, of the same theatre, not only fought gallantly in the Faubourg St. Antoine, but also brought away with him three muskets of which he had "spoiled the Egyptians."

For some days after the struggle, the Gymnase was converted into an *ambulance*, and many of the actresses volunteered their services as attendants on the wounded. Happy wounded! to receive their *tisane* and *bouillon* at the hands of a Rose Chéri, a Marthe, or a Melcy! to see their fairy forms flitting to and fro, in place of the grave and solemn step of the professed Sisters of Charity! Ah, ladies! let your dramatic triumphs have been what they may, rest assured that you have now other and more enduring claims than these on the admiring recollection of your fellow-citizens: the actress may one day be forgotten, but the soft, low voice, breathing hope and consolation, the gentle look of pity and condolence will still survive in the memories of those whose sufferings they have alleviated, and to whose wants they have so sweetly ministered!

The distaste for the drama, which, since the revolution of February, has become more and more evident in Paris, and indeed throughout France generally, is fast spreading in the adjacent countries. Brussels, where, in bygone days the advent of a Parisian *artiste* was welcomed as an event certain alike to interest the public and to fill the managerial pockets, is now one of the most anti-theatrical towns possible; Rachel herself being scarcely able to draw a decent house, and Déjazet playing to empty benches. Nor has Holland escaped the contagion; in Amsterdam, Rachel did little or nothing, and in Rotterdam still less. It is true that neither there nor in Brussels was she allowed to sing the "*Marseillaise*," although I believe that in the latter city she might, if she had chosen

* Since dead.

have sung the national Belgian melody (I forget its name) till she was black in the face, without the slightest hindrance on the part of the authorities.

Now, the summer being the regular season for *congés*, there is scarcely a leading actor or actress in Paris who has not, between April and October, some two or three months at his or her own disposal. Hitherto, this interval has been invariably looked forward to as a never-failing source of profit, and most important have been the negotiations carried on through the medium of dramatic agents and correspondents with various provincial managers, respecting the allotment of certain days and sometimes weeks of the said interval to their respective localities. But this year the provincial theatres are, with few exceptions, closed, and the "stars" have consequently nothing to do but to stay at home *en bourgeois* or to travel.

Now as far as regards the ladies (bless their sweet faces!) *they* are always welcome wherever they go, and the more the merrier. Cast a glance at our own metropolis, if you doubt me: Hyde Park swarms with them, the *baignoires* at the operas, and the *avant-scènes* at the French play, reckon them among their most faithful *habituées*; for them Covent Garden supplies its richest bouquets, its most luxurious fruits; to their presence Ascot owes half its attraction, and Greenwich fish-dinners half their zest. To them the word *impossible* is unknown; like the proprietor of the *Cheval du Diable*, they have but to utter the cabalistic "Je le veux!" and all they demand is at their feet. Contradict me if you can, Madame —; disprove my assertion if you are able, Mademoiselle —!

But the men, oh! that's quite another thing. *They* can't even cross the sea without paying for it (whereas if their pretty comrades *do* pay tribute to Neptune, it is only because they cannot do it by deputy): *they* can't smuggle over so much as a bottle of eau-de-cologne free of duty—*they* find no lodgings in Regent Street or the Quadrant at their disposal, but are forced to take up their quarters in some out of the way street near what I myself once heard a Frenchman call *La Place d'Or*, meaning Golden Square. *They* never think of visiting the Opera or French Play unless some good-natured friend gets them an order, and as to their other amusements, if they go once to Richmond or Gravesend by water, and once to Vauxhall or the Surrey Zoological, that is about the *sum totale*.

Moreover, while *ces dames* are *fêtées* and lionised, first from morning to night, and then from night to morning again, the unfortunate travellers, if they happen, as is generally the case, to know nobody, are left to their own resources, which are very little resource to them indeed. If they attempt to *flâner* in a crowded thoroughfare, they run imminent risk of being knocked into the street: if, as is most probable, they speak but little English, they are morally certain to lose their way and get involved in an inextricable labyrinth of unknown turnings and windings, if they once rashly forsake that Paradise of foreigners in fine weather—Regent Street. They miss their *cafés*, their Boulevards, and even their barricades, the latter picturesque additions to street scenery having lately become as familiar to a Parisian eye as are the ingenious monuments, formerly honoured with the name of the ex-préfet de la Seine, M. de Rambuteau. The admission fee to St. Paul's and to the Royal Academy disgusts them

with sight-seeing : nor do they consider beefsteaks *au naturel* and "an af" very palatable substitutes for their much regretted *potage* and *eau rouge*. In short, unless he be engaged at the St. James's, a French actor is rarely induced to prolong his stay in the "great metropolis," and still more rarely to pay it a second visit—Arnal, however, is an exception to the general rule ; during the last year he was three times in London, and has just returned to Paris from another trip thither.

Nor do Belgium, Germany, or Switzerland often tempt the real Parisian *artiste dramatique* from his accustomed haunts ; he is quite contented in summer to hire two rooms in a dusty street at Passy, or a little den at Neuilly, and to call it his *campagne*. There he walks about in a blouse and enormous straw hat, eats his dinner in an apology for a garden, hardly twelve feet square, goes three times a week to Paris and back in the St. Cloud omnibus, which he invariably designates as "la voiture," as if there were but one in the world, and talks seriously about retiring from the stage and purchasing either a *maisonnette* at Courbevoie like Odry, or a villa like Mademoiselle Rachel's "Ma Santé" at Marly. One of those who realised a similar wish was poor Vernet ; he bought a very nice country house somewhere near Charenton for a large sum of money, grew sick of it in a year or two, and sold it for a mere song.

By the way, since the death of this admirable *artiste*, his theatrical wardrobe, &c., has been disposed of by auction. Among the lots was the identical umbrella made for and carried by him: some hundreds of times in "Ma Femme et mon Parapluie." This relic, the possession of which would in better days have been coveted by many a staunch play-goer, was knocked down to an old clothesman for *thirty sous* ! Oh, Republic, these are thy fruits !

The first theatre to open its doors since the revolution of June, has been the Luxembourg, nor has the enterprising manager yet had reason to repent his chivalrous essay, for chivalrous it is, *par le temps qui court*. This little handbox boasts among other attractions a very lively and agreeable actress, with fine eyes and a roguish smile. I have been intending to say as much for the last six months, but my memory has become strangely treacherous since the revolution. Will Mademoiselle Caroline Grigny forgive me ?

Dussert, of the Variétés, was summoned a few days ago before the *police correctionnelle*, for having organised an exhibition of *tableaux vivants* in the Passage Saulnier, the novel feature in which was the total suppression of the *maillot*. The *artistes*, consisting chiefly of models selected from the different *ateliers*, were twenty in number, three of them being negroes. I was sorry to see in the list of *prévenues* the name of Fanny Klein, a pretty little actress, formerly of the Folies Dramatiques and now of the Variétés. "Que diable allait-elle faire dans cette galère ?"

Dussert, as proprietor of the concern, contended in his own defence that the exhibition in question was not a theatrical one, and affirmed that his sole object in getting it up was to reproduce the most celebrated groups of antiquity, in the presence of an audience composed of painters and sculptors. However, it being a matter of considerable doubt whether any one of the sixty persons, assembled to witness these *poses plastiques*, had ever handled a paint-brush or a chisel,

"Ueber diese Antwort des *Directoren* Jobses,
Geschah allgemeines Schütteln des Kopfes,
Der *Präsident* sprach zuerst, Hem ! Hem !
Drauf die andern secundum ordinem."

Judgment deferred.

Mademoiselle Constance and Mademoiselle Armande are unquestionably two of the prettiest and most *courues* of Parisian *ingénuités*. They are sisters, and rejoice in the somewhat uneuphonious name of Resuche, a name which during the last two or three years has acquired a not very enviable notoriety through the medium of the *Droit* and the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. *Voici comment*.

No one who is even partially initiated in *les petits mystères* of a theatrical life in Paris, ever fails mentally to associate the term *ingénue à la mode* with every imaginable kind of luxury, such as exquisitely furnished apartments, soft-cushioned Broughams, diminutive tigers, expensive toilettes, dinners at the *Trois Frères*, suppers at the *Maison Dorée*, jewels, bouquets, *avant-scènes*, *Sèvres china*, and at least one King Charles. Now, both Mademoiselle Constance and Mademoiselle Armande fully appreciate the advantages derivable from the possession of the foregoing creature comforts of life ; no one dresses better or in more perfect taste than they do ; no turn-out in the Bois or the Champs Elysées is neater than theirs ; nor are their respective *salons* less sumptuously fitted up than those of their most *recherchées* rivals.

Unfortunately, however, for Mademoiselle Armande (Mademoiselle Constance having as yet contrived to weather all similar storms), the same *fournisseurs*, who so readily supply these fair ladies with every kind of *objet d'art*, from the clock on their chimney-piece to the tapestry of their *portières*, are apt to entertain the antediluvian idea that the said *objets* are sooner or later to be paid for, and what is worse, nothing will drive that idea out of their heads. A natural consequence of this obstinacy is the occasional summons before some court of justice or other of an interesting debtor, who, having succeeded in persuading herself that she is the victim of extortion and imposition, endeavours, through her counsel, to impress the president with the same opinion, and, strange to say, fails most signally. As for Mademoiselle Armande, she is almost as regular in her irregularity with respect to payment, and in her attendance (by deputy, of course) before the *Tribunal de Commerce*, as is Mademoiselle Liévenne, and will be so, I suppose, till the end of the chapter.

But all this is sadly irrelevant, and *à propos* to nothing. Here is positively nearly a whole page wasted, and that too when space is so precious in the *New Monthly* ! Why could I not say at once and in one breath, "Mademoiselle Armande is engaged at the Gymnase, and much good may it do the Gymnase ?" Simply because I love a little gossip now and then, and feel on such excellent terms with my readers, that I always long to tell them *tout ce qui me trotte dans la tête*. Besides,

"On aime à donner quelque chose
A ceux qui n'ont rien demandé,"

says *Fernand de Mauléon*, in "*Satan*," and *Fernand de Mauléon* is right.

The sum of 680,000 francs has at length been granted to the different Parisian theatres, to be divided among them as follows :—

Théâtre de la Nation (Opéra)	170,000 francs.
Théâtre de la République (Français)	105,000 "
Opéra Comique	80,000 "
Odéon	45,000 "
Gymnase	30,000 "
Porte St. Martin	35,000 "
Vaudeville	24,000 "
Variétés	24,000 "
Montansier (Palais Royal)	15,000 "
Ambigu-Comique	25,000 "
Gaité	25,000 "
Théâtre Historique	27,000 "
Cirque	4,000 "
Folies Dramatiques	11,000 "
Délassements Comiques	11,000 "
Beaumarchais	10,000 "
Théâtre Lazary	4,000 "
Funambules	5,000 "
Luxembourg	5,000 "
Théâtres de la Banlieue	10,000 "
Hippodrome	5,000 "
Casualties	10,000 "
Total	680,000 francs.

Certain portions of these sums will be distributed every fortnight to the respective theatres up to the first of October, and it is, moreover, expressly stipulated that of these portions two-thirds are to be paid to the actors and other *employés* of the different establishments, and the remaining third to the managers. It is expected that the performances at every theatre will be arranged so as to terminate before eleven.

The Opéra National alone is excluded from any participation in the above advantages, but as that rickety concern has been at the last gasp for several months, it is rather an act of mercy than otherwise to put it out of its misery.

Next to the Luxembourg, the first theatres to re-open were the Gymnase and the Montansier, both of which recommenced their representations on Saturday, the 15th instant. On the ensuing Monday some half a dozen more followed their example, and on Friday, the 21st instant, every theatre in Paris and the *banlieue* was open. May they long remain so!

July 22, 1848.

P.S.—Since the above was written, judgment has been given in Dusser's case as follows. Those among the *poseurs* and *poseuses* who are under sixteen years of age are acquitted. The remainder of the *troupe* are fined sixteen francs each. Dusser himself, and his brother-manager, Hutant, are fined a hundred francs each, and costs.

CHARLES LAMB AND HIS SISTER.*

THE whole story of the life of Charles Lamb remained to be told. The period when a more complete estimate could be formed of a character hitherto imperfectly understood, has only been brought about by the removal of those who might have been most affected by the disclosures essential to that object. His friend and biographer, Serjeant Talfourd, justly remarks, that the most lamentable, but most innocent agency of his beloved sister, Mary Lamb, in the event which consigned her for life to his protection, forbade the introduction of any letter, or allusion to any incident, in former memoirs, which might ever, in the long and dismal twilight of consciousness which she endured, shock her by the recurrence of long past and terrible sorrows; and the same consideration induced the suppression of every passage which referred to the malady with which she was through life, at intervals, afflicted. The truth, however, as now told, while it in no wise affects the gentle excellence of the one character, casts new and solemn lights on the other, for while his frailties have received an ample share of that indulgence which he extended to all human weaknesses, their chief exciting cause has been hidden, and his real moral strength and the actual extent of his self-sacrifice have been hitherto totally unknown to the world.

There was a tendency to insanity in the family, which had been more than once developed in his sister, before the year 1795, when Charles resided with his father, mother, and sister, in lodgings at No. 7, Little Queen Street, Holborn. In that year, Lamb, being just twenty years of age, began to write verses—partly incited by the example of his only friend, Coleridge, whom he regarded with as much reverence as affection, and partly inspired by an attachment to a young lady residing in the neighbourhood of Islington, who is commemorated in his early verses as “the fair-haired maid.” That year Charles was himself a sufferer from a malady with which he was mercifully never afterwards visited. An undated letter to Coleridge, which Serjeant Talfourd says is proved by circumstances to have been written in the spring of 1796, alludes directly to a fact to which he in after-life made little or no reference, either in his correspondence or his conversations.

“Coleridge! I know not what suffering scenes you have gone through at Bristol. My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse, at Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and don’t bite any one. But mad I was! And many a vagary my imagination played with me, enough to make a volume, if all were told.”

How Charles Lamb’s love prospered is not known, but it is now first made public how nobly that love, and all hope of the earthly blessings attendant on such an affection, were resigned in the catastrophe which darkened the same year. In the autumn of that year (1796) Lamb was engaged all the morning in task-work at the India House, and all the evening in attempting to amuse his father by playing cribbage; some-

* Final Memorials of Charles Lamb; consisting chiefly of his Letters not before published, with Sketches of some of his Companions. By Thomas Noon Talfourd. 2 vols. Edward Moxon.

times snatching a few minutes for his only pleasure, writing to Coleridge; while Miss Lamb was worn down to a state of extreme nervous misery, by attention to needlework by day, and to her mother by night, until the insanity which had been manifested more than once, broke out into frenzy, which on Thursday, the 22nd of September, proved fatal to her mother. The following is Lamb's account of the event to Coleridge:—

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—White, or some of my friends, or the public papers, by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines: my poor dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a mad-house, from whence I fear she must be moved to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses,—I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr. Norris, of the Blue-coat School, has been very kind to us, and we have no other friend; but, thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me “the former things are passed away,” and I have something more to do than to feel.

God Almighty have us well in his keeping.

C. LAMB.

Mention nothing of poetry. I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind. Do as you please, but if you publish, publish mine (I give free leave) without name or initial, and never send me a book, I charge you.

Your own judgment will convince you not to take any notice of this yet to your dear wife. You look after your family,—I have my reason and strength left to take care of mine. I charge you, don't think of coming to see me—write. I will not see you if you come. God Almighty love you and all of us.

C. LAMB.

An inquest was held upon this dreadful family tragedy, and the jury having returned a verdict of lunacy, Miss Lamb was placed in an asylum, where she was, in a short time, restored to reason. The following are fragments from Lamb's next and characteristic letter:—

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—Your letter was an inestimable treasure to me. It will be a comfort to you, I know, to know that our prospects are somewhat brighter. My poor dear, dearest sister, the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgment on our house, is restored to her senses; to a dreadful sense and recollection of what has past, awful to her mind and impressive (as it must be to the end of life), but tempered with religious resignation and the reasonings of a sound judgment, which, in this early stage, knows how to distinguish between a deed committed in a transient fit of frenzy, and the terrible guilt of a mother's murder. I have seen her. I found her, this morning, calm and serene; far, very far from an indecent forgetful serenity! she has a most affectionate and tender concern for what has happened. Indeed, from the beginning, frightful and hopeless as her disorder seemed, I had confidence enough in her strength of mind, and religious principle, to look forward to a time when even *she* might recover tranquillity. God be praised, Coleridge, wonderful as it is to tell, I have never once been otherwise than collected and calm; even on the dreadful day, and in the midst of the terrible scene, I preserved a tranquillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference—a tranquillity not of despair. Is it folly or sin in me to say that it was a religious principle that *most* supported me? I allow much to other favourable circumstances. I felt that I had something else to do than to regret. On that first evening, my aunt was lying insensible, to all appearance like one dying,—my father, with his poor forehead plaistered over, from a wound he had received from a daughter dearly loved by him, and who loved him no less dearly,

—my mother a dead and murdered corpse in the next room—yet was I wonderfully supported. I closed not my eyes in sleep that night, but lay without terrors and without despair. * * * One little incident may serve to make you understand my way of managing my mind. Within a day or two after the fatal one, we dressed for dinner a tongue which we had had salted for some weeks in the house. As I sat down, a feeling like remorse struck me ;—this tongue poor Mary got for me, and I can partake of it now, when she is far away ! A thought occurred and relieved me,—if I give into this way of feeling, there is not a chair, a room, an object in our rooms, that will not awaken the keenest griefs ; I must rise above such weaknesses. I hope this was not want of true feeling. I did not let this carry me, though, too far. On the very second day (I date from the day of horrors), as is usual in such cases, there were a matter of twenty people, I do think, supping in our room ; they prevailed with me to eat *with them* (for to eat I never refused). They were all making merry in the room ! Some had come from friendship, some from busy curiosity, and some from interest ; I was going to partake with them ; when my recollection came that my poor dead mother was lying in the next room—the very next room ;—a mother who, through life, wished nothing but her children's welfare. Indignation, the rage of grief, something like remorse, rushed upon my mind. In an agony of emotion I found my way mechanically to the adjoining room, and fell on my knees by the side of her coffin, asking forgiveness of heaven, and sometimes of her, for forgetting her so soon. Tranquillity returned, and it was the only violent emotion that mastered me, and I think it did me good.

* * * * *

I hope (for Mary I can answer)—but I hope that *I* shall through life never have less recollection, nor a fainter impression, of what has happened than I have now. It is not a light thing, nor meant by the Almighty to be received lightly. I must be serious, circumspect, and deeply religious through life ; and by such means may *both* of us escape madness in future, if it so please the Almighty !

The exemption so beautifully claimed of the Almighty in this letter was granted to its author, and the true cause of this exemption—the more remarkable when his afflictions are considered in association with one single frailty—his biographer justly remarks, may be sought for in the sudden claim made on his moral and intellectual nature by a terrible exigency, and by his generous answer to that claim ; so that a life of self-sacrifice was rewarded by the preservation of unclouded reason.

How creditable to Lamb's affectionate heart is the following extract from a subsequent letter to Coleridge?—

Sunday night.—You and Sara are very good to think so kindly and so favourably of poor Mary ; I would to God all did so too. But I very much fear she must not think of coming home in my father's lifetime. It is very hard upon her ; but our circumstances are peculiar, and we must submit to them. God be praised she is so well as she is. She bears her situation as one who has no right to complain. My poor old aunt, whom you have seen, the kindest, goodest creature to me when I was at school ; who used to toddle there to bring me good things, when I, school-boy like, only despised her for it, and used to be ashamed to see her come and sit herself down on the old coal-hole steps as you went into the old grammar-school, and open her apron, and bring out her basin with some nice thing she had caused to be saved for me ; the good old creature is now lying on her death-bed. I cannot bear to think on her deplorable state. To the shock she received on that our evil day, from which she never completely recovered, I impute her illness. She says, poor thing, she is glad she is come home to die with me. I was always her favourite.

"No after friendship e'er can raise,
The endearments of our early days ;
Nor e'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love."

Shortly after this, death released the father from a state of imbecility, and the son from his wearisome attendance on him. The aunt, however, continued to linger with Lamb in his cheerless lodging. His sister remained in confinement in the asylum to which she had been consigned on her mother's death—perfectly sensible and calm—and although his means were small, he was passionately desirous of obtaining her liberty. There were legal difficulties in the way of this, and his brother John, who enjoyed a fair income in the South Sea House, opposed her discharge. But Charles persisted, and he effected her deliverance; he satisfied all the parties who had power to oppose her release, by his solemn engagement that he would take her under his care for life; and he kept his word.

For her sake (says his biographer), at the same time, he abandoned all thoughts of love and marriage; and with an income of scarcely more than 100*l.* a-year derived from his clerkship, aided for a little while by the old aunt's small annuity, set out on the journey of life at twenty-two years of age, cheerfully with his beloved companion, endeared to him the more by her strange calamity, and the constant apprehension of a recurrence of the malady which had caused it!

The illness of the poor old aunt brought on the confirmation of Lamb's fears respecting his sister's malady. After lingering a short time she died; but before this, Miss Lamb's incessant attendance upon her produced a recurrence of insanity, from which, however, she soon recovered. The anxieties of Lamb's new position were assuaged during the spring of 1797 by frequent communications with Coleridge, and by the company of his beloved friend Lloyd, whose attempts, however, to reconcile him with himself and with his position, appear from the following extract of a letter written to Coleridge to have been met in a somewhat strange mood, but still one which is creditable to his feelings:—

I had well nigh quarrelled with Charles Lloyd—and for no other reason, I believe, than that the good creature did all he could to make me happy. The truth is, I thought he tried to force my mind from its natural and proper bent; he continually wished me to be from home, he was drawing me from the consideration of my poor dear Mary's situation, rather than assisting me to gain a proper view of it with religious consolations. I wanted to be left to the tendency of my own mind, in a solitary state, which, in times past, I knew had led to a quietness and a patient bearing of the yoke. He was hurt that I was not more constantly with him, but he was living with White, a man to whom I had never been accustomed to impart my *dearest feelings*, tho' from long habits of friendliness, and many a social and good quality, I loved him very much. I met company there sometimes—indiscriminate company. Any society almost, when I am in affliction, is sorely painful to me. I seem to breathe more feely, to think more collectedly, to feel more properly and calmly, when alone.

Shortly afterwards Lamb removed with his sister to Southampton-buildings, Holborn, and the change was a source of great comfort to him. In a letter to Coleridge, in which he announces this change, he also speaks of the pleasure derived from visiting a friend at Oxford, but he adds, "it was not a family where I could take Mary with me, and I am afraid there is something of dishonesty in any pleasure I take without her." He was indeed in the habit of making country excursions

during each annual vacation with his sister, but even these were taken with fear and trembling—often foregone—and finally given up, in consequence of the sad effects which the excitements of travel and change produced in his beloved companion.

How imperfectly the emancipation from the irksome duties of the India House, so rapturously hailed, fulfilled its promises, how Lamb left town for Islington, which he always called "classic ground," Islington for Enfield, and there, after a while, subsided into a lodger; and how, at last, he settled at Edmonton to die, sufficiently appear in the former series of his letters. A number of letters scattered through nine years (from 1825 to 1834), are now, however, first published, which have been subsequently communicated by the kindness of the possessors. Among these, those addressed to Sergeant Talfourd and to Mr. Moxon are especially entertaining, and they also contain a record of a very pretty little domestic romance. The first allusion to the romance in question is in a letter to Mr. Ayrton, dated March 14, 1830:—

But we are both in trouble at present. A very dear young friend of ours, who passed her Christmas holidays here, has been taken dangerously ill with a fever, from which she is very precariously recovering, and I expect a summons to fetch her when she is well enough to bear the journey from Bury. It is Emma Isola, with whom we got acquainted at our first visit to your sister, at Cambridge, and she has been an occasional inmate with us—and of late years much more frequently—ever since. While she is in this danger, and till she is out of it, and here in a probable way to recovery, I feel that I have no spirits for an engagement of any kind. It has been a terrible shock to us; therefore I beg that you will make my handsomest excuses to Mr. Murray.

Good tidings soon reached Lamb of Miss Isola's health, and he went to Farnham to bring her for a month's visit to Enfield. The next reference to Miss Isola also contains an anecdote which was told by Lamb in a letter previously published, but not quite so richly as here:—

Emma stayed a month with us, and has gone back (in tolerable health) to her long home, for *she* comes not again for a twelvemonth. I amused Mrs. Williams with an occurrence on our road to Enfield. We travelled with one of those troublesome fellow-passengers in a stage-coach, that is called a well-informed man. For twenty miles, we discoursed about the properties of steam, probabilities of carriages by ditto, till all my science, and more than all was exhausted, and I was thinking of escaping my torment by getting up on the outside, when, getting into Bishop's Stortford, my gentleman, spying some farming land, put an unlucky question to me: "What sort of a crop of turnips I thought we should have this year?" Emma's eyes turned to me, to know what in the world I could have to say; and she burst out into a violent fit of laughter, maugre her pale, serious cheeks, when, with the greatest gravity, I replied, that, "it depended, I believed, upon boiled legs of mutton." This clenched our conversation, and my gentleman, with a face half wise, half in scorn, troubled us with no more conversation, scientific or philosophical, for the remainder of the journey.

In a letter to Mr. Wordsworth, written in the spring of 1833, the plot of our little romance begins to thicken.

To lay a little more load on it, a circumstance has happened, *cujus pars magna fui*, and which, at another crisis, I should have more rejoiced in. I am about to lose my old and only walk-companion, whose mirthful spirits were the "youth of our house," Emma Isola. I have been here now for a little while, but she is too nervous, properly to be under such a roof, so she will make short visits,—be no more an inmate. With my perfect approval, and more than concurrence, she is to be wedded to Moxon at the end of August—so "perish the roses and the flowers"—how is't?

Further on he says, "Moxon has introduced Emma to Rogers, and he smiles upon the project. I have given E. my Milton (will you pardon me?) in part of a portion. It hangs famously in his Murray-like shop." On the approach of the wedding-day Lamb turned to the account of a half-tearful merriment, the gift of a watch to the young lady whom he was about to lose.

For God's sake give Emma no more watches; *one* has turned her head. She is arrogant and insulting. She said something very unpleasant to our old clock in the passage, as if he did not keep time, and yet he had made her no appointment. She takes it out every instant to look at the moment hand. She lugs us out into the fields, because there the bird-boys ask you, "Pray, sir, can you tell us what's o'clock?" and she answers them punctually. She loses all her time looking to see "what the time is." I overheard her whispering, "Just so many hours, minutes, &c., to Tuesday; I think St. George's goes too slow." This little present of Time!—why,—'tis Eternity to her!

What can make her so fond of a gingerbread watch?

She has spoiled some of the movements. Between ourselves, she has kissed away "half-past twelve," which I suppose to be the canonical hour in Hanover Square.

Well, if "love me, love my watch," answers, she will keep time to you.

It goes right by the Horse Guards.

Miss Lamb was, however, in a sad state of mental estrangement up to the day of the wedding, upon which day she suddenly regained her senses, as related by herself in the following note:—

MY DEAR EMMA AND EDWARD, MOXON,—Accept my sincere congratulations and imagine more good wishes than my weak nerves will let me put into good set words. The dreary blank of *unanswered questions* which I ventured to ask in vain, was cleared up on the wedding-day by Mrs. W—— taking a glass of wine, and, with a total change of countenance, begging leave to drink Mr. and Mrs. Moxon's good health. It restored me from that moment, as if by an electrical stroke, to the entire possession of my senses. I never felt so calm and quiet after a similar illness as I do now. I feel as if all tears were wiped from my eyes, and all care from my heart.

MARY LAMB.

Lamb and his sister were for the last year of their united lives, always together, and his latter days were also brightened by the frequent—latterly periodical—hospitality of the admirable translator of Dante, at the British Museum.

The letters now published by his executor, make known one of those great examples of self-sacrifice, than which nothing more lovely in human action and endurance can be exhibited. How admirably calculated, too, is Lamb's conduct to raise the literary character so often looked upon as merely impulsive and passionate! In Charles Lamb we see the highest practical virtues enduring through life. The sweetness of his character breathed through his writings, and was felt even by strangers, but its heroic aspect was till now unguessed, even by many of his friends!

To these friends, and they were a host, Serjeant Talfourd has not only done ample justice, in a highly graphic sketch, or what he terms "a social comparison," being Wednesday nights at Charles Lamb's compared with the celebrated soirées at Holland House; but also in admirable sketches of his deceased companions, among whom are names so well known to fame, as Godwin, Hazlitt, Barnes, Haydon, Coleridge, and others.

Need we add a word to recommend a work, every word of which has a claim upon the heart and intellect of lovers of English literature.

REPUBLICAN PARIS.

To those who, through the medium of the English newspapers, may have followed the history of all the terrible commotions, the revolutions, the changes of government, the dread, the doubt, the angry passions, and the vows of vengeance amid which we have been living for the last few months, Paris must appear as if devoted to the infernal gods, a sojourn of alarm and terror—a very pandemonium of hate and every evil passion.

Nothing can be more erroneous than such an opinion—the charm of pleasure and amusement which has always rendered Paris the gayest city in the world, may indeed be gone for a while, but it has been replaced by many others, and Paris is at this moment possessed of an interest more absorbing than it can ever have boasted under its most glorious aspects—whether ruled by the splendour and magnificence of its ancient monarchy, or flourishing beneath the sway of its imperial despot. Each day brings with it some new subject of inquiry and speculation—each month some new candidate for the vacant Presidency, or some new pretender to the vacant throne. Every salon has become a debating ground whence theories the most absurd, speculations the most impracticable, are discussed with a patience and *sang froid* which is rather startling to the cool judgment of Englishmen. Every fresh convulsion seems to stir up from the bosom of Paris society some new and monstrous belief, which works its way to the surface with silent mystery and by slow degrees.

At first it is spoken of in whispers amongst the initiated few, and presently every class of the people echo back the wonder; the excitement is shared alike by all, until some other invention newer and more startling still seizes hold upon the public mind, and is adopted with the same eagerness, to be cast aside with the same indifference. At this very moment the same slow, wasting fever, the same unhealthy craving for excitement is visible as during the years which preceded the great revolution, and, as at that period, the passion for the marvellous has sought its satisfaction from every source. Crowds assemble in our drawing-rooms, but they assemble in silence and in awe. “We have no more *soirées*,” said a lady to me the other day, “our *réunions* are all *nocturnal assemblies*.” The justness of the remark could not fail to strike any stranger who might be ushered for the first time into one of those lofty, gloomy *salons* of the Faubourg St. Germain, more dimly lighted, more scantily furnished than ever, since the uncertainty of the future has rendered economy doubly necessary. Even the conversation is no longer of politics, no longer of party excellence, no longer of this pretender or of that. It has taken within the last month a mystic tone, redolent of German theories, and borrowed from German literature. The belief that the world is about to end, is gaining ground each day, and has gone far to produce this sudden and extraordinary change in the tone of our veteran *causeurs*, who had been able to resist the *surprise* of February and the alarm of May. They have been tamed and subdued by the occurrences of June, and are obliged to confess that some great and terrible event in the history of the human race is now preparing. Already have we been visited by two or three dreams of well-known and restless dreamers,—each vision more solemn than the last, until we are

sinking fast into the same state of credulity and prophetic mysticism which Mesmer, Cagliostro, and the Count de St. Germain spread with such awful success towards the close of the last century. Paris is at this moment full of mystery and terror, and more things are being enacted there than are dreamt of in our philosophy. The *convulsionnaires* who, in 1789, while Mirabeau was thundering his denunciations from the bar of the Assembly, were suffering obscure and self-imposed martyrdom for Jesus' sake, have again re-appeared, and I am told of a youth of sixteen in the Faubourg St. Marceau, whose powers of enduring physical torture is at this moment puzzling the science and bewildering the brains of the most learned doctors of the capital, performing the same scenes and inspiring the same supernatural terror as in the days of the Diacre Paris and his sombre and startling miracles. The impression on the public mind is likewise identically the same as that produced in those times; not to the superstitious and ignorant alone are these beliefs confined, they are shared by people of every grade, and what is more, of every degree of intellect. Society has been shaken to its very foundation, the shock has been felt by all, and it is not astonishing to find that people of great imagination, more powerfully struck than the rest, should seek the explanation of the astounding events which have lately happened, to change the whole structure of social civilisation in supernatural agency.

It is not the first time that the nation has been brought to seek with yearning heart, the clue to the mystery in which it found itself suddenly enveloped without forethought or earthly warning—and not discovering it in natural causes, looks for the solution in the unknown regions of the unseen world. It is now more than a year ago since the sudden appearance in the most fashionable circles of a new “lion” caused some commotion, more generally felt than usual by the same event, owing to the mystery in which his origin was enveloped. Nothing was known of his antecedents, his name was a foreign one, and both his manners and pronunciation, although strictly conforming to the traditions of the best society, were redolent of foreign origin. He affected no title, neither did he assume airs of greatness, yet he at once launched forth into vast expenditure, and the whole of last season his hotel was the rendezvous of every delegate of fashion from the four quarters of the globe who chose to make Paris his head-quarters, ambitious of distinction, in the circles of fashion of their own country.

His *début* in society was made at the house of the Duchess de Cazes, where he had been presented by the celebrated Abbé D——, the greatest magnetiser of the age, and who, having been the confessor to all the great ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, soon caused the doors of the most fashionable *salons* to be opened to his *protégé*. The extraordinary death of the abbé about nine months ago, withdrew his friend for awhile from the world, and when he again re-appeared, it was as a saddened and an altered man, no longer as a leader of *ton* and umpire of fashion, but as an adept in the mystic sciences, a reviver of the forbidden arts—a professor of magic, and ruler of the spirits. It was said that he has seized the papers of the Abbé D——, and that it is in the study of their contents that he has acquired the knowledge which now renders him a formidable successor to the philosophers of antiquity. The relatives of the abbé having threatened a *procès* against our hero for the detention of sundry books and papers belonging to their deceased relative, M. G—— found it advisable to leave Paris for awhile,

even in the midst of triumph and success in the career which he had chosen.

This happened just before the Revolution of February, and the late event had driven him entirely from our minds when the announcement in the *Moniteur* of his appointment to the government of one of our most important colonies, has filled us with astonishment. The same paper contains the notice of his nomination, and departure by one of the government vessels, to take possession of his government. He has not returned to Paris, nor has he been beheld during the raging of our political tempest. What had become of him during this time? Where had he been hiding? Was he concealed in producing the convulsion which has overthrown the power of Louis Philippe, or is it that the supernatural skill which he is reported to possess has been secured by the present powers that it may not be employed by the partisans of the fallen monarchy? None can tell; and to these questions, which are daily asked, the most absurd and unaccountable reasoning is given by way of reply. Meanwhile, the heirs of the Abbé D—— are by no means disposed to resign their claims to the restitution of the fancied treasures he has left behind him; for, of course, the value of the legacy is exaggerated in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining it, and one of the most extraordinary lawsuits which ever served to divert the lovers of gossip, or to astound the lovers of the marvellous, will come before the tribunaux towards the middle of next autumn. This Abbé D——, whose magnetic powers seem to have been almost supernatural, appears to have met, for the first time, with M. G—— in the vast solitudes of the forests of Mexico, whither the abbé, who began life as a foreign missionary, had been despatched by the *Société des Missions Etrangères*. Mysterious hints have, at various times, been thrown out concerning the manner of this first rencontre. Neither the one nor the other loved to have the subject alluded to, and yet some bird of the air must have carried the matter, for it is generally suspected that they were both engaged in the pursuit of a hidden treasure well known to exist in that solitude by the inhabitants of the country, and that both had been conducted thither by the advice and information of a somnambule. Whether the treasure was really found and divided between them, or whether M. G—— alone benefited by the discovery I know not, but it is certain that, shortly after the beginning of the acquaintance, the abbé returned to Europe, under a pretence of ill health, retired from the missions, while M. G—— continued to roam the world until the year before last, when he suddenly alighted at the abbé's door, and, to his dismay, claimed the right of old friendship, and established himself in the same house in order to be near him. It appears, however, that after the first annoyance had subsided, the abbé must have got reconciled to the burden thus imposed upon him, for he soon was found leading M. G—— into every society, however noble and lofty, to which his own birth and position had given him the entrance, and a little time after this he removed to the beautiful hotel in the Rue Neuve des Mathurins, which M. G—— had fitted up at an immense expense, and where the two friends resided together until the death of the Abbé D——, in the month of May of last year. This event, which caused an immense rumour in the society which the abbé frequented, passed over as every thing of the kind will do in Paris, without inquiry, and without comment from the relatives. The abbé was supposed to

be poor, he had been looked upon as half a madman by his nephews, and, therefore, it was not considered worth while to incur the expense and trouble of an investigation into the circumstances of a death by which no one was benefited; but when it came to be observed that the expenses and *train de vie* of M. G—— increased tenfold after the death of his friend, the rapacity of his nephews became excited, and it was discovered that the abbé had died suddenly, and without previous illness, and that M. G—— had been alone in attendance on his last moments. Inquiries were at length set on foot by the greedy heirs. M. G—— gave a candid and explicit declaration of the manner in which the abbé had met his death, a statement which was perfectly satisfactory in as far as the investigations of justice were concerned, but which nevertheless has left that kind of *rapport* between M. G—— and the suspicion of crime which never fails to attach itself almost as strongly as downright certainty to the name which has been often mentioned in connexion with an unexplained deed of darkness. The Abbé D——, by dint of long study and great science, had succeeded in impregnating with magnetic fluid a ring of platina which he constantly carried with him, and which being put upon his finger immediately threw him, without the assistance of any magnetiser, into a most profound slumber. While in this state he would come and go, walk out, pay visits, and receive them, with as much ease and self-possession as those who consider themselves broad “awake” in all things, and many a friend has met the abbé, on the boulevard, and held a conversation of some few minutes with him, little dreaming all the while that he had been talking to one who was buried in as deep a sleep as ever visited the couch of the toil-worn labourer. This indulgence had at length become a necessity to the abbé; the intervals of wakefulness were regarded by him as real periods of pain, and had grown of shorter and shorter duration, until the abbé was found one morning dead in his fauteuil, and all the efforts of his friend were unavailing to bring him back to consciousness, the soul had at length taken flight during one of these absences meant to be but temporary, and no human power could now awaken him! Such was the account given of the affair by M. G——, and believed by people of science, who pronounced the thing to be quite possible, and therefore no blame was attached to any one. The abbé was buried at Montmartre, a handsome stone raised to his memory by his *quondam* friend, and the affair was forgotten until the report got abroad of the increased expense and profuseness of M. G——. You may readily conceive that the excitement produced by this affair has been most intense. Does not the whole story remind you of the dark episodes which preceded the outbreak of the Great Revolution?

What renders the circumstances of the case more extraordinary still, and increases the emotion which the name of M. G—— fails not to inspire in the initiated circles, is, the discovery of the science which he has called “spiritual magnetism,” and which he pretends to be nothing less than the science of the ancient Seers, forbidden as unholy, when Christianity first appeared—the raising of the dead! This science he has been practising for some time at a lonely house behind the Observatoire, and several people have, in my presence, borne witness to the entire success of his experiments, recounting with a shuddering awe

scenes of the most extraordinary nature, which have taken place at the house in question.

Unlike Cagliostro, however, M. G—— does not profess the power of calling from the grave any but those who have had, while in life, some sort of affinity, either of blood or friendship, with the person desirous of holding communication with the spirit. An English gentleman of my acquaintance left London purposely to be present at one of these *séances*, undeterred either by the trouble or expense of the consultation, which are both considerable, the effect being produced, according to the declaration of M. G——, entirely by electricity. The sufferings produced upon the spectator, are said to be horrible in the extreme, physical and moral torture being of some weeks' duration, and in the case of my English friend, although the experiment took place in November last, have not yet subsided. Those who are not deterred by religious scruples from seeking the laboratory of M. G——, would most certainly hesitate could they behold the agony of mind and body to which the satisfaction of an unhealthy curiosity has for the last few months condemned him.

It is of subjects such as these that our communings in the most aristocratic quarter of Paris have all been treating ever since the establishment of the Republic. As in '89, so have the number of soothsayers and fortune-tellers augmented in a most extraordinary degree, and their doors are besieged from morning to night, and frequently the whole night long. And yet in spite of the want of animation, the noise and gaiety which we have been accustomed to find in Paris society, there is some secret and undefinable charm about these sad and silent assemblies, which causes the *salons* where they are held to be crowded by the best and most intellectual company of the capital; and I have lately attended many of them, where the conversation, all of the same lugubrious tint—all of death to some and disaster to the living, has been carried on till three o'clock in the morning with the greatest interest, and even at that hour our party was broken up with great regret.

While such is the in-door aspect of republican Paris, far different is that of the streets and boulevards. Here all is eagerness and gaiety—that inexhaustible love of fun and frolic, which has ever distinguished the *gamin de Paris*, seems to have increased tenfold since the Revolution, and the wit and spirit of some of the dialogues held between those worthies, will often arrest crowds in their progress, to the detriment of the honest jugglers and showmen, who toil in countless numbers along the pathway. Since the insurrection of June, and the putting down of the flying news-vendors, these gentry have once more resumed their rights, and driven from the highway, at least for a while, politics into the shade. Exhibitions of every kind line the whole length of the Boulevard du Temple, as in days of old, before Louis Philippe, in his rage for the improvement of Paris, had caused all the spectacles to disappear. All the old celebrities, whom we had given up as lost, have re-appeared—the man with the serpent and the man with the broken bones, who dances on crutches till the spectator's heart is sick with beholding him. Men with dark, worn visages, and women with long black hair and sharp and hungry looks, are beheld at every turn endeavouring to catch attention by the display of tricks and contortions more difficult to look upon than to execute. All down the Champs Elysées, by the Cours la Reine, the old

exhibitions, some of them coeval with the ancient French monarchy, are arrayed in ghastly file. Who does not remember the "Passion of our Saviour," performed by children, which re-appears after every commotion, and reaps a golden harvest until the re-establishment of the police destroys its career by confiscating its "properties" in the name of public morals and decency? This is again flourishing and noisy as ever. The African ponies of the Count de Paris,—the *will* of Louis Philippe, purporting to be written in his own hand,—and divers other delectable sights, are to be seen beneath the very walls of the garden of the Tuileries, where they afford subject of much wholesome meditation to the philosopher, as he walks along the terrace and gazes on the windows whence hang the graceful tendrils of the passion-flower, planted on the balcony to shade the portrait of the Duke of Orleans from the heat of the western sun, or views the balcony whence the young heir was wont to descend into the little garden kept for his own use, and where the flowers which he planted are blooming fresh and fair, as though he still were there to gather them. The promenades are crowded, and the physiognomy of the promenaders but little changed at present. The same gallant impertinence is visible on the countenances of the men, the same frivolous coquetry in the gesture and conversation of the women, render the scene an unaltered one from that which the same spot afforded in "the good old times." Lord Pembroke and most of the English residents have returned, unable to bear existence elsewhere; and altogether the insurrection of June has done this good, it has brought back the alarmists, and inspired greater confidence in those who were courageous enough to remain.

The official *salons* are beginning to throw open their doors one by one. It will be a pleasant study to contemplate the change in their *habituës*, and report it to your readers next month.

2 THE OPERA.

You may talk as you will, oh musical legitimist—you may sigh over modern Italian frivolities, you may regret good old times, and good old compositions—even that music which used to be heard from *Mentron's* head when the Egyptian sun shone thereupon—you may be in ecstasies or you may be in despair, but never shall you persuade the occupants of those boxes and that pit to believe that "*Le Nozze de Figaro*" is a charming recreation for an operatic evening.

You will call attention to the wondrous variety of melody, you will show how the imagination of the immortal Mozart, never moving in that beaten track on which the successors of Rossini have danced along so flippantly, burst forth in wondrous forms, and told strange tales of passion such as had never been heard before—now breathing forth the ardour of an uncertain juvenile love, now wailing over the extinction of a past affection—you will call attention to the science of the accompaniments, science wielded so easily that the very facility conceals the erudition—but you will talk as to deaf adders. Those pleasant common-places of the modern Italian composers are the very things that people *do* like; other

melodies do not seem to them like true operatic song. They like the full, crashing, banging accompaniments, and consider that they produce a most stimulating sound.

They are a little *blasé*, the inhabitants of this metropolis. If you don't excite them you do nothing. Passion must be peppered or it will taste chilly; hearts must be taken by storm not by treaty. A strange people—a strange people! The excess of indolence anomalously combined with the extremely *piquant*; something that does not strain the intellect, but allows an honest man to go on talking his own way, to say his own *mots*, and show forth his white kids, and his teeth, if tolerable, and then all of a sudden startles his little circle of admirers and him into the bargain with a most striking effect, after which he and his party may relapse into delicious *insouciance*—this is, the *beau idéal* of operatic composition. You know, reader, the peculiar sensation, when on your downy couch at night, having forgotten the cares of the day, and felt the real world fade out while the world of dreams has not yet begun to create itself, so that your soul is enwrapped in a luxuriant nothingness, you feel a sudden sink as though the aforesaid downy couch were opened in the middle and let you fall down some hundred yards towards the centre of gravitation. Just that indolence and just that plunge will serve to illustrate the all that is expected of modern operatic works.

But this same capricious body of auditors, does immensely like the "Deh Vieni," which Jenny Lind sings in the character of *Susanna*. They listen to that charming effusion with pleased, delighted gasps—their fastidious souls are suspended on a thread of melody—and the one air consoles them for the fatigue they have undergone.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Kellys and the O'Kellys or, Landlords and Tenants, a tale of Irish life, by A. Trollope, Esq., and published by Mr. Colburn, is a well-told and an intensely Irish story. Truth to say, however, we cannot sympathise at the present moment with the whimsicalities of that strange, wild, imaginative people, herein so characteristically described, when these whims are exhausting themselves in disloyalty and rebellion, and threatening rapine and bloodshed. Mr. Trollope certainly does not spare the Irishmen of any rank or creed. Lord Ballindine is the Irish nobleman in his most eccentric phase; Lord and Lady Cashel constitute a pair of no uncommon cast; Lord Kilcullen is a mere scape-grace; Widow Kelly is at once a shrew and a trump; Dot Blake is a mere gambler, and Miss Wyndham completes the list as a victimised heroine. The humour of the Emerald Isle has too often that which is sensual and repugnant even in its very joyousness, and among a class with whom poverty, pathos, and passion, are ever alternating with fun, frolic, and folly,—what that is temperate, chaste, and ennobling, can be expected?

The bold pen, so graphic in its touches, so unsparing in its anatomy, so partial to the dark and repulsive phases of human nature, that at once lent a charm and yet imparted horror to *Wuthering Heights*, is at once recognised in the new story of the *Tenant of Wildfell Hall*,

published by Mr. Newby. It is a story told with that nervous freedom of expression, and that love of all the minuter details of human anguish, which is sure to win the interest of the reader, and which, in as far as the latter peculiarity is concerned, justly suggests comparisons with the interest wrought up step by step in the fate of *Jane Eyre*; but we cannot ourselves perceive that there is any analogy in cast of thought, incident, or language, between that carefully written story, and the more passionate and energetic writings of the author of *Wuthering Heights*, and of the *Tenant of Wildfell Hall*.

Alas! the Italy of 1845-6 exists no longer. In the once tranquil city of Rome, patriotic hymns are heard, the banners of liberty are seen waving; in the beauteous bay of Naples, in the solitary valleys and ravines of Sicily, where formerly the gentle mandolines alone broke the stillness around—from one end of the country to the other—the roaring of cannon has become a familiar sound. The beautiful pictures of Italy (*The Italians at Home*; by Fanny Lewald; translated from the German by the Countess d'Avigdor, 2 vols. T. C. Newby) by the author of *Diogenes*, pictures of the people, of their life, of their festivals and employments, of their joys and sorrows, appear now as if painted on the back-ground of the great past. In the space of one short year, these beautiful pencillings seem to belong to ancient times, but they will ever be delightful reminiscences, and to those who are acquainted with that poetical tranquillity which preceded the feverish outburst of insurrection and revolt, they will form a pleasing and a grateful contrast with the present.

Darton and Co., of Holborn Hill, have forwarded to us two specimens of their *Holiday Library*, which is truly beautifully got up. One, the *Childhood of Mary Leeson*, by Mary Howitt, is marked by that graceful intelligence and simple tenderness which have so long charmed young readers; the other, *Take Care of Number One*, purports to be by S. G. Goodrich, Esq., "the original Peter Parley," and we can only say that the genuine Peter argues against the abominable vice of selfishness in an original style and with genuine zeal. *The Private Letters of Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe*, published in Paris, since the *voulversement* of moral as well as of political institutions, have been translated by a Mr. Judge, and published in this country by Mr. Strange, of Paternoster Row. Although no excuse can be given for bringing documents before the public, which were never intended for publicity, no doubt the private letters of such eminent persons will be perused with great avidity. Under the title of *A Familiar Explanation of the Higher Parts of Arithmetic*, the Rev. Mr. Calder, Head Master of the Grammar School, Chesterfield, has published a very philosophical, and at the same time an easy introduction to the study of Fractions, Decimals, Practice, Proportion and its applications.

The recent failures of joint-stock banks in England and in India, and the probable effect which the sudden ruin of individuals under the law of unlimited responsibility will have in deterring all parties of station and property from henceforth connecting themselves with such undertakings, has led to an agitation of the question whether the safety afforded to the public by this law might not be maintained by more satisfactory means. The question has also a range beyond the mere business of banking, public attention having lately been awakened to the way in which capital is alleged to be unhealthily confined within narrow channels by the

general application of the law in question. The system of *partnership "en commandite,"* or of *partnership with limited liabilities*, forms the subject of a very useful volume now before us, published by Effingham Wilson, of the Royal Exchange. Judging from the experience of the United States and the continent of Europe, there is reason to believe that limited partnerships, under full provisions for publicity, would open a wide field for the employment of capital, and assist materially in reviving our home and colonial trade.

The cases of "*Cocks v. Purday*," and of "*Cocks v. Lonsdale*," published by Thomas Webster, Esq., barrister-at-law, presents the matured and deliberate judgment of the Court of Common Pleas on the right of foreigners and their representatives to copyright in this country. It is very satisfactory that such right should have been decided to exist by the common law in this country, and the result will be particularly agreeable to Dr. J. G. Flügel of Leipsic, whose communications in regard to the use that has been made—so detrimental to the author—of his English and German Dictionary, we regret it has not previously been in our power to animadvert upon. The well known and deservedly esteemed Mr. John Britton has published an elaborate work to settle the long disputed question of the *Authorship of the Letters of Junius*, which he traces to Lieutenant-Colonel Isaac Bairé, M.P.; William Greatrakes having been his amanuensis, and Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, and Mr. Gunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, having been his accomplices in the concoction of at least the later portion of these celebrated epistles. We cannot enter further into the question at the present moment. The work itself is to be had of the author, or of Mr. Smith, Old Compton-street.

The "*Voice of many Waters*," by Mrs. David Osborne (Effingham Wilson), comes to us in sweet and plaintive tones, telling us strange tales of many lands well adapted to amuse and instruct the young,—but not very successfully illustrated. Johnstone, of Paternoster Row, has sent forth, as if to herald the coming season, two more of his beautiful little pictorial handbooks, illustrated by Thomas and Edward Cook. The first is called *Sylvan's Pictorial Handbook to the Scenery of the Caledonian Canal, the Isle of Staffa, &c.*, and contains upwards of fifty illustrations of scenes that will be familiar to many for their exceeding beauty, and which are well worthy in these times of continental uproar, of the home tourist's attention. The second is a little guide through the realms of *Old King Coil, or the Land of Burns*, and is full of delicious bits, illustrating scenes that have been hallowed by the writings of the Scottish bard. Dr. Robertson has completed, in six parts, the enlarged and fourth edition of his able work on *Diet and Regimen* (John Churchill, Princes-street). It is undoubtedly the best work now extant upon the subject, as it applies the results arrived at by chemists to the question of diet and regimen; and it is furthermore written in plain, unaffected language, comprehensible to all.

